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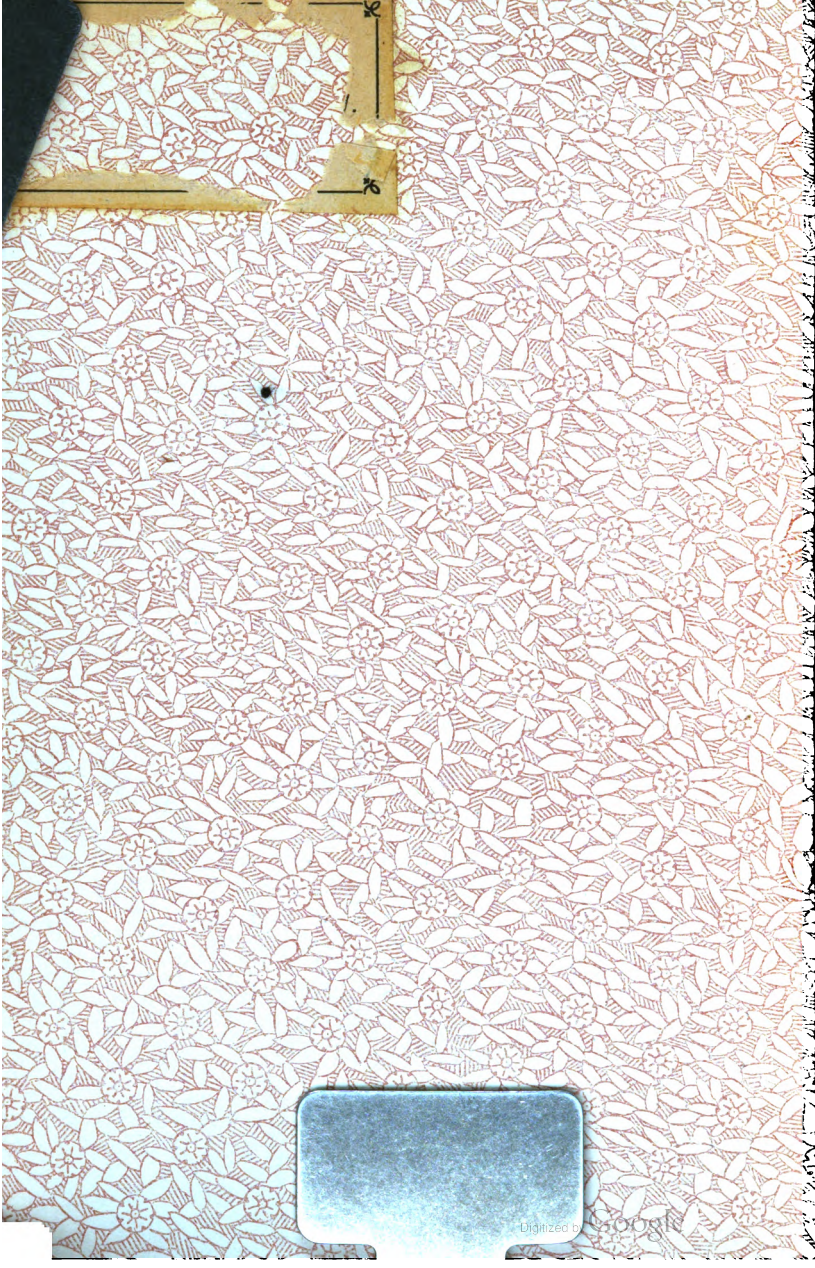
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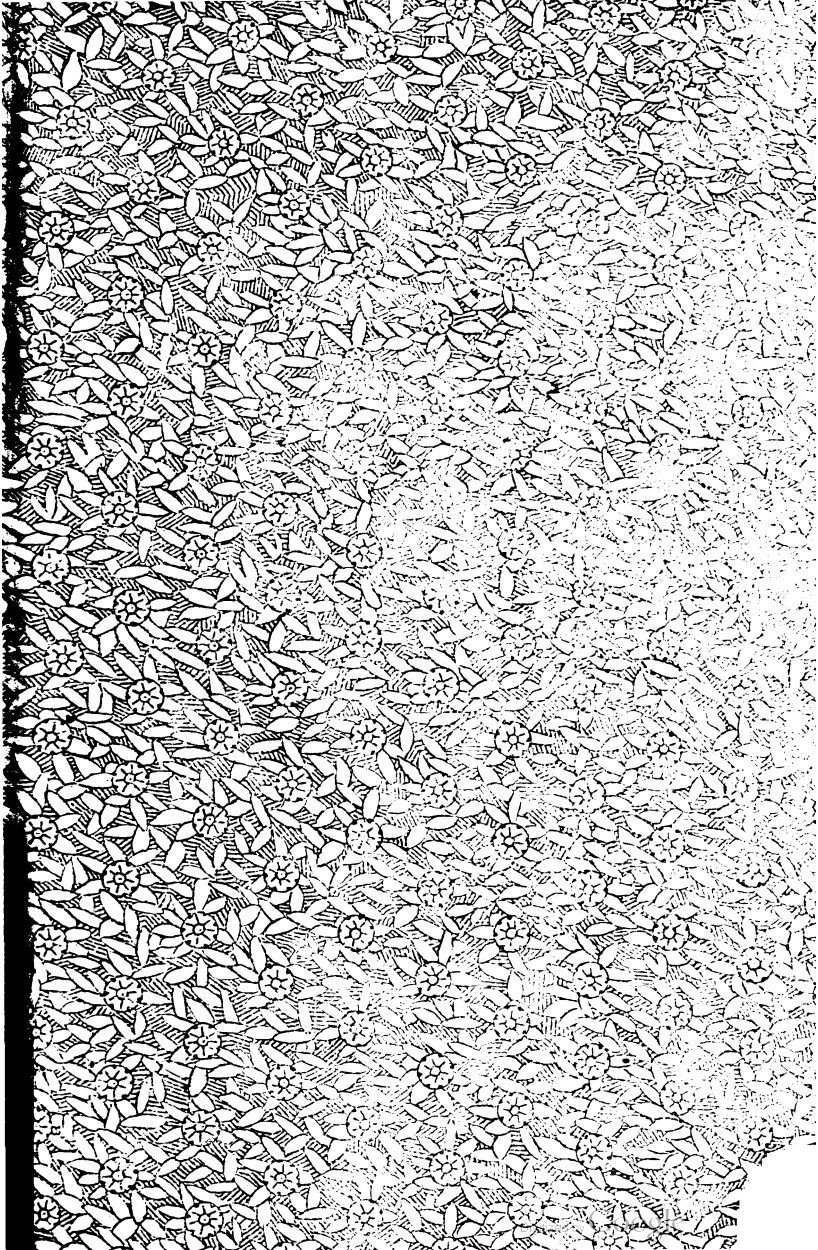
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EVERY-DAY TOPICS

EVERY-DAY TOPICS

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BOOK OF BRIEFS

BY

J. G. HOLLAND

SECOND SERIES

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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PREFACE.

BOOKS of sketches, or of brief discussions of popular subjects, which can be taken up and read separately and completely during brief periods of leisure, have always found buyers and readers, and I suppose that the volume of "Every-Day Topics," made up from the editorials in *Scribner's Monthly*, which was issued a few years ago, owed much of its popularity to the fact that it was what its title-page called it, "A Book of Briefs," in which the reader could compass a single article at a short sitting. Its success has emboldened me to cull from the editorials of the last five years another volume, prepared upon the same plan, which I trust will be equally acceptable to the public.

THE AUTHOR.

BONNIE CASTLE, August 1, 1881.

Gift '56
Miss Albion Van Schaack

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EVERY-DAY TOPICS.

RELIGION AND THE CHURCH.

RELIGION IN THESE DAYS.

MAN'S place in nature has never been so sharply and profoundly questioned as it has been during the past ten years. The answer which science presumes to give, when it presumes to give any, is not one which pleases or in any way satisfies itself. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Matter and force have manifested themselves in man, in form and phenomena, and the matter and force which have made man shall at last all be refunded into the common stock, to be used over and over and over again, in other forms and phenomena. There is a body, but there is no such thing as mind independent of body. The dualism of constitution in which we have believed, and which lies at the basis of all our religion and philosophy, is a delusion. Out of all the enormous expenditure of ingenuity, or of what appears to be or seems like ingenuity, nothing is saved. The great field of star-mist out of which our solar system was made has been hardened into planets, set in motion and filled with life, to go on for

untold ages, and then to come to an end—possibly to become a field of star-mist again; and nothing is to be saved out of the common fund of matter and force that can go on in an independent, immortal life. Man is simply a higher form of animal. God as a personality does not exist. Immortality is a dream, and the Christian religion, of course, is a delusion.

These conclusions seem to be the best that science can give us. Science believes nothing that it cannot prove. There may be a personal God, who takes cognizance of the personal affairs of men, but science cannot prove it; therefore, a belief in a personal God is "unscientific." There may be such a thing as the human soul—a spirit that has a life, or the possibilities of a life, independent of the body; but it cannot be proved. Indeed, it seems to be proved that all the phenomena of what we call mind are attributable to changes that take place among the molecules of the brain. Therefore, a belief in the human soul is unscientific. Of course, if there is no human soul, there is nothing to save; and if there be nothing to save, Christ was, consciously or unconsciously, an impostor, and the hopes and expectations of all Christendom are vain. And this is the highest conclusion to which science seems to be able to lead us. Can anything be imagined to be more lame and impotent? We should think that every laboratory and every scientific school, and every library and study of a man of science, would seem like a tomb!

That this attitude of prominent men of science toward the great questions that relate to God, immortality, the nature of the human soul and the Christian religion, has sadly shaken the faith of a great multitude, there is no doubt. Society is honeycombed with infidelity. Men stagger in their pulpits with their burden of difficulties and doubts. The theological seminaries have become

shaky places, and faith has taken its flight from an uncounted number of souls, leaving them in a darkness and sadness that no words can describe. All this is true. It is so true that tears may well mingle in one's ink as he writes it; but, after all, we have everything left that we have ever possessed. Nothing is proved against our faith. Science has never proved that there is no personal God, no soul, no immortality, no Christ, and these are matters that we have always taken on faith. Not only this, but there are matters which science is utterly incompetent to handle. They are outside of the domain of science. Science can no more touch them than it can touch anything that it confesses to be "unknowable."

Now, there are several important things that are to be got out of the way before thoughtful Christendom can be induced to give up its faith in a personal God. First, there is the moral nature of man, which infallibly recognizes a personal God. A sensitive moral nature and a quickened conscience, whose outcome is a sense of moral responsibility, would be lost in the marvel of their own existence without the certainty of the personal God to whom they owe allegiance. They would have no meaning, no authority, no object, without this certainty. There is also the religious nature of man. Reverence for God, love to God, devotion to God—all these, actually or potentially, exist in man's nature. They underlie character; they are potent among motives; and if there be no personal God who exists as their legitimate object, what, in the economy of nature, do they mean? There is a question for science to answer that is quite worth its while. Why! a man cannot admit the evidence of design in creation without admitting the existence of a personal God, and when men get so far bankrupt in common sense as to deny the existence of design, are they worth minding?

When we admit the existence of a personal God, the rest all comes. This doctrine lies at the basis of all faith. If there is a great, conscious, spiritual personality in existence, there are likely to be smaller spiritual personalities. If there is a personal God who has begotten a family of children capable of recognizing and loving him, is it probable that he has destined them to annihilation? Is he to get nothing out of this great experiment—to carry nothing over into a higher life? What are the probabilities? And why has he planted this desire for immortality in all nations and races of men—not only the desire, but the expectation? The truth is that every unsophisticated man, looking into himself, knows, with the highest degree of moral certainty, that he is a living soul, and that the mind acts upon the brain as often and as powerfully as the brain upon the mind. How often has the brain been paralyzed and the body been killed by a purely mental impression! Common sense, that recognizes all the facts of being and consciousness, is a great deal better than science, that only recognizes what it can prove.

Admitting the existence of a personal God, and the relations of man to him as they are shown in his moral and religious nature, a revelation in some form becomes probable. Man naturally yearns for this recognition and this light, and is supremely happy when he believes he possesses it. A great number of people, through a great many centuries, have believed in this revelation. They have hugged it to their hearts through days of toil and sorrow, and rested their heads upon it through nights of weariness and pain. The revelation of God in Christ has done too much for the world to be put aside at the behest of science. If science is right, then Christianity is a falsehood; but did ever falsehood do such work as true Christianity has done? Can a lie transform a base

and cruel life into one that is pure and brotherly? Can a lie inspire the heroisms and the sacrifices of self which have illustrated the path and progress of Christianity from the earliest times? Can a lie sweeten sorrow, strengthen weakness, make soft the pillow of death, and irradiate the spirit shutting its eyes upon this world with a joy too great for utterance? This is what Christianity has done in millions and millions of instances. It is busy in its beneficent work of transforming character all over the world to-day. Man of science, what have you to put in its place? The doctrine of a world without a personal God, and a man without a soul! God pity the man of science who believes in nothing but what he can prove by scientific methods! We cannot imagine a sadder or more unfortunate man in the world. God pity him, we say, for if ever a human being needed divine pity, he does. An intelligent man, standing in the presence of the Everlasting Father, studying and endeavoring to interpret his works, and refusing to see him because he cannot bring him into the field of his telescope or into the range of a "scientific method," is certainly an object to be pitied of angels and of men. The marvel is that in his darkness and his sadness men turn to him for light—turn to a man for light who denies not only God, but the existence of the human soul! Alas, that there should be fools more eminent in their foolishness than he!

A LAY SERMON FOR EASTER.

In a Christian nation no "topic" could be more appropriate to the Easter "time" than the resurrection from the dead of the founder of Christianity, and there is a single aspect of this event which it seems proper for us to present. It is particularly appropriate for a secular press to do this, because the secular press has had

so much to do with the upsetting of the faith of the world in this most significant event—an event on which the authorities of Christianity make the religion of Christ to depend. If Christ be not raised, these authorities declare that the faith in him is vain and his followers are yet in their sins. It is a curious and most noteworthy thing, after all the dogmas that have been reared upon the death and sacrifice of Christ, that the one only essential fact of his history—essential to the establishment of his religion, without which everything else would be of no account—is declared to be his resurrection. It was not enough that he died ; it was not enough that he suffered—all this was of no account whatever, as compared with his rising again. His death did not wipe out the sins of his people ; if he did not rise, they were still unforgiven.

There probably never existed a more fearfully demoralized set of men than the disciples and followers of Jesus Christ on the night of his betrayal and arrest. One betrayed him, another denied him, and all forsook him and fled. They had been with him during his wonder-working ; they had heard him talk of his kingdom ; some of them had been with him on the Mount of Transfiguration ; they had seen unclean spirits subject to him ; they had seen life restored at his touch and disease banished by his word ; he had grown before them into a great, divine personage, armed with all power and clothed with all grace. They had forsaken homes and friends and pursuits to follow him, with great, indefinite hopes and anticipations that it was he who should redeem Israel, but without any intelligent estimate of his mission ; and when they saw him in the hands of his enemies, and apparently helpless, a great panic seized them, and they literally gave him up, with all the schemes engendered by their intercourse with him.

This, however, was but the beginning of the tragedy. Calvary with its cross stood directly before them, and the infamy and cruelty of his death were consummated there amid such convulsions of nature as might well signalize one of the most shameful events in the history of human injustice and crime. The great religious teacher and inspirer had died the death of a malefactor, hanging between two thieves. He had manifested none of the power which he claimed, though taunted by the mob and called upon to save himself if he indeed were the person he claimed to be. After he was found to be dead, Joseph of Arimathea took down his lifeless body and buried it. A stone was rolled to the door of the sepulchre and sealed, and the disciples were in hiding. They were undoubtedly in deep sorrow, for they had loved the Master and had built great hopes upon him. But, during those three days after his burial, the Christian religion was as dead as the person who had undertaken to found it. Every hope of his followers were buried in that sepulchre, and not one of all their hopes would ever have revived had he not come out of it. And this is the thought that we wish to present to-day, viz.: that the fact that Christianity, as a living and aggressive religion, exists at this moment, is proof positive that Christ rose from the dead. It never would have started, it never could have started, except in the fact of Christ's resurrection. The story of his disappearance from the tomb and his reappearance among his disciples is familiar to all. These events have formed the themes of painter and poet through eighteen hundred years of art and song. The story was as incredible to the disciples as it is to the scepticism of to-day; but they saw him, they heard him talk, he came and went among them, appeared and disappeared at will, gave them his message and their mission, and was at last received up out of

sight, having promised to be with them even unto the end of the world. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, says he was seen by Cephas, then by the twelve, after that by above five hundred brethren at once, most of whom were living at the time he was writing his letter. After that he was seen by James, then by all the apostles again, and at last by Paul himself. It was because it was supported by all this throng of witnesses, whose word could not be gainsaid, that the Christian religion established itself. Not only was Christ indorsed as a divine and authoritative personage, but the immortality of the soul was demonstrated. What wonder is it that these men were ready to die in their devotion to the Master, whom they had seen conquering death, and whom they had known as an immortal leader?

So we say that there is no better evidence that Christ rose from the dead than the present existence of his church in the world. It never could have been founded with Christ in the tomb. It never could have been founded on imperfect testimony. These men knew what they had seen, what their hands had handled, and what they were talking about. It really was not a matter of faith with them at all; it was a matter of fact, lying indestructibly in their memories, and vitalizing all their lives. In the tremendous enthusiasm born of this burning memory, Christianity had its birth. In the faith of this great initial and essential fact, Christianity has been propagated. It is the only open demonstration of the problem of immortality ever vouchsafed to the human race, and it is part and parcel of the Gospel which Christ commanded should be preached to every creature, with lips already clothed with the authority and with voice already attuned to the harmonies of the immortal life. The facts of the resurrection of Christ and the immortality of the soul find their highest—nay,

their overwhelmingly convincing testimony, in the birth and continued existence of the Christian religion. There is no man living who can form a rational theory of the genesis and development of Christianity who does not embrace the resurrection as an initial and essential factor. A living religion never could have been founded on a dead Christ, and it is safe to say that the religion that rests upon a living Christ can never be superseded or destroyed.

CHECKS AND BALANCES.

In a certain Roman Catholic church near us there is now in progress, while we write, a "mission," carried on by a body of men called "The Passionist Fathers." They are at work at unheard-of hours in the morning, as well as during the day and evening, and the attendance and attention are something phenomenal. The excitement is the natural result of a long period of formal worship. The church had to be waked up, and that is done in a week which ought to have been spread over a year—which, if it had been spread over a year, would have made the excitement not only unnecessary, but impossible. Such an event shows that very necessary work has been neglected. The same thing, calling for the same remedies, exists in the Protestant Church. The revival is only rendered necessary and possible by a period of spiritual declension and death. When a great revival comes to a church, it comes as a natural consequence of a great falling away of religious interest and a long period of spiritual inactivity. When a church does every day, and all the time, what it ought to do, a revival is impossible. Human nature demands a balance in everything, and the revival comes to fill the complement of activity necessary to preserve the aggressive life of a church.

Just now we are having in New York a great temperance revival. Under the lead of Mr. Murphy, the pledge of total abstinence is signed by thousands. There is a legal war, too, upon the rum-sellers. All this excited and radical action comes just as naturally from a bad state of things, political, moral, and social, as the fall of rain from an overcharged cloud. If none had sold liquor save those who had a legal right to sell, and none had become so intemperate in the use of alcoholic drinks that the practice had grown to be the great overshadowing curse of the city, breeding pauperism, misery, and crime, Mr. Murphy would have nothing to do, and the Society for the Prevention of Crime would never have been formed. One extreme breeds another. The drunkard calls into existence the rigid adherent of "teetotalism." The unlicensed rum-seller produces the society that puts him on his defence. It is the gross abuse of liquor that produces the extremist in temperance practices and temperance legislation. If there were universal temperance there would be no total abstinence. Extreme temperance men are produced only by extreme intemperance in others. It is for the safety of society that this law exists, for by it the balance of forces is preserved and society restrained from hopeless degradation.

The inauguration of our late civil war illustrated the operation of this law in a very notable way. When the South became "solid" in its attempt to destroy the Union, the North became "solid" in its defence. The first gun fired upon the national flag was the signal for Northern consolidation. It could not have been otherwise, in the nature of things. If a sectional reason had arisen for the destruction of the Government, a sectional reason would instantly have sprung into being for its preservation, which would wipe out, or hold in abeyance,

all party affiliations. The solid South produced the solid North, and what it did then it will always do. There is not the slightest use in quarrelling with the fact, for men are not responsible for it. It simply cannot be helped ; and if the South ever hopes to be the power in national politics that she was in the old days, every man within her borders must be free, and the attempt to force her constituents into solidity must be abandoned as most unwise, and, sectionally, suicidal. It will always be enough that the South is solid under political pressure, to make it impossible for its friends to assist it in its policy, whatever it may be.

The whole Christian world has become incrustated with dogma and formalism. Great importance is attached to beliefs and creeds, and the essentials of Christianity, including its vital centre, are almost forgotten. The church is overloaded with superstition and nonsensical beliefs and sacred falsehoods. What is the cure for all this? The law of checks and balances has its office here, and it has begun its operation through the scepticism of the scientists. The criticism of science was sure to come, as the necessary agent in purifying the church of superstition and falsehood. Popery produced Luther, and the peculiar form in which Christianity has presented itself to this latter age has produced the form of infidelity now propagated by the scientists. When science shall do its perfect work, and Christianity shall be shorn of that which does not belong to it, and of that which has brought it into contempt with a world of bright men and women, then we shall have such a triumph for our religion as the world has never known. And here we call the Church to witness that science has thus far taught it nothing, in the uprooting an old belief, that has not enlarged its ideas of God and humanity.

Men are very apt to despair of the world, especially

those who have labored long for its good. Our excellent friends who met last autumn at Dr. Tyng's church, to talk about the coming of Christ, were, many of them, those who were discouraged with their work, and who had come to a realization of the fact that the methods of saving men to which they had been bred were inadequate to the undertaking. Did it ever occur to them that their methods may be wrong, and that in the development of the future they are to be set right? Let them not be found fighting their Master in the persons of those who have been sent to show them the nature of the stuff they are believing and preaching. Christianity, purified of its dross, will be a very different thing from Christianity loaded down with sanctified absurdities.

The truth is that this law of checks and balances makes the world safe. All wrong tendencies and influences bring into existence right tendencies and influences, and God is always on the side of the latter. If an institution is worth saving, and has genuine vitality, no influence can be brought against it that will not arouse a counteracting power. The attacks of the scientists upon the Church have aroused such a spirit of devotion and inquiry that great good has already resulted from them to the church itself, and, as men must have religion, those who are outside of the Church are trying to get at the essential truth for themselves. Just as soon as the Christian world gets over the flurry of the onset, and discovers that the office of science and scientific criticism is to set it right as to such facts, and such only, as come within its range, and that its only lasting effect will be to rectify and purify its beliefs, it will make a marvellous advance; and that time we believe to be not far off. The cause of Christianity, of humanity, of temperance, of progress toward high social ideals, is safe in the operation of this beneficent law. There is

nothing that tells against that which is good in the world which has not in it the seeds and the soil of a counter-acting and controlling power.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

One of the great problems, apparently insoluble, that has vexed the pastors and churches of the great cities, more particularly during the last ten years, relates to the means by which they shall get hold of the great outlying world of the poor. So difficult has this question become, that pastors and churches alike have been in despair over it. The poor have not come into the churches of the rich, and few of them, comparatively, have had the Gospel preached to them. The results of mission-schools and missions have been unsatisfactory. The efforts made have not built up self-supporting institutions; those who were benefited have been quite content to remain beneficiaries, and the most strenuous efforts have been constantly necessary to keep schools and congregations together. In the meantime, the working churches have been comparatively small, and attended only by the higher classes. All has gone wrong. The high and the humble, who, if anywhere in the world, should come together in the churches, have kept themselves separate, and the work of Christianization has been carried on slowly, and at a tremendous and most discouraging disadvantage.

One of the leading reasons for the unanimous feeling of friendly interest in the late efforts of Messrs. Moody and Sankey on the part of the ministers of all denominations rested in this difficulty. These men drew the poor to them in great numbers, and not only attracted, but helped them and held them. To learn how it was done, ministers from all quarters assembled in convention, and the professional teachers became eager learners at

the feet of the two successful laymen. The first result of this convention will undoubtedly be a modification of pulpit-work—a modification so marked that it will amount to a revolution. The old-fashioned, highly intellectual and largely theological sermon will go out, and the simple preaching of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, and the hortatory appeal, will come in. The ministers, however, have all been tending toward this for some years. The results of public discussion have been in this direction, so that the modification in preaching will not be a violent one, save in special instances. Still, the change may legitimately be noted as a new departure, and one on which the highest hopes may be built.

But the most important part of the problem is undoubtedly to be solved in another way. For some years it has been seen that the great non-church-going public has been quite ready to hear preaching, provided they could hear it in some other building than the church. Wherever the theatre, the opera-house, or the hall has been opened, it has been uniformly filled, and often to overflowing. In Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, and New York, the poor have pressed into the theatres and public halls whenever there was preaching to be heard that promised to be worth the hearing. We are not going to stop to discuss the reason of this. We simply allude to it as a most significant fact in connection with the policy of the future. The distance between the poor, uneducated men, and the rich and cultured church, is proved to be too great to be spanned by a single leap.

The non-professional teacher and the public hall are to furnish the stepping-stones by which the poor are to reach the Church. When a man from the poorer walks of life—from the ranks of the laborer—stands in a public hall where all can come together on common ground,

and talks to the people in his simple, straightforward way, upon subjects connected with their highest interests, he furnishes all the means, and is surrounded by all the conditions, necessary to success in his endeavors. He can do what no professional man can do in any building devoted to religious purposes. We make this statement, not as a matter of theory, but as a matter of well-established fact. The preachers know it; the people know it. It is a thing that has been marvellously demonstrated, and if the Christian world is not ready to accept this demonstration, with all its practical indications, it will show itself to be criminally blind.

Any new departure in the methods of Christian work will, therefore, be very incomplete—nugatory, in fact—which does not recognize lay preaching in public halls as an important part of its policy. We have seen just how the poor are to be reached and lifted into the churches, because we have seen just how they have been reached and lifted into the churches. During the efforts of Mr. Moody in London, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and New York, thousands whom no pulpit could ever influence have found their way through his audience-rooms into the Church. He has officiated as a mediator between the world and the church, and has been a thousand times wiser than he knew, or the Church suspected. He has solved the one grand problem that has puzzled the Church and its ministry for years, and they will be short-sighted and stingy, indeed, if they fail to make his work the basis of a permanent policy.

In every considerable city of the United States all Christian sects should unite in the establishment of halls for the work of evangelists—of men who have a special gift for preaching the simple Gospel. The example of such a man as Mr. Moody cannot but be fruitful in calling out from the ranks of Christian laymen a little army

of talented and devoted workers, who will enter into his methods and swell the results of his work. All evangelists whose work is worth the having should labor in this field. No man should be in it who cares more for building up one church than another, for one of the prime conditions of his success is, that he shall not be regarded as the mouthpiece of any Christian sect or party. The essential thing is, that he shall be a Christian, moved by the love of God and man, and desirous only of bringing men to God. If the Church does not see a new light upon its path, poured upon it by the events to which we have alluded, it must be blind indeed. But it does see the new light, and we believe that its leaders and teachers are ready to walk in it.

REVIVALS AND EVANGELISTS.

Revivals seem to have become a part of the established policy of nearly the whole Christian Church. The Catholics have their "Missions," the Episcopalians have their regular special seasons of religious devotion and effort, while the other forms of Protestantism look to revivals, occasionally appearing, as the times of general awakening and general in-gathering. Regular church life, family culture, Sunday-schools and even regular Mission work seem quite insufficient for aggressive purposes upon the world. We do not propose to question this policy, though the time will doubtless come, in the progress of Christianity, when it will be forgotten. We have only to say a word in regard to the association of evangelists with revivals, and the two principal modes of their operation. With one we have very little sympathy, with the other a great deal.

There is a class of evangelists who go from church to church, of whom most clergymen are afraid; and their fears are thoroughly well grounded. There arises, we

will say, a strong religious interest in a church. Everything seems favorable to what is called "a revival." Some well-meaning member thinks that if Mr. Bedlow could only come and help the fatigued pastor, wonderful results would follow. The pastor does not wish to stand in the way—is suspicious that he has unworthy prejudices against Mr. Bedlow—tries to overcome them, and Mr. Bedlow appears. But Mr. Bedlow utterly ignores the condition of the church, and, instead of sensitively apprehending it and adapting himself to the line of influences already in progress, arrests everything by an attempt to start anew, and carry on operations by his own patent method. The first movement is to get the pastor and the pastor's wife and all the prominent members upon their knees, in a confession that they have been all wrong—miserably unfaithful to their duties and their trust. This is the first step, and of course, it establishes Mr. Bedlow in the supreme position, which is precisely what he deems essential. The methods and controlling influences of the church are uprooted, and, for the time, Mr. Bedlow has everything his own way. Some are disgusted, some are disheartened, a great many are excited, and the good results, whatever they may seem to be, are ephemeral. There inevitably follows a reaction, and in a year the church acknowledges to itself that it is left in a worse condition than that in which Mr. Bedlow found it. The minister has been shaken from his poise, the church is dead, and whatever happens, Mr. Bedlow, still going through his process elsewhere, will not be invited there again.

We will deny nothing to the motives of these itinerants. They seem to thrive personally and financially. They undoubtedly do good under peculiar circumstances, but, that they are dangerous men we do not question. If neighboring clergymen, in a brotherly

way, were to come to the help of one seriously overworked, and enter into his spirit and his method of labor, it would be a great deal better than to bring in a foreign power that will work by its own methods or not work at all,—that will rule or do nothing. If this magazine, or the writer of this article, has seemed to be against revivals, it and he have only been against revivals of this sort, got up and carried on by these men. We question very sincerely whether they have not done more harm to the Church than they have done good. That they have injured many churches very seriously there can be no question. The mere idea that the coming of Mr. Bedlow into a church will bring a revival which would be denied to a conscientious, devoted pastor and people, is enough, of itself, to shake the popular faith in Christianity and its divine and gracious founder. Even if it fails to do this, it may well shake the popular faith in the character of the revival and its results.

There is another class of evangelists who work in a very different way. It is very small at present, but it is destined to grow larger. It works, not inside of churches, but outside of them. It has a mission, not to the churches, but to the people who are outside of them. It works in public halls with no sectarian ideas to push, no party to build up, no special church to benefit. It aims at a popular awakening, and, when it gains a man, it sends him to the church of his choice, to be educated in Christian living. To this class belong Messrs. Moody and Sankey, whose efforts we have approved from the first, because they have done their work in this way. That it is a better work than the other class of evangelists have ever done, we have the evidence on every hand. The churches are all quickened by it to go on with their own work in their own way. There is no usurpation of

pastoral authority and influence. There is no interference with methods that have had a natural growth and development out of the individualities of the membership, and out of the individual circumstances of each church.

There is another good result which grows naturally out of the labors of this class of men. It brings all the churches together upon common ground. The Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Episcopalian, sit on the same platform, and, together, learn that, after all, the beginning and the essence of a Christian life and character are the same in every church. They learn toleration for one another. More than this : they learn friendliness and love for one another. They light their torches at a common fire, and kindle the flame upon their own separate altars in a common sympathy. They all feel that the evangelist has to do mainly with the beginnings of Christian life, and that it is their work to gather in and perfect those results which have only been initiated. Hence, all have an interest in that work and help it on with united heart and voice. The more of this kind of evangelism we have, the better.

THE CHANGES IN PREACHING.

That an important change is now in progress in the American pulpit, is evident to even a careless observer. The preachers now coming upon the stage are studying methods and arts as they have never done within our memory. A most important fact began, fifteen or twenty years ago, to manifest itself alike to teachers and disciples, viz., the fact that the great masses were slipping more and more out of the reach of the church, and that the preacher was losing his power, even over his own flock. It was hard for men trained in the old ways to understand the causes of this misfortune ; but it be-

came apparent at last to one, here and there, that a theological skeleton, unclothed with flesh and blood, and without a warm heart behind its ribs, was not an inspiring object. It became apparent that the world was sick of theology, and, if it could not have the gospel, would not have anything. There are still many among the preachers who suppose that theology is the gospel, but they are rapidly passing away.

A very successful preacher, in a recent conversation, said that his theology was a sort of dry codfish which he hung up in his study by the tail, and whenever he wanted any of it he cut out a chunk. Another, of almost equal eminence, said, that while it seemed to him very important that a preacher should be well grounded in Christian doctrine, and have definite and well-settled opinions on theology, he should never think of taking theology into the pulpit! Both these men are earnest men, and remarkable preachers, but they have made the clean jump into the new order of things. Can New England ever comprehend this—that a preacher can be in dead earnest, and yet, without any reservation, say that theology is a thing for the study and not for the pulpit? Of course it is nothing less than a revolution, but toward this is the drift of the day.

It is a significant commentary on the condition of the Christian mind of the country that this revolution needs explaining. There are great multitudes who have so identified theology with religion that they cannot conceive what a preacher who says nothing of theology can have to say, and what can be the object of his preaching at all. Indeed, we have heard a prominent preacher of the old sort confidently declare that no preacher can sustain himself, or find enough to talk about, who does not preach theology. He was honest in his declaration, and he will never be revolutionized, and never be very use-

ful; but his successor will understand it, and his people will win the profit of his intelligence. To explain, then, what is involved in this revolution: the man who preaches theology exclusively, preaches exclusively to the head; and every man preaches to the head in just the measure that he preaches theology. The man who preaches the gospel preaches a person,—preaches a life and death and resurrection,—proclaims the good tidings of a divine message and a divine mission to men,—addresses and works upon the higher sentiments,—labors for the uprooting of selfishness in the heart and life, and the implanting in them of love as the dominant motive, and labors for a transformation of character. The great aim of the man who preaches the gospel is to make bad men good, and good men better,—to improve the quality of character and life,—to bring man into that harmony with God and the divine moralities which will be secured through the following of the Master. The old sort of preaching is not unlike the work of articulating a skeleton; the new sort is not unlike that of gathering and weaving a garland of flowers. There may be a certain amount of mental discipline in theology, but, on the whole, mathematics must be preferable; and, really, if a man feels that he must go for the heads of his congregation every time, let him drop his pen, and with a piece of chalk and a blackboard, talk about something that he understands, and something that will be of practical value to his people.

Revivals have become necessary to the advance of Christianity, simply because of the incompetency of the ordinary preaching; and the moment the revivals come, the preaching changes, or it changes before they come. In the nature of things, there ought not to be much for a revival to do in any church which has had the simple good news preached to it, and in which the heart and

life and better motives have been affectionately and persistently addressed. Revivals are nothing but a make-shift. It is not a very high idea of the Father of us all that supposes him any more willing to convert men at one time than another. Preachers full of the learning of the schools go on from year to year with their dry discourses, and wonder that nothing comes of them. Then a Christian ignoramus comes along, with burning love and zeal in his heart, and no theology to speak of in his head, and bad grammar on his tongue, and the long winter breaks up, and the waters flow once more, and the meadows blossom again. And this is done over and over, with some good results and many bad ones.

With the passing away of the theological essay, will pass away much of the necessity of written discourses; and it will be noticed that very nearly in the proportion in which the character of preaching has changed, has the oral supplanted the written discourse. We think it is seen now, with great distinctness, that, in addressing motives, direct speech from heart to heart is almost infinitely superior to the reading of pages conceived and framed in the study. If instruction were needed upon this point, the history of Methodism in this country would furnish it in abundance. With a ministry confessedly inferior in scholarship, at least in its beginnings, but with direct address from every pulpit to the heart and life, the success of this denomination has been enormous. With high culture on the part of its teachers its progress would possibly have been wider, but they have at least proved that the direct, spoken discourse is a power which every pulpit should assume and use as soon as it can. The question whether a young man who cannot acquire the ability to speak well without reading has a call to preach is, to say the least, an open one. At any rate, this ability is what all divinity students are striving for.

CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY.

It hardly needs to be said that the tendency of modern culture is away from Christianity. It diverges from it not only in its faith, or lack of faith, but in its spirit and in its effect upon character. With a multitude of minds, more or less intelligent, culture stands in the place of any sort of cult. To these, the perfection of the human being, through the development of its native powers and the harmonization of those powers by discipline and happy use and control, seems a dream quite possible to be realized. Turning their backs to faith, they give one hand to science and the other to art, to be led upward and onward in "the path of progress." They hold meetings; they "preach;" they address the "Infinite Mystery" in "aspiration;" they go through various imitative motions which show that Christian ideas haunt them, while they pretend to ignore every fact out of which those ideas have grown. It is always well, when one gets a little muddled over a new system of ideas, and particularly over the talk about it, to take one of them, follow it out, and see where it lands a man.

One large portion of the domain of culture ultimates in art. It is in art that it comes to its flower, and it is in the reactions of art upon the artist, and in the motives engendered and nourished by art, that we learn just what this kind of culture does for a man. A tree is known by its fruits. Much of the talk of culture is very foggy. Many of its assertions and propositions are as hard to disprove as to prove. It is full of glittering generalities; it utters ingenious sophisms; it puts on superior airs; and many a simple-hearted believer who knows that he holds in his faith something that is infinitely fruitful and valuable stands before it with a silent tongue. But when it begins to act, it begins to show the stuff that it is made

of. It talks divinely of progress, but when it starts to walk it goes lame.

If we may judge by facts that are painfully patent, there is no occupation in the world that so belittles and degrades men and women as that which is based upon, or which engages, the different fine arts. In literature, in sculpture and picture, in the theatre, in music, in every branch of art that enlists the higher and finer powers of men and women, we have the most lamentable evidence that culture has not one purifying, or ennobling quality when unaccompanied by religion. In literature, men and women are broken up into cliques and parties, and the criticism of the time is honeycombed with jealousies and spites. Selfishness dominates here as in other domains of art. It is charged with the spirit of detraction. This is no new state of things. One has but to turn over the pages of the old reviews, or listen to the echoes of Byron's angry protest, to learn that the present time is a legitimate successor of the past, and that brutality of the grossest type may characterize the followers of the sublimest art the world knows. The highest powers, cultivated to their highest point, speaking in the sweetest voice of literary art, save no man from being a sot, a debauchee, an adulterer, a disgusting boaster, a selfish glutton of praise, and a vindictive enemy of all who dispute with him the high places of the public admiration.

If all this can be said of literary art, and of those who are engaged in it, what shall we say of artists of other professions and names? Why is it that so bad a flavor lingers around the opera-house and the theatre? Why is it that the church protests against them? It is not that these institutions are necessarily bad. It is not that there are no good men and women among actors and actresses. It is because that from the dawn of the

drama until the present time, the stage has been associated with unworthy lives, impure connections, the most degrading jealousies, the bitterest rivalries, and the most disgusting selfishness. Nobody knows this any better, or feels it more keenly when they stop to think at all, than the actors and musicians themselves. It is all shamefully and notoriously true. Does not music purify those who devote their lives to it? Not at all. Not in the slightest degree. There is no more reformatory or saving power in music than in the lowest of menial pursuits. The farmer, who lives half the time among his brutes, is likely to be a better man than he who, successfully interpreting some great master, bows nightly before the storms of popular applause.

Bear us witness, ye poets and actors, ye painters and sculptors, ye singers and players upon instruments, that your arts have not saved the most of you from becoming petty and selfish men and women. You are jealous of one another. You are greedy of praise and of the gold it brings. You know that there is nothing in your heart that enlarges and liberalizes you, that restrains you from drunkenness and vices that shall not be named, that gives you sobriety and solidity of character, that enlarges your social sympathies, that naturally leads you into organizations for helping others outside of your own circle. Bear us witness, that you are not the men and women who are relied on for performing the duties of society. If all were like you,—if all were controlled by the ideas that dominate you,—if all shirked the duties of social and civil life like you,—if all were as much unfitted by their ideas and their employments as you are for carrying the great burdens of society, what do you suppose would become of the country, and what would become of the world?

Now, if there is anything in art that can take the place

of religion, we should like to see it. If there is anything in culture that can take the place of religion, it has not yet revealed itself. Culture is centred in self. Self is the god and self is the model of all culture. Why should it not ultimate in selfishness? Culture assumes that what is present in a man needs only to be developed and harmonized to lift character to its highest point, and life to its highest issues. It carries no idea of self-surrender, which is the first fact in practical religion of any valuable sort, and the first fact in all good development. Greece and Rome had plenty of culture, and are still our teachers in art, but the beauty that looked upon them from every hill and gate and temple could not save them from their vices. By and by, culture will learn how powerless it is to make a man that shall be worth the making, and what poor instruments science and art are for uprooting the selfishness that rules the world. It is slowly learning this, and men who have bowed low to her have been touched with that divine discontent which nothing but religion can allay.

CHURCH MUSIC.

There are great varieties and contrarieties of opinion on church music, as well among pastors as congregations. It begins with the hymns. There are those who believe that theology should be taught by hymns, that appeals to heart and conscience should be made in hymns, that all phases of religious experience and feeling may legitimately be addressed through hymns. There are others who reject this theory, and would confine hymns to the expression of penitence or praise to God. They feel that a hymn, publicly sung, should be an address of the human heart to the great father heart, and not an address of man to man, and that chiefly this expression should be confined to praise and thankgiving.

ing. When Mr. Sankey was here, he was inquired of concerning this point, and his answer, very definitely given, was that he regarded singing as possessing two different offices in the public services of the church—one of address to God, and another to man. Mr. Sankey would not stand very high as an authority on such a matter, but his idea is practically adopted in every hymn-book with which we are acquainted.

Now, to us, there is something almost ridiculous in the hymns which undertake the offices of teaching, preaching, and exhortation. Think of a congregation wailing out, to the old tune "China," the words:

"Why do ye mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?"

Or to some other tune :

"Think gently of the erring one,
And let us not forget
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet."

Or this, to old "Amsterdam :"

"Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb."

Or this:

"Behold the day is come,
The righteous Judge is near ;
And sinners trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear."

Or this exhortation:

"Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?"

Or this statement and inquiry:

"What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?"

We take all the above extracts from the very best hymn-book with which we are acquainted, and we submit that to stand up and sing them is an absurd performance, especially when it takes place in public. Some of them are utterly unsingable when regarded with relation to any natural impulse, or any gracious impulse, for that matter. We laugh at the absurdities of the opera,—at a man who straddles around the stage, yelling his love or his defiance to a tune, and our laugh is perfectly justifiable. But for the reverence with which we regard everything that has been even remotely associated with the house and worship of God, we should say that the singing of such songs as these would be equally laughable. Still, Mr. Sankey and those who agree with him will keep on singing these songs, we suppose. It gives us great pleasure, however, to notice that they are growing fewer and fewer from year to year and from generation to generation, in new collections, and that the hymns that are sung are addressed more and more to God, while to the voice in the pulpit are left the various offices to which song has hitherto been, as we think, illegitimately subjected.

Leaving the hymns, we come to the question of music. What office has music in the public services of the church? Let us say right here that we have not objected to the hymns belonging to the class from which we have quoted, because we do not think that man's sensibilities should not be appealed to through music. We have objected to them mainly because they are unnaturally wedded to music. We do not naturally sing about

the judgment day, or about death, or about our erring brother, or about the rapid passage of time. The wedding of things like these to music is an absurdity. So we recur to the question—"What office has music in the public services of the church?" It has two. The first and foremost is to give a natural expression of the feelings of the soul toward the object of its worship. The second is to elevate the spirit and bring it into the mood of worship and the contemplation of high and holy things. It has an office quite independent of any words with which it may be associated. Music itself is a language which many religious hearts understand, and by which they are led into and through a multitude of religious thoughts and emotional exercises. The voluntary upon the organ, played by a reverent man, is perfectly legitimate sacred music, to be executed and listened to at leisure.

Nobody, we presume, will question what we say about this, yet in practice there is the widest difference among pastors and churches. One pastor or church demands the highest grade of music to be performed by a thoroughly drilled quartette or choir; another subordinates the choir, or discards it altogether, and will have nothing but congregational singing. The former make very much of the musical element, and do a great deal to act upon the sensibilities of the worshippers through it. The latter make little or nothing of the musical element, and think that nothing is genuine public praise but that which is engaged in by a whole congregation. Now, it is quite easy to overdo the music of a church. That has been done in this city, in many notable instances, but we very much prefer a mistake in that direction to one in the other. There are some ministers who forget that a choir may just as legitimately lead the praise of a congregation, as any one of them may lead its prayer, and that a

choir has a sacred office and function in the church quite independent of themselves. If a preacher may be followed in his petition by his congregation, certainly a choir may be followed in its expression of thanksgiving.

For ourselves, we are very much afraid of the movement toward congregational music. The tendency thus far has been to depreciate not only the quality of music, in the churches, but the importance of it, and to make public worship very much less attractive to the great world which it is the church's duty and policy to attract and to influence. The churches are full, as a rule, where the music is excellent. This fact may not be very flattering to preachers, but it is a fact, and it is quite a legitimate question whether a church has a right to surrender any attraction that will give it a hold upon the attention of the world, especially if that attraction is an elevating one, and in the direct line of Christian influence. Congregational singing is well enough in its place and proportions, but very little of the inspiration of music comes through it. It is, indeed, more of a torture than a pleasure to many musical and devout people. The ideal arrangement, as it seems to us, is a first class quartette, made up of soloists, who take a prominent part in the public service, with a single choral in each service given to the congregation to sing. In this way, the two offices of music in public religious assemblies seem to be secured more surely and satisfactorily than in any other.

SOME THIN VIRTUES.

As a working rule, in the conduct of life, we suppose there is no better than that which has been denominated "The Golden Rule," but its author could hardly have regarded it as the highest and best. There seems to be no motive bound up in it but a selfish one, and no standard of morality but the actor's own desires. The Golden

Rule, as we call it, seems to be hardly more than common decency formulated. Nothing, obviously, can be decent in our treatment of others that we do not recognize as proper and desirable in their treatment of ourselves. It is a rule that seems to be made for supreme selfishness. Refrain from putting your foot into another pig's trough, unless you are willing to have another pig put his foot into your trough. One of the great mistakes of the world, and especially of the Christian world, is in the conviction that this is a high rule of action, and that the virtue based upon it is of superior value. It is the thinnest kind of a virtue, and if there be not the love of God and man behind it, to give it vitality and meaning, it can never minister much to good character. What a man does, actuated by the motive of love, he does nobly, and the same thing may not be done nobly at all when done in accordance with the rule to do to others what one would like to have others do to himself.

There are other virtues that are very much over-estimated, eminent among which is that of toleration. We know of none so thin as this, yet this is one over which an enormous amount of bragging is done. We talk about the religious toleration practised by our government, as if it were something quite unnatural for a government to protect its own people in the exercise of their most precious opinions and privileges. The man who personally tolerates all men, and all societies of men, in the exercise of their opinions upon religion and politics, is not without his boast of it, and a feeling that he has outgrown most of the people around him. The sad thing about it all is, of course, that a country or a community can be so blind and stupid that toleration can appear to be a virtue at all, or so bigoted and wilful that it can even appear to be a vice.

We thank no man for tolerating our opinions on any-

thing, nor do we give him any praise for it, any more than we thank him for the liberty of breathing with him a common air. Toleration is the name that we give to the common decencies of intellectual and moral life. It is the Golden Rule applied to the things of opinion and expression. It is by no means a high affair. It is simply permitting others to do, in all matters of politics and religion, freely, in our presence and society, what we claim the privilege of doing in their presence and society. People who are intolerant—and we are informed that there are such in this country—are simply indecent. They are devoid of intellectual courtesy. They are bores who are out of place among a free people, and, no matter whom they may be, they ought to be persistently snubbed until they learn polite intellectual manners. The spirit of intolerance is a spirit of discourtesy and insult, and there is no more praise due a man, or a sect, for being tolerant, than there is due a man for being a gentleman; and we never saw a gentleman yet who would not take praise for being a gentleman as involving an insult. It is at least the thinnest of all virtues to brag about.

There is a virtue lying in this region, though, alas! but little known, which needs development. Toleration, as we have said, is a very thin affair. Men tolerate each other and each other's sentiments and opinions, and are much too apt to be content with that. They altogether overestimate the value of it, but beyond this there is in some quarters, and ought to be in all quarters, a sense of brotherhood among all honestly and earnestly inquiring souls. There is no reason why Dean Stanley and Mr. Darwin should not be the most affectionate friends. There is no good reason why Cardinal Manning and Mr. Matthew Arnold should not be on the most delightful terms of intimacy. There is no good reason why Mr.

Frothingham and Dr. Hall, Dr. Draper and Dr. Taylor should not be bound up in a loving brotherhood. They undoubtedly tolerate one another now. It would be simply indecent for them to do anything less, but we fear that we have not quite reached the period when these men, with a profound respect for one another's manhood, truthfulness, and earnestness, recognize each other as seekers for truth, and love and delight in each other as such. We are all interested in the same things, but we happen to be regarding them from different angles.

Some of the sincerest men in the world are the doubters.

" There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

These men get very little of the sympathy that by right belongs to them. They have as great a love for truth as anybody, and are looking for it, but by the constitution of their minds, or by the power of an unfortunate education, or the influence of an untoward personal experience, they find themselves thrown off into a region of skepticism, where they have no congenial companionship. They do not get even toleration, from those particularly who inherit their creeds, and to whom faith is as natural as breathing. These men ought all and always to be brought affectionately into the great brotherhood of truth-lovers and truth-seekers, and a Christian of any name who cannot throw his warmest sympathies around these, and regard them with a peculiarly affectionate interest, must necessarily be a very poor sort of creature. All honest truth-seekers are always truth-finders, and all have something in possession that will be of advantage to the others. The differences between them are sources of wealth to the whole.

This is true of all truth-seekers, and it is particularly true of the different sects of Christendom. Let not the

Catholic think for a moment that he has nothing to learn of the Protestant, and let not the Protestant think that he holds all truth to the exclusion of his Catholic brother. The fact that all these sects exist and find vitality enough in their ideas to keep them prosperously together, shows that there is something to be learned, everywhere, and among them all, and that the policy is poor which shuts them away from one another's society. It is better to remember that truth is one, and that those who are earnestly after it, whether they deny Christianity or profess it, whether they are called by one name or another, belong together, in one great sympathetic brotherhood of affection and pursuit.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Mr. Curtis once asked Mr. Greeley, in response to a similar question put to him by the great editor, "How do you know, Mr. Greeley, when you have succeeded in a public address?" Mr. Greeley, not averse to the perpetration of a joke at his own expense, replied: "When more stay in than go out." Mr. Mallock's famous question, answered by himself in a weak way, and repeated by Professor Mivart, and answered in a stronger way, is practically voted on every day, by the entire human race, and decided in the affirmative. "More stay in than go out," for reasons very much less important than those considered by Mr. Mallock and Professor Mivart. There are great multitudes of men who possess neither the Roman Catholic faith nor righteousness of life nor love, who yet live out their lives in the firm conviction that it pays them to live—men who are open to no high considerations, such as would have weight with the Mallocks and Mivarts.

There is a great pleasure in conscious being. So universal is this, that when a man occasionally takes his

life, it is considered by those whom he leaves behind him as presumptive proof that he is insane.

We say of a man who designedly ends his life that he is not in his right mind. One of the most pathetic things about death is the bidding good-bye to a body that has been the nursery and home of the spirit which it has charmed through the ministry of so many senses.

“For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?”

Men find their pay for living in various ways. Hope may lie to them, but they always believe her, nevertheless. The better things to come, of which she tells all men, become, indeed, the substance of the things desired; that is, expectation is a constant joy and inspiration. The pay for this day's trouble and toil is in the reward which is expected to-morrow. That reward may never come, but the hope remains; and so long as that lives, it pays to live. It pays some men to live, that they may make money, and command the power that money brings. To what enormous toils and sacrifices the love and pursuit of money urge a great multitude of men! The judgment of these men as to whether life is worth living is not to be taken at life's close, when they sum up their possessions and what they have cost, but while they are living and acting. A man whose life is exhausted may well conclude that what he has won is vanity; but it was not vanity to him while he was winning it, and, in the full possession of his powers, he believed that life was worth living.

Who shall estimate the inestimable? Who shall weigh the value of the loves of life? There are very few who do not see a time in life when all their trials would

be considered a cheap price to pay for the love they exercise and possess. The lover who wins and possesses his mistress, and the mother who carries a man-child upon her bosom, drink of a cup so full and so delicious that, whatever may be the ills of life, they sink into insignificance by its side. A single year of a great satisfying love spreads its charm over all the period that follows, and often sweetens a whole life. We have said that there is great pleasure in conscious being, and the statement covers more ground than at first view appears, for all pleasures are simply augmentations of the consciousness of being. The pleasure that comes of wine is of this character—it raises and intensifies the consciousness of being, and makes the treasure of life itself for the moment more abundant. It is so not only with all sensual delights, but with all mental and spiritual pleasures. They stimulate and enlarge the sense of life,—the consciousness of living existence,—conferring upon it only new forms and flavors.

The pursuit of money is only one of the pursuits of life. Fame, power, literary achievement, art in a hundred forms, social eminence—all these and more are objects of pursuit, so absorbing and delightful that men find abundant reward in them. Life is quite worth living to all those who find engaging objects of pursuit, and especially to those who win success in their pursuits. We repeat, therefore, that, by almost a unanimous vote, the human race practically decides every day that life is worth living. Mr. Mallock thinks it is worth living provided a man has faith in a great church; and Professor Mivart—a Catholic himself—thinks life's highest values are in the doing of duty and in love. We should be the last to claim that happiness is the highest aim of life, and that, unless that is secured, life is a failure, and not worth living. To do right, to sacrifice one's self for love

—these are better things than pleasure. To love and to be loved—these are things that pay. To be conscious of nobility of character and unselfishness of life ; to be conscious that our lives are brought into affectionate relations with other and harmonious life—what are these but life's highest values ? What are these but the highest satisfactions of conscious being ?

If this be true,—that character and duty and love are better than pleasure and better than any success without them,—then there is no human being who needs to say that life is not worth living. But the people who do not succeed, who are unloved, who live lives of pain and want and weakness—what is there for these ? A chance for conscious nobility of character and life ; and if this be not enough, as it rarely is, a faith, not in a great church, but in a good God, and an immortality that will right the wrongs and heal the evils of the present life, and round into completeness and symmetry its imperfections and deformities. Is it not foolish, after all, to raise the question of success or failure in treating a life that is only germinal or fractional ?

THE SERMON.

We hear, in the different pulpits, a good many sorts of sermons in these days, and from the pews we hear a good many theories and ideas about sermons. In the ministry of the Christian religion, the sermon seems to be of growing importance, among all sects. The forms of worship vary very little. Each sect has its prescribed, or voluntary and yet habitual, formula of prayer and praise, to which it adheres generation after generation. It makes more or less of singing at different times, and has its liturgical spasms ; but, on the whole, each sect adheres to its form of worship with great tenacity and steadiness. The sermon, however, is subject to great

changes, and is the result partly of the general culture of its time, and partly of theories of preaching entertained by the church.

The Episcopal Church in this country, like its mother in England, is inclined more than any other denomination, except the Catholic, to make much of the service and little of the sermon. The average sermon that one hears in the established church in England, as in the English continental chapels, is only a brief and unimpressive homily, written with great propriety, and delivered not only without passion, but without the slightest attempt at oratory. To a man thirsting for religious impression, or for intellectual stimulus, nothing drearier, or more unrewarding, can be imagined than this kind of performance. Much more is made of the sermon in this country than in England, however, and the Episcopal Church could not hold its own, and grow in importance and influence as it does among the American people without a better sermon than prevails in the English Church. The Brookses and Tyngs are among the most impressive preachers we have, and the Episcopal sermon is now generally like the sermons of the other sects—full of intellect, vitality and eloquence. Still the leaning is toward the service, as the thing of paramount importance.

In all the other denominations, however, the sermon is the supreme thing. The prayers and the music are simply preliminaries and supplementaries to the sermon. The point of first interest is the topic, in its announcement; and the question as to whether the attendance at church has paid is determined, almost entirely, by the character of the discourse which follows. Whether this partiality to the sermon is right or not, we do not care to judge. We take the fact as it stands, for the purpose of saying a word on the kind of sermon demanded in

these days. Among preachers who are not "sensational," as the word goes, we hear a good deal now about and against "sensational preaching." We confess that we like sensational preaching, if by the phrase is indicated that which produces a sensation. If by this phrase, however, it is intended to indicate the kind which is accompanied by theatrical tricks, and startling phraseology, and rough pulpit manners, we dislike it as much as any one can. A clown is never more out of place than when he is in a pulpit; and we may add that the true orator is never more in his proper place than there. A man who has the power to wake up his audience intellectually, to rouse their sympathies, to address them by motives so powerful as to exalt them to determination or to action, is the true sensational preacher. This is the man who attracts a crowd; and the man who can be relied upon to do this every Sunday, is the man who holds the crowd.

A great deal of fault is found with "intellectual preaching," but it is pretty well understood now that nothing else will be attractive. The world knows its duty well enough now. The sermon that is simply good, that is charged only with the commonplaces of religion and morality, and never rises into eloquence or a high range of thought or feeling, might almost as well go unpreached. It accomplishes little beyond disgusting its hearers with going to church. The obvious, common things that may be said about any given text of Scripture, are exactly the things that ought never to be said in the pulpit, for in these things the pulpit is no wiser than the pew. One of the great reasons for the lack of popular attraction to the pulpit lies in the fact that brains enough are not put into the sermons. The thinking in a sermon must be superior to the average thinking of an audience, to produce any effect upon it, and if, in these

days, any man—no matter how gifted he may be—imagines that he may halt in his enterprise of earnest and profound preparation for his preaching, without damage to himself or his work, he is sadly mistaken. His slipshod stuff will be detected every time, and pass to his discredit.

We know of no profession or calling so exacting in its demands as that of the pulpit ; we know of none that is capable of winning greater rewards of influence and affection, but in these days the pulpit is a bad place for a lazy man, or one who is inclined in any way to under-rate the popular intelligence concerning both his profession and himself. Goodish homilies have gone out, and high discourses have come in. The best thinking that the best men can do, the best English they can command, and the most impressive delivery of which they are the masters, are called for, every time they appear before those who have sufficiently loved and trusted them to place them in their high office. The public are not deceived. No facility of words can cover sterility of thinking. A preacher who does not do his best every time is in constant danger of doing himself irretrievable damage.

There are certain economies of pulpit oratory that demand more attention from our most successful preachers of sermons. It is a great temptation to a powerful man who finds a plastic congregation in his hands, to continue his conquest of conviction and emotion beyond the point of triumph. There is a charm in mastery which leads to long sermons—to talking after the sermon is done. This breeds uneasiness, and always detracts from the best result. It is always a mistake, and we know of a dozen eminent men who are constantly making it.

After all, the best and most important qualifications for

preaching a good sermon is an overmastering belief in Christianity. There is so much preaching done that leads to admiration of the preacher rather than to faith in and love of Christ, that earnestness cannot be too much insisted on, or too highly estimated. So it is an excellent thing for a preacher to be a Christian, if he desires to accomplish by his preaching anything beyond his own elevation.

MR. HUXLEY'S VISIT.

We are not among those who deprecated Mr. Huxley's late visit to America, and certainly not among those who regret that he came. There was an indefinable dread of the man among many religious circles, as if he were not only an enemy, but a very powerful enemy, who was pretty sure to do mischief. The result, we are sure, not only disappointed them, but failed to give the expected support to those who have been inclined to favor the Darwinian hypothesis. The first lecture introduced a trick quite unworthy a fearless man of science, viz., that of making Milton bear the onus of the Mosaic account of the Creation. To whip the Bible around the shoulders of the great poet, and assume to fight a man, when, in truth, he intended to fight what all believers agree in regarding as a sacred book, and most of them as an inspired and authoritative book, was not a pretty or a manly thing to do. It was a cunning performance, we admit, but it was the performance of a pettifogger, and detracted very materially from the popular respect which had been accorded to the man and his utterances.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Darwin's principal apostle would present his facts and his arguments in the most convincing way possible to him. He took three evenings for the task, and had the field all to himself; but we do not hesitate to say that he failed in the "de-

monstrative evidence" offered in his closing lecture to fulfil the promises made in the first two. Had he demonstrated the soundness of his theory, people would have believed in it. That the most of them did not, ought to be regarded by Mr. Huxley as evidence—worthy, at least, of his consideration—that his "demonstrative evidence" demonstrated nothing. For, let it be remembered, the religious mind of the country is not as much afraid of the theory of evolution as it was, and is not proof against conviction, as it might once have been. It has apprehended and accepted the fact that it takes as great a power to originate an order of beings through evolution as by a direct act of creation, and that to bind up all the possibilities and potencies of life in protoplasmic masses, or ascidian cells, is as marked an exhibition of Almightiness and infinite ingenuity as it would be to speak into existence the perfected creatures which we know, and which we are.

We do not hesitate to say that the audiences which assembled to listen to Mr. Huxley were tractable audiences. They were not only tractable, but they were capable. They were fully adequate to the understanding of his theory, and the weighing of his evidences and arguments; and we have yet to learn that he largely, or even appreciably, increased the number of his disciples. Men went away feeling that, after all, the theory of evolution was nothing but a theory,—that it is still so much an hypothesis that it can lay no valid claim to a place in science. Certainly, Mr. Huxley shook no soundly reasoning man's belief in God as the author of all life. "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth." When that beginning was,—how many ages that beginning covered,—nobody pretends at this day to know. Everybody knows, however, that a stream can rise no higher than its fountain. If the conduits and

receptacles into which that stream has been poured are capable of retaining it, and incapable of conducting it further, it may not rise so high. It seems to us repugnant to human reason that a low form of life, uninformed by a higher life, has the power to evolve a form of life higher than itself. There is not an analogy of nature which does not militate against such a conclusion. There are none of the lessons of science which do not lead directly away from it. God may work toward creative ends through processes of evolution, or he may not. A horse may have been derived from a three-toed animal, one of whose toe-nails spread into a hoof, with its wonderful tarsus and metatarsus, or he may not. A man may have descended, or ascended, from a monkey, or he may have been created by a divine fiat. It matters very little, so long as God is recognized as the author of life, and the designer of its multitudinous forms.

And here is where all the trouble and fear originate. The Christian theist shrinks from losing his God. He finds that as philosophers go mousing among second causes, they lose the disposition to look up. When Mr. Tyndall asserts that he finds in matter the promise and the potency of all forms and qualities of life, the Christian sees that God is left out of the question altogether,—that the creation is left without a creator, that life is left without an author, that his hope is vain, and that his faith is also vain. He is accounted but an animal of the highest class, that propagates other animals, and he and they are to die, and come to an end. He can contemplate such a conclusion only with horror. His life loses all its meaning in the presence of it. If this is all; if we are only animals; if we have no responsibility; if our destiny does not take hold of eternity, he will say, “let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

It seems to us to be about time for Christian men and women, and especially for Christian teachers, to stop shaking in the presence of science and scientific men, in the fear that God is to be counted out of the universe, for such a conclusion is simply impossible. The religious element in man, in all ages and among all peoples, is, perhaps, the highest proof we have that a Being exists who is to be worshipped, loved, adored, obeyed. Beyond this lies the impossibility of conceiving the "beginning" of anything without a supreme first cause. To suppose that a nebulous mass appeared in one of the interstellar spaces, of itself; that, after a time, motion began in it, of itself, and went on until the whole mass revolved and commenced condensation; that one after another it threw off rings which cracked and curled up into burning worlds, always condensing and cooling, and revolving around the great mass in the centre; that in one of these worlds, incandescent at first, there went on for ages and eons the processes that were to fit it for the residence of life, and that then life appeared upon it, of itself, in such myriad forms and adaptations that the most industrious and ingenious human inquirer is left utterly at a loss to comprehend so much as the humblest plant at his feet, or the tiniest insect, to say nothing of his own body and his own mind,—we say that to suppose that all this took place without an infinite exercise of power and ingenuity,—without intelligent adaptation of means to ends,—is to suppose an absurdity which no healthy reason, healthily working, can possibly accept.

It is not only time for Christian men to stop shaking before science and scientific men, but it is time to receive them as discoverers of God's works and ways of working. We have learned a great deal from them, and we are to learn a great deal more. We are not con-

cerned in their conclusions. We may pity them for their blindness and egotism, but we must respect them for their earnest work and their honesty. It will all come out right in the end. Their work is only begun, and, in the meantime, God will not be left without witnesses. Side by side with the advancement of science, the reign of religion advances in the world. Many of our old beliefs will be cast aside ; many of our old dogmas will be shown to be baseless ; but the belief in God and the confidence of his paternal interest in man will not only never die out, but they will increase with every onward step that science achieves.

FALLING FROM HIGH PLACES.

High Christian society, both in New York and Brooklyn, has been shocked again and again during the past few years, by the fall from rectitude of its eminent members. These cities have not been singular in their experiences. Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, have all furnished their instances of fall from high Christian and social positions into infamy. Men who have been trusted have betrayed their trusts. Men who have "made a good profession" have shamefully or shamelessly belied their profession. Whole families have gone down into financial ruin and social disgrace with these men. Some of the delinquents are serving out their terms in the State prison, and some of their innocent victims and family friends are in lunatic asylums. The whole matter has been horrible—too horrible to dwell upon, or talk about. It has even been too solemn and suggestive to gossip over. Under the revelations of these great iniquities, carried on for years in secret, men have trembled for themselves and their friends. It has been feared that these were but the out-croppings of an underlying mass of infidelity to truth and honor. We

have almost dreaded to look into the morning papers, lest some more shocking fall than all should be revealed.

Of course there has been a good deal of comment upon the subject—wise and otherwise. The scoffer at religion has had his fling. The conscious scamp has had his little crow over his long-bruited conclusion that men are all alike, and that all are scamps as far as they dare to be. But the good men and women, in the church and out of it, have taken the whole matter very sadly to heart; and they wonder what it means. Why is it, at this particular time, that there should fall upon the Christian church such disgrace in the fall of its members? Has Christianity no hold upon men? Does it give them no strength under temptation? Does it in no way put them beyond temptation? How is it that men can go on punctiliously in the performance of their outward Christian duties, while consciously guilty of offences against the law which, if proved, would consign their persons to prison and their names to public execration?

There is a good deal that might be said upon the matter, but there are only two things which we care to notice. The first is that we have passed and are passing through an exceptional period in political, social, and financial history. Smooth times would have spared us most of the disasters which we so sadly lament. The civil war furnished great opportunities for making money rapidly, and the men who made it rapidly raised their style of living to a luxurious grade. So many made money swiftly that they had the power to revolutionize the general style of living. In this way, life became more expensive to everybody, and the most extraordinary exertions were made by all men to win a share in the general prosperity, and to display a share in their dresses, equipages, and homes. We did not hear very

much about betrayals of trust while the prosperity was in progress ; but when the times began to pinch, and men were trying to bridge over little gaps in their income, without showing to their families or their friends that they were in trouble, the mischief began. The first steps were undoubtedly very small, and were intended to be immediately retraced ; but the pinch in the times did not relax, and the false steps never were retraced and never could be retraced. The following ones were the steps that a man makes when dragged at the tail of a hangman's cart—irresistible.

Now we are simply harvesting the crop. The mischief began long since, under the pressure of special and exceptional temptations. But ought not Christianity to have been equal to such an emergency as this ? This is the question the church is asking of itself. This is the question the world is asking of the church, and this is the second point that we have thought worth considering in this article.

Now why does the world ask of the church such a question as this ? Who taught the world its morality ? Where did it acquire its nice notions of personal honor and honesty ? Whose influence has planted in the public mind the sense of integrity and purity—the sense of the heinousness of infidelity to private and public trusts ? Christianity has been the world's teacher, and it only asks the question which the church has taught it to ask. Why does the church feel through all its membership the deep disgrace of these untoward revelations, save for the reason that it is truly Christian, and is permeated and moved by the spirit which these crimes have violated. If the church were trying to cover up these crimes and to shield these criminals ; if she were not shocked and grieved to her centre ; if she were not sadly questioning herself as to the causes of these terrible

backslidings, she might be flouted with them. As it is, no decent man will fail to give her his sympathy.

Feeling just this, and saying so much as this, we believe that we have the liberty to say a little more. We feel at least the liberty to ask a question or two. Is it not possible that in the pulpit teaching of the present day we make a little too much of salvation, and not quite enough of righteousness?—a little too much of the tree, and not quite enough of the fruit?—a little too much about a “saving faith,” and not quite enough of good works?—a little too much of believing, and not quite enough of living?—a little too much of dogma, and not quite enough of character? Certainly the pulpit has erred in this matter, and erred not a little. It is the weak place, not only in modern preaching, but in modern orthodox theology of all names; and if the church wishes to learn the lesson of her failures, she will find it here. A man whose principal motive is to get himself saved by compliance with certain hard conditions of repentance and service, is a pretty poor staff to lean upon in the emergency of a temptation which attacks his selfishness from another direction. Our revival preaching, unless supplemented by a long course of instruction in morality, is pretty poor stuff. It serves its temporary purpose well enough, perhaps; but if conversion is anything less than the beginning of a drill and training in righteousness, it amounts to very little.

THE BONDAGE OF THE PULPIT.

The phrase which furnishes the title of this article is not original. We borrow it of a distinguished orthodox theological professor in Rochester, who, having omitted the articles which he wrote upon it from his “Free Lance” book, has got through with it, we suppose, and has thus left it for the use of those who are not likely to become

theological professors. We choose it now to introduce a few words with relation to the criticism of certain papers upon recent articles of ours on the proscription of certain ministers for opinion's sake.

First, if we have seemed to blame the ecclesiastical bodies that deposed Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller from the ministerial office, let us place ourselves right. We have not intended to blame them. We do not see how, regarding the work of these men as they did, and under the obligations of constitution and rule which were upon them, they could have done otherwise. They were not at liberty to do otherwise. However much personal liking for, or sympathy with these writers, the ecclesiastical bodies may have felt, they had no choice in dealing with them. Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller had thought and come to conclusions outside of the machine, and the machine was obliged to cut off their heads. The trouble is with the machine, and the machine and the machine-makers and defenders are what we have our quarrel with.

It will be noticed that although the men in question have been cast out of the ministry, they have not been cast out of the church. That is entirely another thing. They may still be—as all believe them to be—good Christians, but they are not good sectarians; *and that is all that this deposition means.* They have modified their creed without in any way degrading their Christian character or Christian life. Indeed, the latter may have been very much improved and elevated. At any rate, their behavior shows very well by the side of that of the bodies which deposed them. Now what we want to show is simply this: that men—Christian men—have been cut off from useful positions, not because they have not Christian characters, lives, purposes, influence, but because, following the light which God has given them in their reason, and loyal to the voice of conscience, they

have declared that some of their views of Christian truth are changed. This is what we find fault with, viz., that the church—the sectarian church, and we hardly have any other—is not large enough to think in; that it virtually puts a limitation to progress in the development of Christian opinion. We have no quarrel with men; we have no quarrel with newspapers. We would like to do what we can to make a larger place for Christian teachers. Do they object to it? Can they not be trusted in a larger place? Would they be likely to abuse their liberty if their creeds were shorter and more elastic? Then we must reverse all our American ideas of the influence of liberty upon the intelligent human mind.

The Christian at Work undertakes to expose to us the absurdity of our fault-finding with the degradation from office of Messrs. Blauvelt and Miller in these words:

"But let us put to the accomplished editor of *Scribner's* one question: Suppose he accepted an article from an author, to be written on a certain subject, for the editorial department of *Scribner's*; suppose the article contained an urgent plea for Communism and Socialism, honestly advocating them as essential to the welfare of society and in accordance with the spirit of our age;—would the editor print that article; and if not would there be 'anything like free thought or free speech within the limits of the *Scribner* covers?'—would there be a magazine writer who would not realize that 'his brain is imprisoned and his hands tied?' Does not the editor of *Scribner* see how absurd his position is?"

Is it as bad as this? Can the relation which exists between the constituting power and the minister in office be compared to that which exists between an editor and his subordinates? Is he but a mouthpiece of embodied ecclesiastical opinion? Has he absolutely no liberty at all? Are reason, conscience, heavenly teaching and inspiration for which the minister prays, only to have play within certain bounds, imposed by outside

human authority? Then the teacher is indeed a slave, and is degraded by the act which installs him in office.

But the comparison is not entirely fair to us or to the writer's own side of the question. The conditions are not quite so bad as he represents them. He has seen fit to confine his illustration to editorial articles—to the editor's individual opinions. He would be more just if he would apply it to the whole magazine, and there we should meet him with the statement that while the drift and purpose of the *Monthly* are strongly along the lines of religion and morality—of liberty and purity and temperance and Christian culture—so strongly that no fool can mistake them, and no fool does mistake them—we are all the time publishing opinions which we do not believe in. We should not be disposed to suppress a plea for socialism or communism, if it were well written, by a true and honest man, though we hold the doctrines which these words popularly represent in lively detestation. We have always been trying to give the world of thinkers a fair chance, and to let the people know what honest thinkers are thinking, and what they are thinking about. Orthodox and heterodox alike have been welcomed in these pages, and the liberty of the latter has always seemed to make them more interesting writers. The orthodox are always running their machine, whether as politicians or sectarians, and never dare to get outside of it. We never fail to know what they are going to say. We have been hearing it for nearly sixty years, and, while it did very well for the first thirty, the reiteration becomes tiresome.

We heard defined, a few Sundays since, from a pulpit as generous as it is able, the distinction between a profession and a vocation. There are men who choose to be preachers. Having carefully weighed all other professions in the balance, they adopt the ministerial profession ; yet a great multitude of them have no vocation.

They are not called to preach. It is not a "woe" to them if they do not preach. They do not preach because they must preach. We can imagine a set of simple professional men, who will be willing to take their creed and stay with it, and stand by it, and persecute their betters who, with the vocation to preach, take their license from the highest source, and the liberty that always goes with it. When such men as Swing and Eggleston and Murray, with their crowded churches, find themselves happier outside of the great sectarian organizations than within them—more attractive, more useful, more influential—the people ought to learn something of the vivifying effect of Christian liberty, and the necessity of either casting aside, or, if that be not practicable, of greatly modifying, the old machines. A minister who apprehends enough of essential Christian truth to be a thorough Christian himself, in character and in life, is good enough to teach, if he has a divine vocation to teach, and the machine that cuts off his head is a wretched machine, which, in our opinion, ought to be smashed.

But what a lot of "religious newspapers" would be smashed under it! Ah! We had not thought of that! How we should dislike to lose *The New York Observer* and *The Congregationalist*! (Handkerchief.)

SUNDAY BUMMERS.

The poor we have always with us, and whenever we will we may do them good. And the will to do them good, in a spiritual and religious sense, at least, is very genuine and very abounding. The churches, as a rule, cherish no desire more sincere than that of preaching the gospel to the poor, without money and without price. We do not stop to inquire how much of the proselyting spirit may be connected with this desire, or what worthless motives may sophisticate it. Their wish to do good

to the poor is genuine enough, and to do it at their own expense. If the poor could know how heartily they would be welcomed in houses of worship frequented mainly by the rich and the well-to-do, they would certainly lose their shyness, and learn a kindlier feeling for those more fortunate than themselves. It is undoubtedly the business of the rich to provide religious privileges for the poor, and the duty of the poor to accept them. They may do this without loss of self-respect, and without the cultivation of the pauper spirit.

There is, however, a real difference between "God's poor" and man's poor. There are great multitudes who, do what they will and what they can, must always be poor. Few and inefficient hands to labor, and many mouths to feed, sickness, misfortune—all the causes of adversity—produce poverty which seems to be remediless; and those who are afflicted with such poverty may legitimately be called "God's poor." These are the involuntary poor, enveloped and embarrassed by circumstances which render it impossible for them to rise out of poverty. For these, the Christian man will do what he can without pauperizing them, and he knows that there is no form of beneficence so little likely to do them harm as that of providing for their religious instruction and inspiration. He knows also that the rectification and elevation of habits which are the natural outcome of religious and spiritual influences, are ministers always to the poor man's temporal prosperity.

In contradistinction from these, there are those whom we may properly call "man's poor." They are people who spend upon themselves, out of an income not generous, perhaps, but competent, so much that they have nothing left with which to bear their portion of the burdens of society. They live well, they dress well, they maintain what they consider a respectable position in

society, they go to the theatre whenever it may seem desirable ; they spend upon themselves and their luxuries their entire income, and habitually steal their preaching. Many of these people are quite regular in their attendance upon the Sunday services of the church, but they never unite with it, or assume a single responsibility connected with it. There are churches in New York, as we presume there may be in most cities, which are the favorite resorts of the bummers—churches which, by the numbers in attendance on Sundays, seem to be prosperous, but which, from the fact that they are so largely made up of bummers, cannot support themselves or their pastors. These worshippers make a very well-dressed congregation, but they offer a very poor field for preaching and pastoral work. They do not even introduce themselves to the pastors to whose preaching they listen. When they become a little ashamed of this Sunday bumming at one church, they go to another. The sexton knows them at last, and understands exactly what they are and what they are doing. A little self-denial would give all these people the right to a pew, and save them from the meanness of appropriating that which honest people are obliged to pay for.

Now, there is nothing in the world better calculated to bring dry-rot into character than this Sunday bumming. To go week after week to church, assuming no responsibility, paying for no privilege, and taking no part whatever except that of a thief or sponge, can have no influence better than that of unfitting a man for society. He who is not one of God's poor has no right to privileges that he does not pay for, in or out of the church, and the man who becomes willing to avail himself of the generosity of others, in order that he may spend more upon his artificial wants, becomes a pauper at heart and a thief in fact.

The great majority of Sunday bums ought to be ashamed of themselves, for even their church-going very often grows out of their love of respectability and of the usages of respectable society. But the young, and particularly young men, should be warned against the practice. The Sunday bummer is nearly always the occupant of a boarding-house, a fact which at least partly accounts for his demoralization. We do not think it often happens that the occupant of a genuine home steals his preaching. All sorts of moral obliquities and social loosenesses are generated in boarding-houses—and Sunday bumming among the rest. A man without a home is a pretty poor member of society, as a rule. It is not apt to occur to him that he has any stake or any duty in society, so he takes what society gives him, and avails himself of the privilege of squatting upon the rest. Young men coming to the city to live—for it must be remembered that the Sunday bummer is peculiarly the product of the city—should by all means avoid a habit which will always tell against them. The first thing a young man starting out into independent life should do is to take squarely upon his shoulders the social burdens that belong to him. The policy breeds manliness and self-respect and will remove him from all liability to become the poor creature known as the Sunday bummer.

“THE MACHINE” IN NEW ENGLAND.

There is a thrifty manufacturing village, about five miles from Springfield, in Massachusetts, called Indian Orchard, and there is a Congregational church there, which, some years since, called to be its pastor the Rev. James F. Merriam, the son of an excellent orthodox deacon in Doctor Buckingham's church in Springfield. The church had known the young man from his youth up—known his history, his opinions, his influence. He

had already had one settlement in the town of Farmington, Connecticut, where he had been much beloved. Mr. Merriam accepted the call of the Indian Orchard church, and a council of Congregational ministers was called together to go through the formalities of installation. It so happened, however, that the young man was an independent thinker, and could not state his orthodoxy exactly in terms satisfactory to the council, and that he was "shaky" on the dogma of everlasting punishment. So far as we are able to learn, the only other point of doubtful orthodoxy related to the atonement, and the following are Mr. Merriam's own words as to this: "While we may differ as to philosophical statements of it, I believe I am at one with our accepted interpretation as to the bottom truth, viz.: that God in Christ's death, suffered in his own divine nature for us, and that it signified God's free forgiveness to the repentant of their sins."

Well, the council voted eight to six, not to install the candidate—mainly, we understand, because he was not sound on the subject of everlasting punishment. Six of the fourteen indicated by their votes either that, in their opinion, he was sound, or that his opinions concerning that dogma were not such as would interfere with his usefulness as a pastor and religious teacher. The council dissolved, having done what it could to shut the candidate's mouth and deprive the people of Indian Orchard of the pastor of their choice. Then the people, spurning the action of the council, engaged Mr. Merriam to supply their pulpit, and to become in all respects their pastor and teacher; and he, like a sensible man, accepted their invitation, protesting that there should be neither ill-feeling nor ill-speaking against the council which, he did not doubt, had performed its work most conscientiously. And it is noteworthy just here that the

pastor and delegate from Farmington, the seat of Mr. Merriam's former pastorate, voted for his settlement. The result of the action of the council has been the welding of all hearts in Indian Orchard into one for the support of Mr. Merriam, the increase of his influence, and the production of a local excitement and discussion, the results of which will not be reckoned up in many years.

We have noticed this case simply because it is an instructive indication of the drift of the times. It indicates :

First.—That "the machine" is no longer identical with the church. The machine does its work in the regular way, and the church repudiates it, tramples on it, tears up its decisions and throws them away.

Second.—That the machine itself is undergoing a process of disorganization. The vote in the council needed but one change to make it a tie, and but two changes to reverse the decision. Out of fourteen persons, six either harmonized with Mr. Merriam's views, or did not consider them of importance as hinderances to his usefulness. This is a tremendous change from the orthodoxy of the fathers, and shows very plainly that the orthodox creeds are in the future to have a more liberal interpretation, or that there will soon come, as a necessity, a re-statement in a briefer or a materially modified form of the doctrines that make up the common opinion of the orthodox churches of the country. Our own judgment is that the votes given for Mr. Merriam were little else than demands for greater personal liberty in the interpretation of a creed. There must be this liberty if men are going to think at all, or else there must be self-stultification.

Third.—That the action of the church at Indian Orchard, and the astonishingly wide and earnest sympathy with it manifested by the churches in the vicinity, are proofs that dogmatic theology is losing its old hold upon

the popular mind. The people are in advance of the clergy in perceiving that the spirit of the Master, the heart filled with love and good-will and the life with unselfishness and purity, are of very much more importance than opinions and speculations upon the doctrine of everlasting punishment. To turn such a man as Mr. Merriam is universally conceded to be away from a field of usefulness, where his Christian spirit and sunny temper and helpful counsels and ardent love of men might be of the greatest use in helping souls to heaven, because he did not believe in the same sort of a hell that the council believed in, is not recognized by the churches as a wise—we had almost said a decent—thing to do.

We have seen nothing more hopeful in these later times than the result of this Indian Orchard business. It is not only a triumph of Christian liberty for to-day, but it amounts to a declaration that there is to be more liberty in the future. It amounts, too, to a declaration that the religion of the head is losing its prominence in the religion of the churches. We are lamenting almost every week the fall of some man from a high position in the church, and we are beginning to find out what it means. We are beginning to learn that any form of organized Christianity which makes much of faith and little of works—especially when that faith is made to cover long strings of dogmatic statements—which insists rigidly on the possession of sound opinions and takes small note of an unsound heart, which discards ministers for heresy and hastens to cover up ministerial failures in morality and charity, which plants itself in the way of a true man because he cannot as a true man pronounce its shibboleth—we say that we are beginning to learn that any form of organized Christianity which does all this, just as naturally produces untrustworthy Christians as the earth produces weeds. Why should it not?

Let the concluding paragraph of Mr. Merriam's exposition of his faith, made before the Indian Orchard council be ours. He says :

"In conclusion, I would add that I believe Christianity has as yet made but a beginning of the great work it is to do. I anticipate a speedy and wonderful development ; because as the race grows intellectually and morally, so do its conceptions of Christ and the priceless import of his teaching become more adequate. I not only believe in, but most urgently advocate, a constant recurrence to him in all our work as churches to learn what our God is, and what our life here should be—and may be. When the church fully apprehends the tremendous power of the truths concerning Christ it upholds—when it is great enough, good enough, to wield its own weapon—I believe the progress of its redeeming work will be accelerated a hundred-fold."

THE TALK ABOUT RETRIBUTION.

We have just passed through, or we are now passing through, one of the most disgusting episodes in religious discussion that this country has ever witnessed. Its distinguishing characteristics have been irreverence and vulgarity. A modest pastor in Massachusetts was denied the pulpit to which he had been elected, on account of his failure to indorse the old orthodox dogma, concerning everlasting punishment. The council that took the responsibility of this proscription will live long enough, we hope, to see that it did a bad thing for itself, for the public, and for Christianity. The legitimate discussion that grew out of this event, we have no fault to find with. It was needed, and it will not fail to have a good result. It was a matter that specially concerned the Christian world, and one that ought to have been discussed with the modesty and dignity which should distinguish all treatment of the solemn questions that touch man's immortality.

How was it treated ? Precisely as if it were a question

of politics and partisanship,—it was put to vote ! In the same spirit with which a train of passengers is canvassed on the eve of a great election, the newspaper press interviewed the neighboring ministers to see how they stood on the question of “hell,” and to learn how they should have voted had they been members of the council whose action had started the discussion. We can imagine reporters doing just this, for “’tis their nature to”—do just this. We do not know of any inquiry at which they would hesitate, if its answer would add piquancy to their contributions ; but, while we have no sympathy with this sort of enterprise, we spare our condemnation of it in the presence of the fact that ministers in large numbers responded to their inquiries, with just as much apparent readiness as if the question had related only to the Bland silver bill, or any other political measure or matter. If irreverence and vulgarity can go further than this, we have no idea in what direction they would travel. For ministers to consent to form an outside council, and have their votes recorded by the public press on any special question that one of their own regularly constituted councils had decided, would have been a grave discourtesy, to say the least. To “stand and be counted” by a newspaper reporter, while they voted on the subject of everlasting punishment, was a surrender of their self-respect, a degradation of their office and position, and a fatal vulgarizing of the whole question, of which every man among them ought to be profoundly ashamed.

When a question gets down as low as this, it is of course the privilege of every blackguard to besmirch it with his own style of handling. Colonel Ingersoll, an open unbeliever,—especially about the mouth,—has had his tilt at it. His words were diligently reported, and so loudly and persistently hawked about the streets by

newsboys, that "Colonel Ingersoll" and "hell" will forever be associated in the public mind.

The result of vulgarizing this question, in this way, is about as bad as it can be. No one, we suppose, will deny that it is to reduce it to one of very little moment. A question on which men divide as partisans—a question which is decided by votes and not by arguments—a question which ostensibly rests in men's opinions, and is kicked about by the lowest orators and the lowest processes—is one that soon becomes deprived of its importance; and men who trembled in the prospect of endless suffering as the consequence of sin, cease, at last, to believe in retribution altogether. No greater misfortune could happen to the world than this, for, if there is one thing in which revelation, science, and experience thoroughly agree, it is in the doctrine that suffering is, and must forever be, the consequence of sin. A man must trample on his own common-sense before he can believe that if he falls asleep in this world an impure, vicious, malignant man, he will wake up in the next a saint in heaven. To lose the idea of retribution is to lose the idea that holds the moral world in equipoise. To make God so tender and loving that without repentance and reformation He will "clear the guilty," is to degrade Him beneath human contempt. It blots out the sense of justice; it transforms crime into a mistake; it makes nothing of that which has filled this world with misery, and that which will fill any world with misery, so long as it may be persisted in. As long as consequence follows cause, just so long will retribution follow sin, whether in this world or the next; and to blot out the belief in retribution in any man's mind is to demoralize and debauch him.

Of the more dignified discussions of the question of everlasting punishment, it is proper to say a word.

That there is a considerable number of orthodox ministers who have given up, or are giving up their belief in this dogma, there is no question. The loosening hold upon it has been evident for many years. Endless torment has been talked very little about in American and English pulpits for the last decade, and is rarely, except in a general way, presented as a motive to a religious life. The Indian Orchard minister has a multitude of sympathizers among his professional brethren, and the number is growing larger rather than smaller. The change comes partly of a change of views of the character of God, partly of a change of ideas concerning the office of punishment, and partly of new and better interpretations of Scripture. Such men as Canon Farrar and Rev. Dr. Whiton—eminent alike as orthodox Christians and scholars—have had a great deal of influence on the professional mind of the day, in determining that phase of the question which scholarship can alone determine, viz., that which depends upon the exact interpretation of all that the sacred writings have to say upon it. Dr. Whiton's little book has made, and is making, a profound impression; and so important is it deemed by some of those who have read it, that money has been freely put into his hand for its distribution.

If there is to be a future life—and this is the faith of Christendom and heathendom—it goes without saying that there is to be retribution in it; but, as we have read Dr. Whiton's book, there is no declaration in Scripture that the punishment is to be endless—and no declaration that it is not to be. The book is quite worthy of any man's reading, and we commend it particularly to those whose votes have been canvassed by the reporters. If they have not already perused it, they will learn that they voted before they had all the light there was to be had upon the subject.

ART.

AMERICAN ART.

ONE of the most notable facts connected with the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia was the universal devotion to the art galleries. Every day testified of it, and every writer spoke of it. Whatever portion of the superb show was neglected, or only thinly attended, the art galleries were always full. However rapidly other departments may have been skimmed over, here the crowd lingered. It is the universal testimony, also, that this part of the exhibition was not in any way what could be desired. No country but England made an attempt to show its best things. Everywhere, outside of the English pictures, respectable mediocrity was the rule, and commanding excellence the exception. Still, it was there, among the pictures and the statuary, that the great masses of visitors found their highest satisfactions, and the return for their fees of admission.

To those who have spent many days in the London National Gallery, in the galleries of the Louvre, in the halls of Dresden, in the palaces of Florence, and among the exhaustless art-treasures of Rome, the exhibition at Philadelphia could have only a subordinate interest. The poverty and the contrast seemed great, and, to an extent, painful; but to the majority of visitors, the ex-

hibition was the first of any magnitude they had ever seen. It was to them a superlative delight—a revelation of achievements, the possibility of which they had never conceived. The wonders of the Main Building, of Machinery Hall, and of the minor collections, were all subordinate to those of the finer arts. The pictures formed the central, dominant point of attraction every day, from the beginning to the end.

Now, these facts mean a great deal with relation to the future of art in this country. They mean that there is an innate love of art—of the beautiful in picture and sculpture—in the average American, from which it only needs time and opportunity to reap grand harvests of achievement and appreciation. We can now perfectly understand Mr. Archer's statement, to which we have previously alluded in these columns, with regard to the effect upon English art and the English mind of the London Exhibition of 1851. It will be remembered that he attributed the great progress of art in that country during the last twenty-five years to that exhibition. The people went to studying art at once, so that art-schools were multiplied throughout the realm almost a hundred-fold. It is owing to that exhibition that England has been able to show us so much that is satisfactory at Philadelphia. Like causes, under like conditions, produce like results; and we look forward upon the next quarter of a century to the only general movement in art that our young country has ever known. We are ready for it, and stimulus and direction have come just when we need it. Hitherto, our art has been desultory, patchy, and partial. The absence of life-schools has driven our artists all to landscape, or sent them abroad and kept them there. Figure-painting by artists who have always lived in America is almost unknown. For the growth of illustrated literature in this country, it has

been next to impossible to find competent figure artists to draw upon the block. So this is one of the good results for which we confidently look—a general development of art throughout the country, and the establishment of art schools of real excellence in all the American cities.

There must infallibly come, with the universal cultivation of art and the nourishment of the art feeling, a change in our industries, or, rather, a very broad enlargement of them. We are now manufacturers of hats, shoes, cotton cloth, iron, woollens, and a limited amount of silks for service—of sewings more particularly. We can build ships, too, with sufficient motive, and machinery of all sorts, from a Waltham watch to the largest steam-engine; but of beautiful things we make very few, and these mainly in imitation of those which we import. Now, there is nothing in our national economy so desirable as the diversification of our industry. We see what other nations have done in the exhibition of the Main Building, and by trying hard we could probably imitate the products which so arouse our admiration. That, precisely, is what we do not want to do. That would never help us, except temporarily and in a mean way. It is curious to see how the people themselves, by a sort of blind instinct, have plunged to the bottom of the secret. There must be a cultivation of art from the beginning—there must be education in the perception and delineation of forms and the combination of colors, before we can hope to do any original work in the way of making our own beautiful things. Our foreign cousins would send us new forms while we were imitating their old ones—new forms conceived in a fundamental knowledge of art to which we could lay no claim.

So, at the very basis of all the beautiful industries that

are so desirable to us as a nation, there must be laid a popular knowledge of art. We must have drawing competently taught in our common schools, everywhere. We must have art schools for those who in the common schools have shown special gifts and adaptations for art. Thus, by beginning at the bottom, all those industries which involve the fine art element will naturally grow up among us, based upon our own designs. In truth, there is no other ground upon which these very desirable industries can be established; and we beg the American people to recognize the fact that the cultivation of art is to result in something far beyond the picture that hangs on the wall, and the statue that fills the niche—it is to result in the profitable employment of hundreds of thousands of men and women in producing articles of ornament which we now import. Universal art cultivation is the soil from which will naturally and inevitably spring a thousand interests and industries that will minister to American prosperity, comfort, luxury, and refinement.

If any of our readers should ask us what we mean by this—what industries would be developed by the general cultivation of art—we have simply to refer him to the dinner-service from which he takes his food, after reading this article. There are ninety-nine chances in a hundred that it came from China or Europe; and we have simply to say that in either case there is no general knowledge of art in this country sufficient to produce the decorations upon it. If it is French, and expensive, American art has no more power to produce it than it has to produce the Chinese. We do not know enough to make these decorations, and if we could succeed in a clumsy imitation of them, we could design nothing new. This is an illustration simply. Our tables, our rooms, our wardrobes, abound in articles which we

ought to make ourselves, but which we never can make until, by thorough instruction and patient practice, a great multitude of American men and women have become artists. It is this which gives the highest practical significance to the art exhibition at Philadelphia, and makes the public interest in it an era in the national life and development. To us it is the most hopeful and promising of all the possible results of the Great Exhibition.

ART CRITICISM.

Art criticism, in this country, has reached about as low a level as it can find, without becoming execrable. It is so at war with itself, that it has ceased to have any authority; and so capricious, and so apparently under the influence of unworthy motives, that it has become contemptible. We may instance the late exhibition of water-colors in this city, and the kind and variety of criticism it called forth, as an illustration of what we mean. It has been absolutely impossible for the public to get any adequate idea of this exhibition through the revelations and discussions of the public press. What one man has praised without stint, another has condemned without mercy. All sorts of theories and comments and considerations have been offered, and if the public mind is not in a muddle over the whole matter, it is not the fault of the men who have written about it.

Now there are just two objects that furnish an apology for a man to publish his opinions on an art exhibition, viz., the information of the public, and the improvement of the artists. Of course, it is an impertinence for any man to assume the rôle of the art critic who does not understand what he is talking about, and who is not free enough from partisanship and hobbies to write with candor. The great end of criticism is popular and pro-

fessional improvement, and in order that this double end may be secured, there must be popular and professional confidence in the sources of the criticism. We believe it to be notorious that, among the painters of New York, there is not a particle of confidence in the critics who write upon art. They do not, in any instance, expect to be fairly and ably treated. They have no faith in the competency of the newspaper writers on art to teach them. They have no faith in their candor. When they put up a picture for exhibition, they regard the whole matter of newspaper notice as a chance in a lottery. They are thankful if somebody praises it, and if nobody abuses it, because that will help to sell it, but beyond that they have no interest. They do not in the slightest degree acknowledge the competency of these writers to teach them, and they have the utmost contempt for their general theories and their special judgments. Under these circumstances, one of the principal offices of criticism is rendered useless.

The public has come to pretty much the same conclusion as the painters. They have learned that these writers have no guiding principles, that they agree in nothing, and that each man writes from the stand-point of his own private tastes, or his own private prejudices and partisanship. They find the pictures of a certain man condemned as utter and irredeemable failures, and they go to see the failures, finding them the best pictures in the exhibition. They find the pictures of another man praised as profoundly worthy, and they go to see them, and find them unconscionable daubs that would disgrace the walls of any parlor in New York—really, for any pleasure-giving power that they possess, not worth the white paper they have spoiled. Moreover, what one critic praises another one condemns, and *vice versa*. Indeed, there are some men among these writers whose

judgments have been so capricious, and whimsical, and unfair, and so notoriously fallacious, that their praise of a picture arouses suspicions against it and really damages its market value.

Now criticism, to be valuable, must be based in principle. If there are any such things as sound principles of art, gentlemen, show them to us, and show us your judgments based upon them. Agree among yourselves. We, the people, don't care for your private tastes and notions. We care a great deal more about our own. We are not at all interested in yours. What we want of you is instruction in sound principles of art, which will enable us to form judgments and to understand the basis of yours. Your prejudices, and piques, and whims are not of the slightest value to anybody, and your publication of them is a presumptuous and impertinent performance, growing more and more presumptuous and impertinent every year, while the people are growing rapidly more competent to judge of these matters for themselves.

In the present jumble of art criticism in this country, consisting of great contrariety of sentiment and opinion, much injustice is necessarily done to artists and schools of artists; and injustice, meted out in the unsparing doses that are often indulged in, is a poison that greatly injures all who receive it. It takes immense pluck and strong individuality to stand up against it. There are some painters who possess these qualities, but not many, so that the consciousness of unjust treatment at the hands of public criticism is a positive damage to them and their art. There have been cruelties and discourtesies indulged in which only a raw-hide could properly punish, and for which there was no valid excuse and whose only influence was bad.

We are growing in this country in all that relates to

art, except in this matter of art criticism. People are becoming educated in art, and a new spirit seems to have taken possession of the American people. Let us hope that those who undertake to guide the public judgment may meet the new requirements of the day by a most decided improvement among themselves, so that we may have something more valuable from them than the airing of pet notions and a public show of their sympathies and antipathies.

GREATNESS IN ART.

It is interesting to notice what passes for greatness in art with the average man, not to say the average critic. If we were to ask him to name the half dozen greatest actors this country possesses, he would not omit from his enumeration certain names that by no just rule of judgment can lay claim to greatness. We allude to those actors who have become notorious, or famous, or exceedingly admired, for their power to represent a single character. Now, this power to represent a single character, and only a single character, superlatively well, is a mark of littleness and not of greatness. The man who can only make his mark in a single part, shows that he is not an actor—shows that the part is purposely or accidentally shaped to him, and that it is a harmonious outcome of his individuality. He has simply to act himself to act his part well, and that is not acting at all. As a rule, the men who make the most money in the histrionic art, and pass for the greatest actors with the people, are in no true sense of the word actors at all. The great actor is the man who can play every part, and any part—who can successfully go out of himself into the impersonation of a wide range of characters. Nature, of course, places limitations upon every man, so that no man can be equally great in all parts; but he cer-

tainly is the greatest actor who can be great in the largest number of parts. There are several men and women upon the contemporary stage, enjoying its highest honors and emoluments, who have hardly a valid claim to the name of actors. The "starring system" naturally produces just such artists as these, and we suppose it always will.

Twenty years ago the American passing through Florence did not consider a visit to that city complete, unless he had had an interview with "the great American sculptor," Hiram Powers; but it seems that Mr. Powers' immortality is to be a very mild and modest one. He has passed away, leaving a delightful personal memory; but it somehow happens that what he has left behind him in imperishable stone does not, in the light of these later days, confirm the early opinions of his greatness. He has never made a group. He spent his life on ideal heads, single ideal forms, and portrait busts. His pupil, Conolly, was making groups within five years of the beginning of his study—could not be restrained from making groups. Powers could not have failed to see that his pupil was greater than himself—more dramatic, more inventive, more constructive—every way broader in his power. The elements of true greatness were in the younger man, and were not in the older man.

What we say of these two men will serve to illustrate the truths we would like to present concerning greatness in all plastic and pictorial art. Many of our painters who have great reputations are petty men. They know something of a specialty, can do something creditable in it, and can do absolutely nothing out of it. They have no universality of knowledge or of skill. They can do just one thing, and they continue to do that one thing so long that they take on a mannerism of subject and of treatment, so well learned by the public, at last, that

their pictures are their autographs. Unless America can get out of this rut in some way, she cannot make great progress. Our "great painters" are our little painters—are the men who plod along in a narrow path, seeing nothing and attempting nothing in the wide field that opens on all sides of them. They learn to do one thing well, and they emphasize that one thing so firmly, and dogmatize upon it so loudly, that they win credit to themselves for greatness, when their work is the certificate of their littleness and narrowness.

It is in painting and sculpture as it is in all other fields of life and effort—the wider the knowledge and the wider the practice, the better the skill in all the specialties which the knowledge and practice embrace. Titian was one of the greatest portrait painters that ever lived, and he was a much better portrait painter than he would otherwise have been for painting such works as "The Assumption of the Virgin." The great embraces the little. The universal covers all details. Our painters stop in the details, and seem to be content with what they get or suggest, without attempting invention and composition. We wish it could be understood that there is no such thing as greatness in art without invention and composition. There are three great names that come down to us, accompanied each by a mighty charm—the names of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci—and while that of Raphael is the best beloved, the first and the last named of the trio constantly assert themselves as the greatest. They were simply inventors and composers of higher merit and a wider range of powers than Raphael.

We know that we live in a day not particularly favorable to the development of great art. Men must paint to sell, and, in order to sell, men must paint for their market. Still, we believe that there is a market for all

that our artists can produce, that is truly great. This magazine is buying invention and good composition constantly, and we do not hesitate to say that the two volumes which contain in any year the issues of *Scribner's Monthly*, can show more of both than any single exhibition of our National Academy has been able to show since the magazine began its existence. The pettiness of our art is its curse, and we emphasize this pettiness and call it greatness. What we want is more invention—bringing together into dramatic relation wider ranges and more varied masses of material. We may get cleverness this side of invention and composition, but greatness, never.

This principle runs through all art. Why is it that American poetry has asserted so small a place in the great world of literature? It is simply because it is irredeemably petty. The cutting of cameos may be done by men who are capable of great work, but it is not great work in itself, and no man can establish a claim to greatness upon it. The writing little poems—jobs of an evening, or happy half hours of leisure—can make no man a great poet. Unless a man use this kind of work as study for great inventions and compositions, and actually go on and compass these supreme efforts of the poetic art, he is but a small experimenter. He may enjoy a little notoriety, but he can win no permanent place in art. Shakspeare, and Milton, and Dante, and Goethe—the kings of song—were creators. They wrote brief poems of great beauty, but their reputation for greatness rests entirely on their broad poetic inventions, which embraced a great variety of elements. Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne, of the Englishmen now writing, stand above the great mass of English verse-writers, or verse-writers in the English language, because they are more than clever writers of brief poems.

They are inventors, composers, creators. They have called into being and endowed with vitality great poetic organisms. We have just looked over a new volume of American verses, which presents hardly a poem to the page. There is not the first sign of invention in it from beginning to end, yet the American press is discussing the place which its author occupies and is to occupy in American letters, as if it really were an important matter!

One of our Japanese visitors at the Centennial, whom we regarded as a sort of interesting heathen, remarked patronizingly that "we must all remember that America is very young." He was right.

PETTINESS IN ART.

In an article published some months since in this department, entitled "Greatness in Art," we gave utterance to some thoughts which we would like to emphasize here. A man travelling in Europe discovers at once a different style of art from that produced here—a larger and more dignified style. The pictures which he sees there, in public galleries and in the multitudinous Catholic churches, are such as are never produced here. There is no outlet here for the largest thoughts and highest inspirations of the artist's mind and hand. Men must paint for a market. If there are no public galleries to paint for, and no churches demand their work, then they must paint for the walls of the homes of the land. This necessarily restricts their paintings in the matter of dimensions; so everybody paints small pictures. A small picture is a restriction in the matter of subjects. A dignified historical picture must have large figures to be impressive; and however serious and ambitious a painter may be, he is loth to place a work that, by its nature, demands a large can-

vas and broad handling, on a small canvas that compels pettiness of detail and effects.

The barrel that an American artist may have in his brain cannot be sold to anybody. The largest thing that anybody buys is a gallon, and the really marketable things are quarts and pints. An artist may hold in his imagination a palace for kings and queens and the nobility of the earth, but he can only sell a play-house for children, and he is obliged to sell to get food and shelter for himself and his dependents. So American art is made up of the quarts and pints of the artistic capacity of its producers and the toy-houses which should be palaces and broad domains. The tendency of these facts is degrading and depressing to the last degree. They have already dwarfed American art and circumscribed its development. When it gets to this—that every artist who undertakes a great thing is looked upon as a profligate or a fool, because there is no market for a great thing—matters can hardly be worse. The necessarily constant consideration of marketableness in pictures is very degrading, and tends inevitably to unfit the artist for the best work. Crowded into the smallest spaces, cut off from all great ambitions, men cease to think largely, grow petty in their subjects, reach out into striking mannerisms for the sake of effects that cannot be produced in a natural way, and lavish on technique the power and pains that should go into great designs and a free and full individual expression.

The recent exhibition of water-colors in this city showed how far into pettiness the artists in that line of work have gone. There was much that was bright and pretty and attractive, but how irredeemably petty it all was! It may be said that nothing can be expected of water-colors beyond the representation of petty things, but we remember three large water-color exhibitions in

London, all open at the same time, where there were pictures so large and important and fine, that thousands of dollars were demanded for them and commanded by them. The painters attempted and accomplished great things. They showed, at least, that the desire and the motive to do great things were not absolutely extinguished within them. There were up-reachings toward high ideals. Here, we seem to be on a dead level of conception and aim, and the man cleverest with his hand leads. The catalogue will rehearse the topics—too trivial to engage any poet's attention, too petty to inspire any man's respect. The worst of this is that this collection of pettiness was sold almost to the last picture. We are glad to see the purses of the artists filled ; but the success of this unprecedented sale must be to encourage them in a path of degeneration and demoralization.

It pays to be petty. It is a thousand pities that there is no outlet in America for the best and highest that her artists can do. Wandering through the beautiful miles of pictures in Rome, in Florence, in Munich, in Paris, in Versailles, in London—gazing upon the walls of splendid churches scattered all over Europe—we can see where the inspirations have come from that have made that art supreme. The market for great work was open, and the best and greatest that the best and greatest artist could do was sure of a place and a price. When America establishes galleries of pictures, and holds the funds to pay for all that is great and worthy, the great and worthy pictures will undoubtedly be painted. Meantime, the artists of the country must fight the influences which depress and demoralize them as best they can. They can do more and better than they are doing we are sure. We sincerely hope that next year we shall have, in all our exhibitions, an advance in the subjects treated, so that pettiness in size of

pictures may be somewhat atoned for by dignity and interest of topic, and a larger and more natural style of treatment. The nation is not only becoming prosperous, but is constantly progressing in the knowledge of art, so that we believe all good artists will find it for their pecuniary advantage to go higher in their work—higher in excellence and higher in price. If they cannot sell large pictures, they can surely sell those of graver import and more elaborate execution.

ART AS A STEADY DIET.

The spread of art and art ideas in this country has been accepted as a sort of new gospel. A new and advanced religion could hardly be welcomed more cordially or hopefully. A fresh significance has been given to life, and in everything—in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, in pottery, in home decoration, in embroidery, and in all the multitudinous ways in which the æsthetic in men and women (especially in women) expresses itself—there has been a great revival, or an absolutely new birth. Partly, this is the result of the Centennial Exhibition, and partly it is the result of a contagion that seems to swim in the universal air. The whole world is growing artistic. The nations are stimulating one another, and exchanging ideas. Our own country, though it has been the last to awaken out of sleep, bids fair to run its new enthusiasm into a craze.

We were about to write that this new enthusiasm had spared neither age nor sex. It has spared no age among women ; but where men have felt the new impetus in a considerable degree, women have felt it in a supreme degree. Distinct from the great mass, there are two classes of women who have seized upon the new ideas and new influences to help them out of trouble, viz., those who have nothing to do because they have no

physical wants to provide for, and those who, since the war and the hard times, have been obliged in some way to provide for themselves. The multitudes who are now "decorating" porcelain, learning "the Kensington stitch" in embroidery, painting on satin, illuminating panels, designing and putting together curtains, making lace, drawing from the antique, sketching, daubing, etc., etc., are surprising. Some will undoubtedly find agreeable employment in this, and kill their superfluous time in a graceful way. Some who need it will find remunerative employment in it, and all will get a kind of culture by it that America has sadly needed. In the future, American homes will be better individualized than they have been. The work of decoration everywhere will be modified. We shall have better public and domestic architecture. The public stock of art ideas will be so greatly enlarged that the country will be comparatively safe from the outrages upon good taste that confront the eye in both city and country. People will at least know enough to see their own ignorance, and to be careful about expressing it.

Now, while we rejoice in this development, and in all the pleasure and comfort and culture it brings, we warn all against expecting too much from it. Art is a very thin diet for any human soul. There is no new gospel in it. There is no religion in it, and there is nothing in it to take the place of religion. It has to do with but few of the great verities and vitalities that most concern mankind. Form, configuration, color, construction, all the dainty secrets and devices of presentment, inventions of phrase and tint to excite the imagination, organic proportion, internal harmony and external beauty—these constitute art, as a vehicle. Art is simply a carrier of divine things. It is only the servant of supreme values. Art is no leader and no king; and the

soul that undertakes to live by being the servant of this servant, will certainly win inadequate wages and die of starvation. For art, it should be remembered, adds nothing to morality, nothing to religion, nothing to science, nothing to knowledge except a knowledge of itself, nothing to social or political wisdom, theoretically or practically. It may have a vehicular office with regard to all these; but the vital values are in them, and not at all in it.

It is not at all necessary to go to the old and familiar fields of Roman and Grecian civilization for illustrations of the powerlessness of art to conserve and to develop a national life. Rome and Athens went to sleep with all the marvels of their art around them, and the eye of To-day, prepared for vision by the survey of other fields than those of art, greets those marvels with the first appreciation they have had through long centuries. We have only to turn to the living China and Japan to see how little art can do toward civilization, and how insignificant an element it is in civilization. Japan, in many matters of art, can teach the world, and the same may be said of China. We will take the familiar matter of decorating porcelain. There is no decoration of porcelain in Europe that can compare for a moment with the best of that executed in China and Japan. English decoration is crude and coarse, and French is feeble and conventional, compared with that. Sèvres porcelain has been shamed into poverty and commonplaceness by the rich and altogether original combinations of color that illustrate the best Oriental art. The Japanese, especially, seem to have learned everything there is to be known about color, so far as it relates to the familiar varieties of decoration, and the English attempts to imitate their work are equally sad and laughable. We mean simply to assert that, in every department of art

to which they have specially turned their attention, they have surpassed the civilized world.

And what does all this prove? What but that art may be born of a people very imperfectly civilized? What but that art is a very thin and innutritious diet for any person or any people to live upon? China and Japan are trying to learn everything else of us. They knew little or nothing of science; they had no machinery; their literature was childish; they were bound up in their own self-conceit and their own exclusive policy, and the word progress was an unknown word in both those vast realms, until daylight shone in upon them from Europe and America. Now they are sending their boys to us to learn what they find will be vastly for their advantage to know.

We trust that our people, in the new interest that has been awakened in all matters relating to art, will be very moderate in their expectations of results. Art is an excellent servant, and a very poor master. When a man is supremely absorbed in it—when he has no thought for anything else—he is degraded by it. It is simply not the supreme thing, and cannot be treated as such without damage. It is most likely that, as China and Japan get more knowledge and a better hold of the practically productive arts, and of new social and political ideas, the arts that now distinguish them will decay. The new interest in art here is all right, and very much to be encouraged; only it does not come anywhere near being the principal thing, and cannot be treated as such, for any length of time, by any man or woman, without incurring mental and spiritual poverty.

LITERATURE.

THE LEGITIMATE NOVEL.

IT is a curious fact that while the novel, as a form of literary art, is becoming every year more universal, it is hardening into a conventional form. What is a novel in its broadest definition? It is an invented history of human lives, brought into relations with each other, whose first office is to amuse. Some of these inventions have no end nor aim but amusement, and those which have other aims rely upon amusement for effecting them. The novelist who has a lesson to teach, or a reform to forward, or a truth or principle to illustrate, does not hope to do it through his work, unless he can secure its reading through its power to amuse. Mr. Dallas, in his "Gay Science," says that the first business of all art is to please, which, after all, is only our doctrine in other words. Any work of literary art, whether novel or poem, has no apology for existence, if it do not have the power to convey pleasure of some kind.

Now, the fact that the novel has been seized upon the world over, for a great number of offices, shows how naturally it is adapted to a wide range of aims and ends in its construction. Political, moral, social, and religious topics can be treated through the medium of invented stories, and they have been treated in this way with the most gratifying success. We have the political, the moral, and the religious novel, and we have also

the society novel, and it is only at a comparatively recent date that a set of critics have appeared who are inclined to rule out of the category of legitimacy everything but the society novel. Even this must be a certain kind of society novel in order to meet their approval. It must always deal with the passion of love as its ruling motive, and consist of the interplay of the relations between men and women. It must have absolutely no mission but that of amusement. In performing this mission it must be true to certain ideas of art that relate to the delineation of character, the development of plot, and the arrangement of dramatic situations and climaxes. If the rules are all complied with—if the love is properly made, and the characters are properly handled, and the novel is interesting—the book is legitimate. If, however, the book is made to carry a burden—if it illustrates—no matter how powerfully—an important truth or principle in politics, economy, morals, or religion, its legitimacy is vitiated, or positively forfeited.

Now, it is to protest against this ruling that we write this article. The dilettanti assuming authority in this matter should have no weight among earnest men and women, because they are not earnest themselves. They have no moral, religious, social, or political purpose, and they are offended when they meet it in the writings of others. It is beyond their comprehension that a man should have any purpose in writing beyond the glorification of himself through his power to interest and amuse others. If he undertakes anything beyond this, then they pronounce him no true artist, and place his book outside of all consideration as a work of art. In the overwhelming popularity of such works as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Nicholas Nickleby," written with a humane or Christian purpose, these fellows cannot make their voices heard, but Mrs. Stowe has only to retire and

Dickens to die, to bring them out of their holes in protest against all that does not accord with their petty notions of novel-writing.

We claim for the novel the very broadest field. It may illustrate history, like the novels of Walter Scott, or philosophy, like those of George Eliot, or religion, like those of George MacDonald, or domestic and political economy, like those of the late Mrs. Sedgwick, or it may represent the weak or the ludicrous side of human nature and human society, like many of those of Dickens and Thackeray, or it may present the lighter social topics and types, like those of James and Howells, or it may revel in the ingenuities of intricate plots, like those of Collins and Reade—every novel and every sort of novel is legitimate if it be well written. It may rely upon plot for its interest, or upon the delineation of character, or upon its wit or its philosophy, or upon its dramatic situations, and it may carry any burden which its writer may choose to place upon its shoulders, and it shall never forfeit its claim to legitimacy with us.

The man who denies to art any kind of service to humanity which it can perform is either a fool or a trifler. Things have come to a sad pass when any form of art is to be set aside because a board of self-constituted arbiters cannot produce it, or do not sympathize with its purpose. There is more freshness and interest in "The Grandissimes" of Mr. Cable, with its reproduction of the old Creole life of New Orleans, and its revival of early Louisiana history, than in all the novels these dilettanti have written in the last ten years. It is unmistakable that the tendency of modern criticism upon novels has been to make them petty and trifling to a nauseating degree. It is a lamentable consideration that the swing of a petticoat, or the turn of an ankle, or the vapid utterance of a dandy, or even the delineation

of a harlot and a harlot's disgusting life, shall be counted quite legitimate material for a novel, when the great questions which concern the life and prosperity of the soul and the state are held in dishonor, and forbidden to the novelist as material of art.

It is all a part and parcel of the heresy that art is a master and not a minister—an end and not a means. The men who maintain it have a personal interest in maintaining it. Any art or form of art, that does not end in itself or in themselves is one of which they are consciously incapable, or one with which they cannot sympathize. So they comfort themselves by calling it illegitimate; and as they are either in a majority or in high or fashionable places, the public are misled by them, so far as the public think at all on the subject. It is a doctrine of literary pretenders and practical triflers, and the public may properly be warned to give it no heed whatever.

DANDYISM.

Carlyle says that "a dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office, and existence consists in the wearing of clothes." Then he adds, in his grim irony: "Nay, if you grant what seems to be admissible, that the dandy had a thinking principle in him, and some notion of time and space, is there not in the life-devotedness to cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the immortal to the perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of eternity with time, which . . . constitutes the prophetic character."

After Carlyle has handled the dandy, there is not, of course, much left for other people to do. Still, we can reflect a little more particularly on the style of mind which produces or accompanies dandyism, and get our lesson out of the process. Why supreme devotion to

dress, on the part of a man, should be so contemptible, and, on the part of a woman, so comparatively venial, we have never been able to determine, but there is no doubt that we are quite ready to forgive in woman a weakness which we despise in man. To see a man so absorbed in the decoration of his own person, and in the development of his own graces that all other objects in life are held subordinate to this one small and selfish passion or pursuit, is no less disgusting than surprising. To amplify Carlyle's definition of a dandy a little, we may say that he is a man whose soul is supremely devoted to the outside of things, particularly the outside of himself, and who prides himself not at all on what he is, but on what he seems, and not at all on seeming sensible or learned, but on seeming beautiful, in a way that he regards as stylish. A male human being who cares supremely about the quality of the woollen, silk, linen, felt and leather that encase his body and the place where his brains should be, forgetting the soul within him and the great world without him, with the mysterious future that lies before him, would seem to deserve the mockery of all mankind, as well as of Carlyle.

Still, the dandy in dress is not a very important topic to engage the attention of a man who is sensible enough to read a magazine, and we should not have said a word about him if we did not detect his disposition in other things besides dress. We have what may legitimately be denominated dandyism in literature. Literature is often presented as the outcome of as true dandyism as is ever observed in dress. There are many writers, we fear, who care more about their manner of saying a thing than about the thing they have to say. All these devotees to style, all those coiners of fine phrases who tax their ingenuity to make their mode of saying a thing more remarkable than the thing said—men who

play with words for the sake of the words, and who seek admiration for their cleverness in handling the medium of thought itself, and men also who perform literary gymnastics in order to attract attention—all these are literary dandies. The great verities and vitalities of thought and life are never supreme with these men. They would a thousand times rather fail in a thought than trip in the rounding of a sentence and the fall of a period. Of course, all this petting of their own style, and this supreme study of ways with words, is in itself so selfish a matter that their work is vitiated, and even the semblance of earnestness is lost. Dandies in literature never accomplish anything for anybody except themselves. Verily they have their reward, for they have their admirers, though they are among those no more in earnest than themselves.

We have had in America one eminent literary dandy. He lived at a time when it was very easy for a man of literary gifts to make a reputation—easy to attract the attention of the people ; and the temptation to toy with the popular heart was too great for him to resist, and so he who could have taught and inspired his countrymen was content to play with his pen, and seek for their applause. He had his reward. He was as notorious as he sought to be. People read his clever verses and clapped their hands, but those verses did not voice any man's or woman's aspirations, or soothe any man's or woman's sorrows. They helped nobody. They were not the earnest outpourings of a nature consecrated either to God or song, and the response that they met in the public heart was not one of grateful appropriation, though that heart was not slow to offer the incense of its admiration to the clever and graceful, even if supremely selfish, artist. It is hardly necessary to add that this superb literary dandy has found no one who cared enough

for him to write his life ; and it takes a pretty poor sort of literary man nowadays to escape a biography. We would not speak of this man were we not conscious that we have—now living and writing—others who are like him in spirit and in aim—men who are supremely anxious to get great credit for their way of doing things, and who are interested mainly in the externals of literature—men who, moved by personal vanity, are seeking rather to attract attention to themselves than to impress their thoughts, as elevating and purifying forces, upon their generation.

Dandyism does not stop either with dress or literature, but invades all art. Never, perhaps, in the history of painting, has there been so much dandyism in art as at the present day. Never, it seems to us, were painters so much devoted to painting the outside of things as they are now. We are dazzled everywhere with tricks of color, fantastic dress, subjects chosen only with reference to their adaptation to the revelation of the special clevernesses of those who treat them. It seems as if every painter who had managed to achieve some remarkable trick of handling, were making it the business of his life to play that trick, and to have nothing to do with any topic which will not furnish him the occasion for its use. Our young men, in a great number of instances, are running after these trick-masters, learning nothing of art in its deeper meanings, but supremely busy with the outside of things, and very trivial things at that. In this devotion to the tricks of art, all earnestness and worthiness of purpose die, and art becomes simply a large and useless field of dandyism.

We have plenty of dandyism in the pulpit. We do not allude to the dandyism of clerical regalia, although there is a disgusting amount of that ; but the devotion to externals as they relate to manner of writing, and man-

ner of speech, and manner of social intercourse. The preacher who is in dead earnest, and has nothing to exhibit but the truth he preaches, is not a man of formalities. The clerical dandy impresses one with himself and not with his Master. He shows off himself. He studies his poses and his intonations as if he were in very deed an actor. We have stylists in the pulpit, we have actors in the pulpit, who challenge attention and intend to challenge attention by their manner, and it is not at all a manner of humble earnestness. Preachers are human, and they, like the rest of us, should pray to be delivered from the sin of dandyism. .

THE PRICES OF BOOKS.

One of the greatest anomalies of commerce is presented by the considerations which govern the prices of books. If we step into a retail book store, and inquire the price of a book of, say, five hundred pages duodecimo, we shall learn that it is about two dollars. On looking into it, we shall learn that it is a crude novel—the product of a young girl's brains, and of very little concern to any but girls of the age of the writer. The next book we take up shall be one of the same size, by the best novelist of his language, and the price is also two dollars. We pass along a little further, and pick up another book, of the same cost in paper and mechanical production, but this time it is a philosophical work. The author is eminent, and this is the latest declaration of a most fertile mind—the grand result of all his thinking—the best summary of all his wisdom. The price of it is two dollars. The next is a poem. It took the author years to write it. His art is at its best, and he does not expect to surpass it. He gives to the world, in this poem, the highest it is in him to conceive. His very heart's blood has been coined into its phrases and its

fancies—price two dollars. The next book examined is a collection of the flabby jokes of some literary mountebank, and, on inquiring the price, we find that it costs about the same to print it that it did to print the others, and can be had for two dollars.

Our natural conclusion is, that the quality of the material put into a book has nothing whatever to do with the price of it. The work of a poor brain sells for just as much, if it sells at all, as the work of a good brain. Even when we find an extra price put upon a book that appeals to a limited class, we learn that the fact has no reference to the quality of the work, or to its cost to the man who wrote it. The extra price is put on simply to save the publisher from loss. The printer and paper-maker must be paid. The author is not taken into account.

As the quality of a painter's work grows finer and better, his pictures command increasing prices. The master in sculpture commands the market. He gets such prices as he will. Quality is an element of price in everything salable that we know of, except books. The prices of these are raised or depreciated only by the printer, the paper-maker, and the binder. Quality of the mechanical parts of the product is considered only by the publisher. The quality of the brain that invented and elaborated the book, the quality of the life that has gone into it, the quality of the art which has given it form—this sort of quality is not taken into consideration at all.

Authorship, though more prosperous and independent than it was formerly, has not yet received its proper position in the world. It was a pauper for centuries, and still, among a large number of book publishers and book buyers, the author is regarded as a man whose property in a book is an intangible and very unimportant matter. The author has nothing whatever to say about the price

of his book. He takes what the publisher, who is in direct competition with pirates, is willing or able to give him.

Now printing, paper, and binding involve processes of manufacture, the prices of which vary but little from year to year. They are easily calculable, and a publisher knows within three or four cents a copy just how much a book will cost him delivered at his counter. He receives his books like so many bales of cotton goods, or cases of shoes. Of the life, the education, the genius, the culture, the exhausting toil, the precious time, the hope, that went to the production of the manuscript from which the books were printed, he takes little account. A certain *percentage* upon the retail sales goes to the author, and the author takes just what the publisher says he can afford to give him.

Well, the golden age of authorship is coming, some time, and when it comes, the amount of an author's royalty will be printed on the title-page of his book. He can ask the public to pay him for royalty what he will, and if the public will not pay him his price, then—the book being produced and sold by the publisher at regular rates—the author, and not the publisher, will be compelled to reduce the price, by reducing the royalty. Printing and selling books form a very simple business, that men may pursue under the same rules that govern every other business ; but in no way can an author get justice until he has a voice in determining the price of his books, and the public know exactly what they are paying him. At present he has no direct relation with the public. No discriminations are made, either for or against him. He stands behind the publisher, and the public do not see him at all. We see no reason why there should not appear on the title-page of every book the price and the amount of the author's royalty—show-

ing exactly who is responsible for the price of the book, particularly if it be large. We do not think the plan would result in the increase of the cost of books to the public, except in instances where it ought to be increased. This, or something equivalent to this, will come when we get the international copyright. It may take the form that it does in England, where a publisher buys a manuscript outright, and sells his volumes at a price based mainly on the cost of it. In some way the quality of literary work must be recognized in the price of a book ; in some way a literary man's well-earned reputation must be taken into account in the sale of his productions, or authorship must suffer a constant and most discouraging wrong. We shall have the matter all adjusted, by and by.

THE LITERARY CLASS.

In the great world of common and uncommon men and women who are outside of the pale of literary culture, there exist certain prejudices against the literary class, which are little recognized and little talked about, but which are positive and pernicious. There is a feeling that this class is conceited, supercilious, selfish, and, to a very great extent, useless. There is a feeling that it is exclusive ; that it arrogates to itself the possession of tastes and powers above the rest of the world, upon which it looks down with contemptuous superiority. There is, undoubtedly, connected with this prejudice a dim conviction that the literary class is really superior to the rest of the world in its requirements, its tastes, and its sources of pleasure ; that culture is better than stocks and bonds ; that literary life occupies a higher plane than commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural life, and that it holds a wealth which money cannot buy, and which ordinary values can in no way measure.

Much of the unspoken protest that rises against the assumptions of the literary class, and against the arrogance which it is supposed to possess, undoubtedly comes from a feeling of inferiority and impotence—of conscious inability to rise into its atmosphere, and to appropriate its wealth and its satisfactions.

Having said this, it may also be said that the literary class is very largely to blame for this state of things. It has almost uniformly failed to recognize its relations and its duties to the world at large. It has been bound up in itself. It has read for itself, thought for itself, written for itself. It has had respect mainly to its own critical judgments. It has been a kind of close corporation—a mutual admiration society. It has looked for its inspirations mainly within its own circle. It has, in ten thousand ways, nourished the idea that it is not interested in the outside world; that it does not care for the outside world and its opinions; that it owes no duty to it, and has no message for it. Its criticisms and judgments, in their motive and method, are often of the most frivolous character. An author is not judged according to what he has done for the world, but for what he has done for himself, and for what they are pleased to denominate "literature." To certain, or most uncertain, men of art, or canons of art, or notions of art, it holds itself in allegiance, ignoring the uses of art altogether. It has its end in itself. It is a cat that plays with and swallows its own tail.

Now, it seems to us that if the literary class has any apology for existence, it must come from its uses to the world. It entertains a certain contempt for the world, which does not appreciate and will not take its wares, forgetting that it has not endeavored, in any way, to serve the world, by the adaptation of its wares to the world's use. Endeavoring to be true to itself, bowing in devo-

tion and loyalty to its own opinions and notions, it utters its word, and then, because the great outside world will not hear it, complains, and finds its revenge in holding the popular judgment in contempt. It gives the world what it cannot appreciate, what it cannot appropriate ; what, in its condition, it does not need ; what it turns its back upon,—and finds its consolation in inside praise, and a reputation for good work among those who do not need it.

In the best book we have, there are certain rules of life laid down, that are just as good for the literary as for the moral and religious world. The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He that would be great must be a servant. If any man has special gifts, and achieves special culture of those gifts, his greatness is brought, by irreversible law and the divine policy, into immediate relation with the want of the world. He is to be a servant, and thus to prove his title to lordship. His true glory is only to be found in ministering. If he do not minister, he has no right to honor. If he will not minister, he holds his gift unworthily, and has no more reason to expect the honor of the world for what he does, than he would if he did nothing. The military and administrative gifts of Washington were, undoubtedly, well known and honored among the military and political classes, but their significance and glory were only brought out in service. He is honored and revered, not because he served his class, but because he served his country. Those eminent gifts of his had no meaning save as they were related to the wants of his time ; and their glory is that they served those wants. The glory of Watt, and Fulton, and Stevenson, and Morse, and Howe, is, not that they were ingenious men, but that they placed their ingenuity in the service of the world. The honor we

give to Howard and Florence Nightingale is not given to their sympathetic hearts, but to their helpful hands.

Why should the literary class, of all the gifted men and women of the world, alone hold its gifts in service of itself? Why should it refuse to come down into the service of life? There is an audience waiting for every literary man and woman who will speak to it. Why should the world be blamed for not overhearing what literary men and women say to each other? The talk is not meant for them. It has nothing in it for them; and there is a feeling among them—not thoroughly well-defined, perhaps, but real—that they are defrauded. All this feeling of contempt for the non-literary world on one side, and this jealousy of the literary class on the other, will not exist for a moment after the relations between them are practically recognized. When the world is served, it will regard its servant as its benefactor, and the great interest of literature will be prosperous. Book after book falls dead from the press, because, and only because, it is not the medium of service. The world finds nothing in it that it needs. Why should the world buy it? The golden age of American literature can never dawn until the world has learned to look upon the literary class as its helper, its inspirer, its leader in culture and thought; and it can never learn to look thus upon that class until it has been ministered to in all its wants by direct purpose, in simple things as well as in sublime.

THE INTEREST OF FICTION.

"Daniel Deronda" has been perused by divines, lawyers, merchants, women and girls. Wherever it has been read, it has excited an interest equalled by few histories that have ever appeared. This is an age of science—of "popular science,"—the age of revelations

in knowledge and revolutions in thought—but no other form of expression to which the age has given birth has so enchained the attention of so large and intelligent an audience as this has done. It was anticipated with lively pleasure ; it has been read with profound attention ; it has been discussed as earnestly as if every statement and incident and revealed relation were as real as our everyday life, and as if the outcome were as genuine a fact as history records, or science determines.

What is the reason of all this? The most obvious answer—that which lies nearest the surface—is that there is nothing so interesting to men and women as men and women. The never-dying interest that interplays between the sexes, the display of new combinations of traits in the formation of character, the revelation of new phases of old forms of character, the depiction of national peculiarities and types, the unravelling of what seem to be threads of destiny running between and uniting various lives; the dramatic developments when these lives come into close relations,—coalescing or colliding,—the grand progressions, the happenings, the incidents, the accidents, the happinesses, the miseries, the triumphs, the defeats, the wide sweep onward to a consummation—all these enlist a deep sympathy ; and if the art of the writer be good, they are history, having all the charm of the most charming history. We know a little of what life is to ourselves : it is natural for us to wish to know what it is to others. We like to get inside of other life—to watch its motives, its internal and external controlling forces, its actions and reactions, its purposes and plans, its powers and passions, and to witness the final outcome. In truth, the study of others, thrown into varied relations, is a study of ourselves and our friends ; and ourselves and our friends interest us more than science, or politics, or metaphysics.

There is a universal recognition, too, that the love of the sexes for each other is the master passion of humanity. It is lively in the young, and its memories, at least, linger among the old, as the sweetest they possess. The roses and violets may not be fresh with the latter, but their odor still lingers about the vases in which they were laid away to wither and to fade. So love is always interesting to all, and the novel that does not contain it, in some form, always disappoints. Love, indeed, may be called the staple passion of the novel. Without it, novels would hardly be written ; and it is found only in the novel and the poem. It is either above or below the dignity of history ; science never undertakes its analysis, and philosophy severely lets it alone, or only treats it in the dry, objective way that it would discuss anger or pride. So the novel is specially interesting in its treatment of the love of the sexes, and so it appeals to the dominant passion of the race.

Characterization has become a prominent trait of the modern novel. The old novels dwelt mainly among the events and incidents of life ; but the men and women were much alike. In the modern novel, we have closely defined characters, so that the men and women we find in it impress themselves upon us by force of individuality. We love them, admire them, despise them, as if they were real. They come to us as interesting, individualized studies—as new acquaintances, consistent evermore with themselves, and building up for themselves separate memories in our minds. These fresh individualities are even more interesting to us than if we had met them in actual life ; for the novelist helps us to study and weigh them justly. This matter of characterization has done, perhaps, more than love to make the modern novel a universal companion. The study of types, and especially types of character, is a philosophical study,

and many a great mind that does not care for love, or for the dramatic element in life and literature, studies a character with supreme interest.

Again, all men are interested in a strife of good and evil forces ; and these enter into every acceptable novel. A novel that is wholly bad is disgusting ; and a novel that is wholly good is hardly less so. There is very little in any novel so intensely interesting as the strife between its good and evil elements ; and the novelist who does not sympathize with the good element, and make it triumphant in the grand outcome of his story, can only hold his audience by marvellous exhibitions of power in description and characterization. Whatever dogmas we may hold concerning the total depravity of human nature, it is not to be denied that men and women universally sympathize with the innocent and the good, in their strife with the intriguing and plotting of the bad, and that they rejoice only in the triumph of the former. This strife between good and evil, between justice and injustice, between frank innocence and jealous malice, is a strife with which all are familiar—a strife that enters into every life and every society ; and that is where the novel touches the moral element in men and women. So there are multitudes caring little for love, perhaps, and less for typical character, who find their interest in a novel mainly in its exhibition of antagonistic moral forces, that find a resolution in a triumph of the right.

All this means something more than instruction : it means amusement. Anything that pleasantly interests and absorbs the mind is recreation, when it comes outside of the demands of work. There is a small number, enlarging, perhaps, from year to year, who read novels from an artist's stand-point,—who are critics, who find their satisfaction in the artistic development of character and plot, who delight in style, and weigh a dramatic

climax in scales, who study a novel as a novel ; but the multitude read a novel simply for the pleasant occupation of their minds. Life is humdrum, or fatiguing, and they come to the novel only for forgetfulness, or the pleasant excitement that a contemplation of new scenes and new characters affords. To such as these, a good novel is a benediction, for it relieves them of their burdens, clothes the commonplace with romance, and gives new meaning to human action and human life.

To suppose that fiction could permanently appeal to so many classes of mind if it were only fiction, is to suppose an absurdity. Fiction is most powerful when it contains most truth ; and there is but little truth that we get so true as that which we find in fiction. So long as history is written by partisans, and science by theorists, and philosophy by hobby-riders, the faithful studies of human life, as we find them in the best novels, are the truest things we have ; and they cannot fail to continue to be the source of our favorite knowledge, our best amusements, and our finest inspirations.

BOOKS AND READING.

Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor has recently delivered in this city a very valuable and interesting lecture, on the subject which we have written as the title of this article. One of the most suggestive passages of the lecture was that relating to personal character as the basis of successful reading. We do not remember any special reference to the means through which this character is lost, by reading itself, although it was suggested ; and to these it should be profitable to call attention. After all, the character necessary to profitable reading is, when we come to measure and analyze it, hardly more, and little else, than the power of study—the power to fix and hold the attention, to master principles and details,

to seize the dominant motive of a book, and to appropriate and assimilate what there is in it for the reader, of food for personal culture.

At some period of the life of every man and woman of fairly good education, the power of study has been in possession. Any man or woman who has once studied successfully has possessed the qualifications for profitable reading; and we believe that there are comparatively few who do not become conscious of the loss of this power, in a greater or less degree. Disuse of the power will account for this loss in many instances—indeed, in most instances. The cares of business or the household, the diversions of society, sometimes the lack of opportunity to get good books, leave the power of study to dissipation. Beyond these, and more mischievous than these, is a cause of this loss of power in the kind of reading indulged in. The pursuit of one class of reading to excess, in accordance with a pronounced individual taste, disqualifies for another class. A man with a taste for poetry, so strong that his power for study is not called into use at all, may lose his power for studying history or philosophy, and *vice versa*. A woman with a decided love of novel-reading may indulge in her taste or passion to such an extent that it is an absolute pain to her to undertake to read anything else. A person with antiquarian tastes may become so devoted to their gratification that he can fix his attention upon nothing that relates to the current interests of society or the state. Newspaper-reading is one of the most fruitful causes of the loss of the power to study. To a newspaper-reader, an antiquarian book is more dry than dust, and history no more significant than a last year's almanac.

In these days, all men and women read something, but the trouble is that by reading in a single vein, which

so strongly appeals to their individual tastes and personal idiosyncrasies that it is not study at all, they lose their power to study anything else. The rule for successful and profitable reading would, in the light of these facts, seem to be to read only what one does not like to read. That reading which costs no effort and necessarily dissipates the power of study, is that which we should indulge in only for recreation, while that which we know to be important in itself, and in its bearings upon broad knowledge and culture, should most engage our time and attention. The trouble is, not that we do not read enough, but that we read so much of that which simply pleases us as to destroy our power to read that which will edify and enlarge us. There are many aspects in which newspaper reading is preferable to much that is considered essential to high culture. It is undoubtedly dissipating to the power of study, but so is any other reading which is pursued as a passion. It has this advantage : that it never detaches the mind from a supreme interest in the affairs of to-day. There are studies which separate a man from his time—which shut off his sympathies from the men and the movements around him. There is a kind of dilettanteism which rejoices in mousing in dark corners for the curiosities of history or art, which is wise about great nothings—wise about bric-à-brac, wise about antique gems, wise about coins, wise about classical antiquities, wise about old books of whose contents it knows little, wise about dead and useless things, and foolish enough to plume itself upon its wisdom. Now, any reading that does not make us better citizens—more capable of meeting and mastering the needs of the time and generation in which our life is cast, is reading which we cannot afford to engage in.

Young men of ambitious aims are fond of asking advice as to a "course of reading." The safest advice that can

be given them is to read least the books they like best, if they would retain their power to study, or to read profitably at all. A special, strong liking for one kind of literature betrays a one-sided nature, or a one-sided development, which demands complementary culture in other directions. The neglected books of the world are histories and works upon moral and intellectual philosophy. The present is the day of novels, and, what is about as nearly their antipodes as possible, scientific knowledge and culture. That history in whose instructive light we should weave the history of our own time—that history through which we make the acquaintance of our kind, as they have lived and acted under various institutions and circumstances, and that philosophy by which we become acquainted with ourselves, and our higher powers and relations, are comparatively little read. It is in these works, mainly, that the power of study is missed, and in these mainly that it is to be regained. We say this very decidedly, and yet we know that there are men whose whole life is here, and who stand in great need of the influences of poetry and fiction as food for starved imaginations. No man liveth by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. We need food from every side, of every kind, and the man who finds that he has lost that power of study which alone can seize and appropriate it, should win it back by patient exercise.

LITERARY VIRILITY.

One of the most notable characteristics of such writers as Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, is what may be called, for lack of a better word, *virility*. They write like men. There is no dandyism or dilettanteism about them. If they deal with the passion of love, they deal with it heartily; but it is not the only passion which



enters into their work. Hate, revenge, avarice, ambition, all play their part. Love is not the only passion that inspires them. It is not regarded as the begin-all, and the end-all of life. They deal with great questions and large affairs. They find themselves in a world where there is something to be done besides dawdling around petticoats and watching the light that dances in a curl. They do not exhaust themselves on flirtations or intrigues. They enter into sympathy with all the motives that stir society, all the interests that absorb or concern it, and by this sympathy they touch the universal human heart. Their poems and novels are pictures of life in all its phases; and the homely joys of a cottager's fire-side, the humble cares and ambitions of the simple hind, the disgusting "tricks and manners" of social shams, as well as the greedy ambitions of the miser or the politician, are depicted with the same fidelity to fact as the loves and relations of the sexes.

We expect, of course, that a man will write of that which fills him. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A young man will naturally write of love, because that is the master passion with him. Life has only gone to that extent with him. It would be unnatural for him to write of much else, because nothing so powerful as love has thus far entered into his life. It is the most virile thing that he can do. But youth passes away, and, with it, the absorbing character of the passion of love, so far as it concerns him. Then come to him the great affairs, the great questions, the great pursuits of life. For him to revert to, and try to live in, this first period—to heat over the old broth, to thrash over the old straw, to simulate transports he no longer feels, and to pretend to be absorbed by the petty details of boyish courtship and girlish ways and fancies—is to compromise, or sacrifice his manhood. He de-

scends in this to the work of a school-girl, who strives to anticipate what he tries to remember. He turns his back upon the acting, suffering world in which he lives, with all its hopes and despairs, its trials and triumphs, its desires and disappointments, its questions of life and death, its aspirations and temptations, its social, political and religious tendencies and movements, and tries to amuse himself and the world by puerilities of which he ought to be ashamed, and labors strenuously to convict himself of the lack of literary virility.

He is something less than a man who can live in such a world as this, and in this age, and find nothing better to engage his pen than descriptions of ribbons, pouting lips, and divine eyes ; who dwells upon the manner in which a woman disposes of her skirts, or complements the color upon her cheek by some deft way of wearing her scarf, and makes up his entire work of the stuff that is to be found among the dreams and dalliances of the sexes. There is quite as much of effeminacy in the choice of literary material as there is in the mode of treating it when chosen. Of course, the man who chooses small topics and small material is the very man to treat them in a small way. He will pet a phrase as he will the memory of a pretty hand. He will toy with words as if they were tresses. In short, he will be a literary dandy, which is quite a different thing from being a literary man.

It is the theory of the literary dandy that love is the only available material for the novel and the poem ; but if he will go back to the works of those who are named at the beginning of this article, he will recognize the fact that the characters of most importance, and the incidents of most significance and interest in them, are those with which the passion of love has very little to do. If it existed at all, it was incidental to something greater

and more important. Indeed, we should say that the least interesting material in any of the novels of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, is that which relates specially to the sexual relations. Mr. Pickwick and Captain Cuttle are worth all the women Dickens ever painted ; and the women of Scott are more interesting in themselves than in any of their tender relations. It was the literary virility of these men—their solid, sincere, and consistent manhood—that made them great, and made them universally popular. Where would they be to-day if they had ignored the various life with which they held immediate relations, and confined their pens to the depiction of creations and relations which, in experience, they had forever left behind ?

If any reader will compare the scenes of the Last Judgment, as conceived and represented by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, or the magnificent pictures of Titian in Venice, or the masterly, but coarse, and often offensive, productions of Rubens everywhere, with the petty prettinesses and dainty perfection of Meissonnier, he will understand what we mean by literary virility. The latter painter is, in art, exactly what the dandy is in literature. Even if the things he does are well done, the question whether they are worth doing remains to be answered. Virility in art is more easily to be detected—more easily demonstrable—than in literature, because a grand result can be brought at once under the eye in a picture, but the element is as truly essential and masterful in one as the other. The difference between undertaking to paint the Godhead and the minute delineation of a chasseur—to the very sparkle of his spur—is the difference between the work of a man and that of a dandy.

FICTION.

In the multiplied discussions of the nature and the offices of fiction, it is singular that reference is rarely made—almost never made—to the fictitious portions of the Bible. Every year or two the critics get at loggerheads over what is legitimate and illegitimate in fiction, over what is good art and bad art, over the question whether art in fiction may ever properly be charged with the burden of a moral or a lesson. There are some who go further than this, who go so far as to question whether religion and morality are legitimate material of art. These men may have a personal interest in the decision of the question, and we are inclined to believe they have such an interest. It is quite possible that people who have neither religion nor morality should object to the legitimacy of material which they would be obliged to borrow.

Aside from the Sermon on the Mount, a large portion, and, we believe, the most important portion, of the truth proclaimed by the great Master,—the founder alike of our religion and our civilization,—was delivered in the form of fiction. The “certain man” whom he used so much for carrying the burden of his truth was always a fictitious man. A more symmetrically designed, and a more exquisitely constructed piece of fiction than the story of the Prodigal Son does not exist in any language. We call it a parable because in one field of life it represents truth in another field of life. It conveys the truth which he desired to convey in the concrete. The gospel histories are begemmed by what may be called, without impropriety or irreverence, novelettes, and they are never constructed for the sake of their art, or for beauty's sake, but always as vehicles for conveying important moral and religious truth to men. Their art is

perfect, simple as it is, but they assume to have no reason for being except the supreme reason of use.

The oldest novel in existence is probably the Book of Job. We presume there may be some men left who still read the Book of Job as a veritable history, but those who are capable of judging will simply place it at the head of the realm of fiction. That it is divinely inspired we do not dispute. Indeed, the establishment of its divine inspiration as a fact, rather than the acceptance of it as a matter of faith, would only strengthen the position we have always held, viz., that the highest fiction is that which the most competently carries the most valuable burden of truth. The writer of the Book of Job was a man who, in the dawn, as it were, of human history, revolved in a catholic, cultured and reverent mind the unequal dealings of God with men. Why did the good man have trouble? Job was an excellent man, "perfect and upright," stripped of every good, and the art by which the writer presents him as, one after another, his possessions are taken from him, and his friends discuss with him the great problem that vexes him, with all the machinery of dialogues between the Almighty and Satan, and the Almighty and Job himself, surpasses all the art of later times. Such imaginations and such descriptions, such conversations and arguments, such marvellous characterizations as are to be found in this great book can be found nowhere else in the whole range of literature. It is a book that has commanded the admiration as well as the profound reverence of the greatest men who have ever lived, and it is a novel in all its essential features, even though we call it a poem.

The Book of Revelation is a novel, so far as it is an attempt to convey truth through typical forms and scenes and events. It is no record of facts, but a panoramic

representation of conceptions born in, and addressed to, the imagination. In short, it is a creation of art—whatever may be its origin, whether divine or human—by which certain great, shadowy thoughts and ideas are attempted to be represented to the mental apprehensions or the faith of men. There are many devout believers in the inspiration of the ancient Scriptures who regard the story of the creation and the fall of Adam rehearsed in the Book of Genesis as anything but a literal representation of historic facts. The essential truth is in the narrative, but it is represented in such a way that the simplest mind can apprehend and make use of it. The Song of Solomon is a very exquisite essay in the art of fiction. If the Books of Esther and Ruth are historical, they are certainly nothing to us but stories with morals, and very strong and beautiful stories they are. The names of Ahasuerus and Mordecai, and Haman and Esther, are nothing but names to the present reading world, which mean no more than those of Daniel De-ronda and Ralph Nickleby and Clarissa Harlowe. Boaz and Ruth might be Abélard and Heloïse, or any other lovers. The two stories are to us simply stories, having no significance particularly as history, and no use, save as in an exquisite form of art they convey to us the moral lessons with which they are charged.

Now, it is quite possible that the majority of literary critics would not take the Bible as authority for anything ; but we submit that a book which lies at the basis of the best civilization the world has ever known, that has held the profound reverence of the noblest minds that have ever existed, that has inspired the highest art of eighteen centuries, that has gathered to itself the tender affections of countless generations of men, that has been the fountain of eloquence from which a million pulpits have drawn their supplies, that is so high and characteristic

in its art that no attempt to imitate it ever has risen above the seeming of burlesque, is well worthy of the respect of literary men as a literary authority.

It is fair to conclude that when fiction is used in the sacred books it is used not only legitimately, but used in the best way it can be used. The truth is, that all this talk about writing stories for the sake of the stories, about fiction for the sake of art, about the impropriety of burdening a work of fiction with a lesson or a moral is bosh and drivel. We do not dispute at all that a story may be written for the simple purpose of amusing the mind. We do not dispute that a story may legitimately be written in the interest of art alone. What we maintain is, that all this is petty business when compared with the supreme uses of fiction, viz., the organization into attractive, artistic forms of the most valuable truths as they relate to the characters and lives and histories of men. A rose is beautiful and fragrant, and in its beauty and fragrance holds the justification of its being. But a field of roses would make a poor show, even in the matter of beauty, by the side of a wheat-field, every stalk of which is bending with its burden of substantial ministry to the wants of men. We simply maintain that the wheat-field is a better production than the rose-field. Let men raise roses if they can do no better. Let them raise pansies, marigolds, hollyhocks, anything they choose, and let people delight in these who may, but don't let them presume to deny the legitimacy of wheat-growing, or assert the illegitimacy of all productions except flowers. With the facts relating to the prevalent bad art of stories with morals we have nothing to do. No good moral lesson excuses bad art, and no man has any right to burden such a lesson with bad art. If a man's art is not a royal vehicle for the progress of the moral he desires to honor and convey, then he has no call to be a novelist.

GOODNESS AS LITERARY MATERIAL.

We can hardly imagine anything more curious as a subject of inquiry than the difficulty experienced by every writer of fiction in the attempt to paint a very good man or woman. It seems to be very easy to depict wicked people. The villains of the play and the novel appear in great variety, with no lack of types of the finest interest. Wickedness seems to be perennially fresh, as it is proverbially engaging. For instance: it would have been quite impossible for John Hay to write an acceptable or an impressive poem about a sweet Christian fellow who had sacrificed his life to save a boat-load of passengers; but he could paint Jim Bludso—a bad man—with a few touches that can never be forgotten. If he had undertaken to describe a good young man, who did not “chew,” or drink, or swear, who taught a class in the Sunday-school, and who lived virtuously with his one wife, and rose at last into an act of heroism, he would not have found ten readers; but the rough, coarse, profane wretch, who had one wife at Natchez-under-the-hill, and another one up in Pike, becomes at once a memorable hero in his hands. With all that may legitimately be said against Bret Harte’s heroes and heroines, there is no question that many of them are made marvellously interesting by the forms of wickedness they represent. This much is true at least, that, as literary material, the rough, low types of life and character to be found in California and on the border, are much superior to the best types to be found there.

Perhaps the inquiry into the reason of this should go deeper, or start further back. It might be well to ask why it is that some of the most interesting people we ever met were scamps. It might be well to inquire why some of the best men we know are the least interesting.

It might be instructive to learn why it is that a company of virtuous girls will be attracted by a man whose virtue they have reason to doubt, in the presence of those who are known to be men of purity and honor. These inquiries might show us that goodness is not only less interesting to men as literary material than wickedness, but is less interesting in itself. It is undoubtedly true that we should rarely go among our best men and women for our most interesting characters. Certainly we should not go among the membership of our churches. There are churches the dead level of whose tasteless and flavorless Christianity is not only uninteresting but repulsive. Dr. Eggleston, in some of his Western Methodist types, gives us people who are interesting, but their flavor does not come from their Methodism, or their goodness, but from nature and character, formed under unusual circumstances.

There are, undoubtedly, sufficient reasons for the unlovely character, or the unattractive character, of many types of Christian goodness. There are brawling types, abject types, fashionable types, childish types, that of course are disgusting to all healthy minds. Then there is the type of goodness that is framed upon the moral law—built up upon the “Thou shalt not”—a goodness that is based upon repression of the bad rather than the development of the good. There are many types of Christian goodness which betray themselves as unnatural or superficial, as having their basis, not in a living principle, but in a mechanical plan or a scheme of policy. Of course all these are as far from being interesting as they can be. It is undoubtedly true that a character can only have the power to interest us when it is alive, positive, aggressive. Any life that is interesting must have a centre—not extraneous—but in itself. No life inspired and conducted by outside rules can possibly be

interesting to any other life. What this or that man, whether good or bad, will do of his own motion, in the circumstances that occasions bring around him, is what we are interested in. If we know that he is guided by a set of rules, that he is the subject of some compact or organization, and that certain penalties hang over him if he fail in any respect, we have no interest in him. The eagle caged is a most uninteresting bird; but the eagle in a cloud, or on a crag, will hold the eye like a star. It is the free man who attracts us, and we are not sure that a good deal of the unattractiveness of goodness is not attributable to the impression that it is constrained.

Every wicked man has his own private principle of wickedness. He is endowed with certain appetites and passions—he entertains, privately, certain purposes, desires, ambitions—and we feel sure the moment we come into contact with him, that he will be sincere and consistent with himself. What he will do—how he will work out, on the plane of his individual nature, the evil that is in him—is what interests us. What the good man will do we already know. We understand the rule by which he conducts his life. If he is simply a moral man we understand his law. If he is a religious man, we not only understand his law, but we understand all the persuasives and dissuasives which lie around him in the institutions and creeds to which he has subjected his will, so that he only becomes particularly interesting to us when he breaks away from his laws and defies the institutions to whose yoke he had bent himself. We can never be particularly interested in the man whom we can calculate upon.

It is quite likely that some will say that we are interested in wicked people because we are wicked—that the wicked engage our sympathy in a perfectly natural way,

but the facts will not sustain the theory. Whenever goodness becomes apprehended as a vital, independent force in a man, working its way naturally out in all relations and all conduct, when it becomes aggressive and ingenious in its beneficence, and is incalculable in its sacrifices and heroisms, it will become good literary material, and not before. Whenever goodness crops out in a bad character, as it often does in one of Harte's heroes—when it appears as a spontaneous human growth that could not at all have been calculated upon—how marvellously engaging it is! But when it is made to order; when a novelist sets out to make a good man or a faultless woman, how sure he is to fail! What sorry muffs are all the particularly good men and women whom the novelists have presented to us! They cannot possibly be made in the ordinary way. All art demands a following of nature. Uncle Tom can be interesting as a Christian because he has taken his Christianity like a child, or as a child takes its mother's milk. He has imbibed it. He knows little or nothing of dogma, but the heart and life of Christ are in him, working sweetly out through natural channels into acts and effects that are picturesque and engaging. Raphael painted some of the sweetest of his Madonnas from peasant mothers, and he at least understood that wherever he found the best human type of mother and child, it best represented the divine.

One thing is at least sure: goodness in the hands of a literary man must not be of the type that is formed by creeds and institutions, if he would make it interesting. Whether there can be any true goodness outside of these we leave the dogmatist and casuist to decide. With that matter we have nothing to do in this article. We simply say that art can never be effective in engaging the interest of those who study its works, if it strays from the natural fountains of feeling and life. The goodness

it would depict must be innate and spontaneous, working incalculably and through natural channels, a law unto itself, or it can never be made to appear attractive and picturesque. So long as it is in any way identified with well-known laws and creeds and institutions, it is not good literary material. We do not mean by this that beautiful Christian characters cannot be painted so that Christian people shall be sympathetically interested in them ; but we mean that the art instinct rejects them, and that they cannot be so painted that they will secure the interest of the universal literary mind.

A WORD ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

In all the discussion inspired by Mr. Whitelaw Reid's recent suggestive address on the newspaper, we have seen no mention made of a topic of the greatest interest to the reading public and of the greatest importance to the newspaper itself, viz., the practical confusion of moral and social values in the present conduct of the public press. If any simple, unsophisticated person were, for the first time, to take up a newspaper and to endeavor to judge what things in the moral and social world were considered of the greatest importance, what would he conclude, judging by the space and attention devoted to them in its pages? In a large majority of instances, he would find a stinging column devoted to the discussions of a social science convention, and half a page to a murder or a boat race. He would find a column devoted to police reports, in which the disgusting records of vice and its awards would be recorded in detail, while the sermons of a Sunday, from the best minds in the country, would get no greater space. In the editorial discussions, party and personal politics would be found to predominate over everything in relation to religion, morals, education, temperance, science,

and the whole range of social questions. The things of great moment are treated as if they were of the smallest importance, and the things of small importance are treated as if they were of the greatest moment.

In all this there is a tremendous confusion of values that not only exhibits the worthlessness of the newspaper as a standard, but vitiates the public judgment. The standard is unsound and the influence is bad. The reply to this, of course, will be that the newspaper endeavors to talk about that which the public likes to read about. If great space is given to a murder, or a boat race, it is because people in the mass like to read about these things. If little space is devoted to a great sermon, or a discussion of a social question, it is simply because nobody cares to read about them. Has it ever occurred to the editor who would put this in plea that he has had something to do in ministering to this depraved liking for things that are valueless?—to this confusion of values in the public mind? We certainly know of nothing more naturally stimulative of the love of low excitements than the way in which crime and vice are treated by the public press. The way in which a nasty scandal is treated, for instance, by the average newspaper is not only a foul disgrace to the press, but a most demoralizing power upon the public mind. It is a putting forward, by all the power of startling head-lines, and a sturdy array of exclamation points, and double-ledged details, of a thing of shame which modest people do not like to have mentioned in their homes or their hearing. It is giving the first place, for the consideration of men, women, and children, to a thing that ought to have the last place. The familiarity with vice and crime and social shame that has been acquired in this country during the last few years through the newspapers, has had the effect of a moral scourge.

But we did not intend to insist on the moralities particularly. That which comes under the notice of the newspaper press is of various value, considered from a thousand points beside the moral, and our point is, simply, that values are altogether confused in their practical treatment. Those matters are put forward which are of inferior value, and those are subordinated which are of superior value, until the newspaper altogether ceases to be, in any worthy sense, a leader of the public mind.

If the newspaper of the future, which, according to Mr. Reid, is to have Greens and Froudes to do its reporting, shall ever be reached, it will be a very different newspaper from that of to-day, which gives up its reporting to men who are neither Greens nor Froudes. Men who love virtue and hate vice, and men who have some just sense of moral and social values, will devote their reporting mainly to that which will educate and improve rather than confuse and degrade their readers. If the world is improving—if we are making any religious, moral, and social progress—then the business of the newspaper is not only to make a fair record of that progress, but to note all the steps and exhibit all the influences by which it is reached. In faithfully attending to this business, it will have neither time nor space for the record of the frivolities and vices which now exclude so much that is of superior value and significance.

The great tempter of the newspaper press is what is known as "Enterprise." If anything happens that people are curious about, even if it should be of small importance, "enterprise" dictates that it should be looked up and written down to its uttermost. It is in "enterprise" that all the reporting newspapers try to outdo one another, and it is in this attempt to outdo one another that they do so much to confuse values in journal-

ism. One newspaper must do what another does in the fear of suffering in its character for "enterprise." Newspapers do not try, apparently, to realize their own ideal, but to outdo each other in "enterprise." We do not know of a better man than Mr. Reid to undertake a realization of his own ideal, which, we fancy, does not vary very materially from our own, and to spare his "enterprise" for great things, so that the world may have one paper that, with a thoroughly catholic spirit, carries with its records a careful balance of values, and so that the public mind shall not be constantly misled, and that all that ministers to progress may have a fair chance.

VULGARITY IN FICTION AND ON THE STAGE.

The average playwright has a fixed opinion that certain definite appeals must be made to the groundlings, in order to produce a successful play. There must be coarseness or profanity, or the half-disguised obscenity that can be put forth in a *double entente*, or else the great multitude will not be satisfied. As a consequence of this, many ladies do not dare to go to the theatre, or to take their children there. There is no question that these objectionable elements in plays have kept many more people out of the theatre than they ever attracted thither. People—even vulgar people—are not pleased with vulgarity, and it is quite worth while to call attention to the things that the people are pleased with, both in the fictions of the book and of the stage.

We have had a lyrical comedy running in all the theatres of the country during the last season—"Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore"—which will illustrate a part of what we mean. Since we began to observe theatres at all, nothing has had such a run of popularity as this. Young and old, rich and poor, have been amused by it,

and there is not a word in it, from beginning to end, that can wound any sensibility. It is a piece of delicious absurdity all through, and a man can enjoy two hours of jollity in witnessing it, which will not leave a stain upon him anywhere. It is simply delightful—pure fun—and the most popular thing that has appeared on the stage for the last ten years. We call attention to it specially to show that fun, when it is pure, is more popular a thousand times than when it is not. Nothing can be more evident to any man of common sense than that any admixture of unworthy elements in this play would damage its popularity. What is true of this play is true of any and every play. There is no apology whatever for making the stage impure. Even vulgar people do not seek the stage for impurity. They seek it for pleasure, and they find the purest plays the most satisfactory, provided only that the pleasure-giving element is in them. A playwright who is obliged to resort to coarse means to win the applause of coarse men, convicts himself of a lack of capacity for writing a good play.

If a man wishes to hear high moral sentiments applauded as they are applauded nowhere else, let him go to a low theatre. When the villain of the play gets his just retribution, and the hero, standing with his foot upon his neck, above his prostrate form, makes an appropriate apostrophe to virtue, then the house comes down. Indeed, it loses no opportunity to applaud that with which its daily life has very little to do, as if it were trying to make up by its votes and acclamations for the sins and the remissnesses of its practical life. It takes a pretty pure playwright to satisfy an audience made up largely of thieves and prostitutes.

In these days, tragedy is at a discount. In the old times, when the world moved slowly, and life was not

overworked or torn in pieces by high contending passions, men and women liked to have their sensibilities wrought upon. There was, at any rate, a desire for a different play from that which modern times call for. There are people who think that the theatre audience is degraded from its old quality. We doubt it. We have no doubt, indeed, that the modern audience is better than the ancient one, and is made up of men and women of a highly improved culture. The times have changed, and life has become so active and overburdened and so full that men go to the theatre to laugh. The one thing that they need most is forgetfulness of care, in innocent pleasure. To the modern man and woman, life is a tragedy. The newspapers are full of tragedies. We swallow them every morning with our coffee. What we absolutely need is fun, jollity, mirth, forgetfulness; and the stage must adapt itself to this want or go to the wall. The writer of "H. M. S. Pinafore" is a public benefactor, worthy of any reward we can make him; and Mr. Sullivan may snap his fingers at the stupid critics who accuse him of having stooped from his dignity to float this little play upon his excellent music, for he has won the gratitude of the English-speaking world.

It is with novels as with the stage, vulgar people do not like to contemplate vulgar people. In the novel, vulgar people delight to meet with gentlemen and ladies. They have enough of the other sort at home, and among their friends. They would like to get into better society. They wish to see those who are different from themselves, and in different circumstances.

"Mi-lord," said a soft-voiced page, dressed in blue and gold, entering: "the Ambassador waits."

Sir Edward turned from his ivory *escritoire*, with a frown, and responded, "Bid him enter."

At this moment, the Lady Geraldine rose from her embroidery, and with a fair blush mantling her classic features, swept from the apartment.

"Hold!" said Sir Edward.

The lady turned, and gave him a single glance of scorn, as she closed the door and sought her boudoir.

It is the vulgar people who read this sort of stuff, and they read it because it represents a kind of life quite absurdly antipodal to their own. The third or fourth-rate novelist who produces it lives nearer to the people than his superiors, and knows what they like. It is true, too, that the best novelist must not deal with vulgar materials too exclusively. No matter how clever he may be, it will not do for him to forget that good people get tired in novels of the same people of whom they would get tired in their drawing-rooms, and particularly of those whom they would never receive in their drawing-rooms. They get tired of any novelist who never gives them a gentleman or a lady.

It comes to this, then, in the novel and on the stage : we want good company and we want mirth. We want fun and we want it pure. The theatre thinks that the Church is hard upon it. There was a time when the novel-writer thought the Church was hard upon him ; but the Church now not only reads novels, but uses them in the propagation of religious ideas and religious living. The theatre, for many years, has had itself to blame for the attitude of the Church toward it. People are visiting the good ship Pinafore now who never entered a theatre before, and this simply because it ministers to their need of amusement without offending their sensibilities by coarseness, or their eyes by exhibitions that are only at home in a vulgar dance-house.

LITERARY MATERIALS AND TOOLS.

When Bulwer was in the enjoyment of his young popularity as a novel-writer, before Dickens had been heard of on this side of the Atlantic, he issued his "Ernest Maltravers." The memory of that book has lingered with us during these forty years as a glaring instance of an appeal, by a powerful popular author, to the coarser and more destructive passions of men and women. He pictured his lovers, brought them into association, and so gave direction to the reader's imagination that itself, without his words, pictured the fact and scene of a seduction. It was the theme of excited common talk among the young men of the time, to whom it became a delicious and powerful poison. We do not know whether he ever repented of his terrible sin, but we know that he did incalculable harm by it. We do not know whether it stands in his latter editions just as it appeared in the first; but there are many elderly men into whose memory a certain page of that book, with convenient rows of asterisks, is fairly burned.

The question naturally arises whether sins against social purity are legitimate literary material. A critic of "Roxy," in one of the newspapers, objects to the book on account of the relations between Mark Bonamy and Nance Kirtley. The condemnation is quite sweeping, and the only inference we can make is, that sins of impurity are not legitimate literary material—in the critic's opinion. Why? we ask. What is there in human life that is not legitimate material? Why should the novelist have the free handling of murder, of suicide, of theft and robbery, of slander, and a thousand cruelties that need not be named, and be forbidden to touch the abuse that is associated with the strongest and holiest affections and passions of human nature? If love has

dangers, is it wrong to point them out? Is virtue very much nourished nowadays in an atmosphere of ignorance? Is there any such thing as an atmosphere of ignorance in these days?

We can get at a fair conclusion upon this matter by comparing the effect of these two books upon the mind. We have noted the effect of Bulwer's book. It was the intention of the writer, without question, to excite the prurient imaginations of his readers, and not to place the deed in its proper relations to the peace and well-being of the parties and of society. If any one can rise from the perusal of "Roxy" without realizing that Mark Bonamy went through a terrific degradation, and that a coarse pleasure was purchased by him at a price too terrible to invite imitation, he must be very singularly constituted. One book leaves, or is calculated to leave, the reader in love with vice; the other leaves or is calculated to leave him horrified by it, and disgusted with it.

We might quote the freedom with which the Bible—a book intended for universal use—employs material of this sort; but as we do not intend to appeal to the Bible moralities to make good our position, we simply allude to the matter and drop it. We maintain that all which illustrates human nature and human history is legitimate literary material, the writer being simply bound—not as a moralist, but as a literary man—to represent everything in its proper relation to the scheme of things which he finds established, as it concerns the happiness and well-being of the individual and society. When a novelist represents vice as a thing that in any way "pays," he lies, and is therefore untrue to his art. When he so represents the sin of social impurity that it shall appear more attractive than repulsive, more delightful than blameworthy—when he represents it shorn

of its natural consequences—half harmless to the guilty ones, and quite venial in the eye of society, he betrays his untruth to literary art, and reduces and vulgarizes the standard of his own work. This may be said, or pleaded in the way of an *argumentum ad hominem*: that it does not become an editor who spreads before families of readers the details of a hundred adulteries and seductions and other crimes against social purity every year, accompanied with the usual amount of reportorial and judicial jesting, to take to task a conscientious novelist who treats the crime he depicts as God and nature dictate.

There is another point about which there are contrarieties of opinion. It makes no difference whether a novel-writer be clerical or lay, Christian or un-Christian, he feels deprived of the use of his legitimate tools in the prohibition placed upon profanity. Some writers will not accept the law, because only by the use of what is called profanity can they properly represent the characters and situations in hand. We are not alluding to the disgusting "blanks" of Colonel Starbottle, or to any of the writers whose low tastes lead them to prefer profanity to decency, and who sympathize with it to the very tips of their tongues. We venture to suggest that Mrs. Stowe and Dr. Eggleston and George MacDonald feel the denial of the use of profane language in their novels as a real harm to their art. Men must speak their vernacular or they cannot speak naturally, and to put "dang it" into a man's mouth when he said something else, or "the deuce" when he said "the devil," is to dodge and palter for the purpose of not giving offence.

Still we think a man is quite at liberty to choose here. There is nothing vital about this matter of tools. The vitalities attach to materials. It is doubtless better that the novelist bow as far as he can to the popular preju-

dice against the use of profane language in literary art. In New England there is great popular reverence for the devil, which we do not at all share ; so it is probably best to present him always in a disembowelled form, preserving only the initial and final consonants. We are to remember that there is a considerable portion of every community which believes that all besides themselves are children, and are to be treated as such—by all sorts of publications except the daily newspapers. These seem to be quite at liberty to choose whatever material comes to their hands—the worse the better.

OUR GARNERED NAMES.

Great genius is of no age or nation. We have made stupendous advances in all possible directions within the last three hundred years, yet Bacon still stands as the proudest name among English philosophers, and Shakspeare is unequalled among English poets. It would be hard to name a living poet—after these centuries of culture—who equals Spenser, yet all the names we have mentioned are laid among the very foundations of English literature. The works associated with them are among the first products of thought and art in the perfected English tongue. There was, of course, a great amount of rubbish produced, which, having suffered the fate of all rubbish, has passed out of existence. But the great books remain, with the great fact that neither science nor art, neither learning nor culture, neither political nor social progress, can do anything to reproduce genius. Nay, it looks as if none of them have the power to assist genius in its development, and in the products of its art. Whenever a Shakspeare appears, he works with such tools as he finds ready for his hand, and produces that which is immortal. It matters nothing into what period of a nation's literary history he is born,

for he does not appear as the ripe product of a great age, but as a special creation of the Almighty.

The death of Mr. Bryant naturally calls the attention of thoughtful Americans to the foundations of our own literature, and leads to speculations as to its future. Certainly the first years of our national life were not very fruitful in a literary way. Very little work produced in the seventeenth century is worth preserving, and we can say hardly more of the product of the eighteenth. We lay the foundations of our houses with rubble up to the level of the earth, and the first products of American literature can hardly be called anything but rubble. They lie in the catalogues an undistinguishable mass. We are simply aware that they are poor and imperfect stuff; but during this unexpired nineteenth century, something worthy and enduring has been done. It looks like a growth. It looks as if the great strides we have taken were the result of long climbing to a high vantage ground. It seems, at first view, as if we may reasonably expect that the twentieth century will as far surpass the present as the present surpasses the past in literary production. We doubt, however, whether we may legitimately come to any such conclusion. The first songs of any nation are usually the freshest. They work up the local material. They have the first opportunity of response to the native influences. There is something in the sturdy freedom of the formative processes of society peculiarly favorable to the development of genius. A great nation, developing itself as it were out of the ground, is a good deal nearer the original fountains of inspiration than it becomes after ages of conventionality and artificial life.

All this is true, and it is quite possible that we have unconsciously and unappreciatingly been living during the most memorable age of American literature. Cer-

tainly that age cannot be contemptible which has produced Cooper and Irving, Prescott and Motley and Bancroft, Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier, Holmes and Lowell, Taylor and Stedman and Stoddard, Hawthorne and Ticknor and Emerson, not to mention many eminent names in other departments of letters. The account is made up with half of these. We can expect but little more from some of those who survive, but we have enough in the works of these men to form a body of literature which may legitimately be designated as American, and one which may be regarded by Americans with complacency. It is, at least, pure. Almost all the early literatures of other nations possess a gross, fleshly element, which is entirely lacking, and which would not be tolerated, in ours. It is true that our literature is the product of a branch of English culture. We have not come out from savagery into civilization, with a stock of legends and myths on which to build a characteristic literature, but what Hawthorne and Whittier have done and others have attempted, shows that we possess a mine of quaint, strange history which will be worked thoroughly hereafter. We have lacked a mellow, hazy past—a background for our pictures—and in the necessity of painting our surroundings and drawing our inspiration from the present, we have unconsciously been forming a background for those who are to succeed us. We do not believe the time will ever come when Hawthorne's interpretations of colonial history will cease to be interesting, when Whittier's lyrics will cease to inspire, when Bryant's sweet and solemn voicing of nature's meanings and life's mysteries will fail in their music to the ears of men, when Longfellow's psalms of life will not meet with a response in the souls of the people. The poets who are so new to us, though so much beloved, are to be the old poets by and by, and

we suspect that the future critic will come back to these days, revel in their literary glories, and contrast his own degenerate contemporaries with the hearty and homely singers of this blessed early time.

Of one thing we may be reasonably sure, viz., that when the genuine geniuses of this period shall be appreciated at their full value, and the names we have rehearsed shall have become classic, their countrymen will have ceased discussing Poe and Thoreau and Walt Whitman. Why an age which can produce such a poet as Bryant, who is as healthy and health-giving in every line as the winds that soar over his native hills, can be interested in the crazy products of a crazy mind, so far as to suppose that they have any poetry in them, or any value whatever, except as studies in mental pathology, we cannot imagine. How an age that possesses a Longfellow and an appreciative ear for his melody can tolerate in the slightest degree the abominable dissonances of which Walt Whitman is the author, is one of the unsolved mysteries. There is a morbid love of the eccentric abroad in the country which, let us hope, will die out as the love of nastiness has died out. At present we say but little about our immortals, and give ourselves over to the discussion of claims of which our posterity will never hear, or of which they will only hear to wonder over, or to laugh at.

IS IT POETRY?

Mr. Walt Whitman advertises, through his friends, that the magazines send back his poetry. Why do they do it? Is it because they are prejudiced against the writer? Is it because they have no respect for his genius, no admiration for his acquirements? No; on the whole, they like him. They believe him to be manly, bright, and erudite, but they have a firm con-

viction that his form of expression is illegitimate—that it has no right to be called poetry ; that it is too involved and spasmodic and strained to be respectable prose, and that there is no place for it, either in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. If we could, by any sort of chemistry, mix the rhapsodical passages of Carlyle's and Emerson's prose together, we should have a pretty near approach to Walt Whitman's verse. It is simply rhapsodical prose, with a capital letter to head the lines. There is no attempt at rhythm, no attempt at rhyme, which would bring it within the domain of "numbers," and no even strength and flow that would make good its claim to be elegant prose. What is it? Is it prose-poetry or poetic prose? Is it something outside of both—a new thing, as yet unnamed, the outgrowth of a new genius, and the inauguration of a new era of expression?

Let us try a little experiment. We have before us two of Mr. Emerson's books—his latest, and his "Conduct of Life." From these most excellent productions let us cull a few passages in Walt Whitman's style :

" Our Copernican globe is a great factory or shop of power ;

" With its rotating constellations, times, and tides.

" The machine is of colossal size ; the diameter of the water-wheel, the arms of the levers, and the volley of the battery,

" Out of all mechanic measure ; and it takes long to understand its parts and workings.

" This pump never sucks ; these screws are never loose ; this machine is never out of gear.

" The vat, the piston, the wheels and tires never wear out, but are self-repairing.

" Is there any load which water cannot lift ?

" If there be, try steam ; or, if not that, try electricity.

" Is there any exhausting of these means ?

" Measure by barrels the spending of the brook that runs through your field.

"Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of nature.

"She shows us only surfaces, but she is million fathoms deep.

"What spaces! what durations! dealing with races as merely preparations of somewhat to follow."

And again, Emerson :

"A strenuous soul hates cheap successes.

"It is the ardor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defender.

"The great are not tender at being obscure, despised, insulted.

"Such only feel themselves in adverse fortune.

"Strong men greet war, tempest, hard times, which search till they find resistance and bottom.

"Periodicity, reaction, are laws of mind as well as of matter.

"Bad kings are generous helpers, if only they are bad enough."

And again :

"To this material essence answers truth in the intellectual world ;

"Truth, whose centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere ; whose existence we cannot disimagine—

"The soundness and health of things, against which no blow can be struck, but it recoils on the striker.

"Truth, on whose side we always heartily are."

Even Walt Whitman's propensity for catalogues can be matched in Mr. Emerson's prose, as witness :

"In Boston, the question of life is the names of eight or ten men.

"Have you seen Mr. Allston, Dr. Channing, Mr. Adams, Mr. Webster, Mr. Greenough ?

"Have you heard Everett, Garrison, Father Taylor, Theodore Parker ?

"Have you talked with Messieurs Turbinewheel, Summit-level, and Locofrupees ?

"Then you may as well die."

And again the catalogue :

" You shall not read newspapers, nor politics, nor novels ;

" Nor Montaigne, nor the newest French book.

" You may read Plutarch, Plato, Plotinus, Hindoo mythology, and ethics.

" You may read Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton—and Milton's prose as his verse.

" Read Collins and Gray, read Hafiz and the Trouvers,

" Nay, Welsh and British mythology of Arthur, and (in your ear) Ossian."

We have said that if we could, by some sort of chemistry, mix Carlyle's and Emerson's rhapsodical prose, we could come very near to an imitation of Walt Whitman's poetry, for the man has a strong individuality, and is more robust than Emerson. He is not so fine of constitutional fibre, not so fine of culture. He has a rough vigor, and a disposition to involutions of language quite characteristic of Carlyle and never witnessed in Emerson ; yet, as we quote Walt Whitman hereafter, we think the reader will be surprised with the resemblance which his work bears to the passages we have quoted from Emerson's prose—passages which mount toward poetry, and which, as they burst out from the even flow of his graceful pen, remind one of the occasional blowing of a whale on a sunny sea, while the great fish keeps steadily on in his element. If he were to lie still and blow all his life-time, and say to the nations, "lo! this is poetry!" the nations would pretty unanimously declare that there was something the matter with the fish. Particularly would this be the case if he had already put into form some of the most beautiful poems in the language, and thus declared what he considered true poetry to be.

Before Walt Whitman, let us try a little of Carlyle, in

order to justify our statement, once repeated, concerning the analogies existing between the works of the two men. This from "Sartor Resartus" :

"Who am I? What is this me?

"A voice, a motion, an appearance ;

"Some embodied, visualized idea in the Eternal Mind?

"*Cogito, ergo sum.* Alas! poor cogitator, this takes us but a little way.

"Sure enough, I am, and lately was not; but whence, how, whereto?

"The answer lies around, written in all colors and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail.

"In thousand-fingered, thousand-voiced, harmonious nature.

"But where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning?

"We sit in a boundless phantasmagoria and dream-grotto.

"Boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest country, lies not even nearer the verge thereof," etc.

And again, Carlyle :

"Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery,

"Does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep!

"Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane;

"Haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the Inane.

"Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up in our passage.

"Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive?

"On the hardest adamant, some footprint of us is stamped in.

"The last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van.

"But whence! Oh, Heaven! whither?"

And now, having given a taste of Emerson's and Carlyle's poorest prose—for this is what it really is—a prose

which should never be chosen by any young man for a model, let us dip into the pages of Walt Whitman, and see if it be any better or greatly different. We think it will be found that what Whitman calls in his own verse "songs," is very like these passages in form, and possibly inferior to them in quality. We quote Whitman :

"How beggarly appear arguments before a defiant deed !

"How the floridness of the materials of cities shrivels before a man's or woman's look !

"All waits or goes by default till a strong being appears ;

"A strong being is the proof of the race, and of the ability of the universe ;

"When he or she appears, materials are overawed.

"The dispute on the soul stops ;

"And old customs and phrases are confronted, turned back, or laid away."

Again Whitman, in a complete poem, which he entitles "Thoughts :"

"Of ownership ; as if one fit to own things could not at pleasure enter upon all, and incorporate them into himself or herself.

"Of water, forests, hills ;

"Of the earth at large, whispering through medium of me ;

"Of vista. Suppose some sight in arriere, through the formative chaos, preserving the growth, fulness, life, now attained on the journey.

"(But I see the road continued, and the journey ever continued ;)

—"Of what was once lacking on earth, and in due time has become supplied, and of what will yet be supplied.

"Because all I see and know I believe to have purport in what will yet be supplied."

And now, for a purpose, we quote one of Whitman's latest "songs :"

" TO A LOCOMOTIVE IN WINTER.

- " Thee for my recitative !
" Thee in the driving storm, even as now—the snow—the
 winter day declining ;
" Thee in thy panoply, thy measured dual throbbing, and
 thy beat convulsive ;
" Thy black cylindric body, golden brass and silvery steel ;
" Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods
 gyrating, shuttling at thy sides ;
" Thy metrical, now swelling pant and roar—now tapering in
 the distance :
" Thy great protruding head-light fix'd in front ;
" Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants, tinged with delicate
 purple ;
" The dense and murky clouds out-belching from thy smoke-
 stack ;
" Thy knitted frame—thy springs and valves—the tremulous
 twinkle of thy wheels ;
" The train of cars behind, obedient, merrily following,
" Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack, yet steadily
 careering :
" Type of the modern ! emblem of motion and power ! pulse
 of the continent !
" For once, come serve the Muse, and merge in verse, even
 as here I see thee,
" With storm, and buffeting gusts of wind, and falling snow ;
" By day, thy warning, ringing bell to sound its notes,
" By night, thy silent signal lamps to swing.
" Fierce-throated beauty !
" Roll through my chant, with all thy lawless music, thy swing-
 ing lamps at night ;
" Thy piercing, madly-whistled laughter, thy echoes rousing
 all ;
" Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding ;
" (No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine),
" Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,
" Launch'd o'er the prairies wide—across the lakes,
" To the free skies, unpent, and glad, and strong."

The reader will notice how much more rhythmical this is than the quotations that preceded it—how much better it is, in every respect, in consequence, and how fine and strong the last three lines are, which are good, honest, decasyllabic verse. The man is capable of poetry, and always ought to have written it. The best that he has done has been to set down, in the roughest condition, the raw material. Other men have done the same thing better, and never dreamed that they were writing “songs.” Even a “chant” has to be rhythmically sung, or it cannot be sung at all. The materials in a butcher’s stall and a green-grocer’s shop contain the possibilities and potencies of a dinner, but we do not see any poetry in them until they are cooked and served to handsomely dressed men and women, and come and go upon the table in rhythmical courses, yielding finest nutriment and goodliest flavors. There is no melody without rhythm, and a song must be melodious. Emerson says that “metre begins with the pulse-beat,” and quotes Victor Hugo as saying: “An idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive and more brilliant; the iron becomes steel.” Here is a distinction, certainly, between prose and verse. He quotes, too, one who says that Lord Bacon “loved not to see poesy go on other feet than poetical dactyls and spondees;” while Ben Jonson said “that Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging.” If he had only quoted these sayings to Walt Whitman in that early letter, should we not all have been richer by the sum of a poet?

We are, perhaps giving too much space to this article, but the idea is sought to be conveyed by Walt Whitman’s friends that he is badly used—that a great genius is sadly misunderstood or neglected. We have written this because no one else has written it. We have refrained from citing, or even alluding to, those portions

of his early book which are most open to criticism, and especially those portions of which, in the subsidence of his grosser self, he must now be ashamed. We have desired to represent him at his purest and best, and with none but the kindest feelings toward him, and the heartiest wishes for his good fame. We believe that in his theories and performances he is radically wrong—that he is doing nothing but advertising himself as a literary eccentric, and that he ought to have, and will have, no following.

CERTAIN VIRTUES AND VIRTUOUS HABITS.

CHARACTER, AND WHAT COMES OF IT.

ABOVE all other things in the world, character has supreme value. A man can never be more than what his character—intellectual, moral, spiritual—makes him. A man can never do more, or better, than deliver, or embody, that which is characteristic of himself. All masquerading and make-believe produce little impression, and, in their products and results, die early. Nothing valuable can come out of a man that is not in him, embodied in his character. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than the idea that a man who stands upon a low moral and spiritual plane can produce, in literature or art, anything valuable. He may do that which dazzles or excites wonder or admiration, but he can produce nothing that has genuine value, for, after all, value must be measured by the power to enrich, exalt, and purify life. If art were an end, in itself—if there were any meaning in the phrase “Art for art’s sake”—then what we say about character would not, or need not, be true; but art is not an end in itself any more than milk, or flannel, or tilth, or harvest. The further art is removed from ministry, the more it is divorced from it, the more illegitimate does it become. Pyrotechny attracts many eyes, and may excite a great deal of wonder and admiration, but when we talk about the

value of fire, we only think of its service in the furnace and on the hearth.

It is claimed by a certain class of critics that we have nothing to do with the character of an artist or a writer. They forget that a knowledge of a man's character is a short cut to a correct judgment of his work. It is only necessary to know of Edgar A. Poe that he was a man of weak will, without the mastery of himself—a dissipated man—a man of morbid feeling—a self-loving man, without the wish or purpose to serve his fellows—to know that he could never write a poem that would help anybody, or write a poem that possessed any intrinsic value whatever. His character was without value, and, for that reason, he was without the power of ministry. His character was without value, and nothing of value could come out of it. His poems are one continued, selfish wail over lost life and lost love. The form of his art was striking, but the material was wretchedly poor in everything of value to human life. No human soul ever quotes his words for comfort or for inspiration. Byron is a more conspicuous example of the effect of poor or bad character upon art than Poe. He was immensely greater than Poe in genius, stronger in fibre, broader in culture, and bolder in his vices. He embodies his character in his verse, with great subtlety and great ingenuity. Fifty years ago, he was read more than any other poet. Young men drank the poison of his Don Juan with feverish lips, but, the draught over, the book never was taken up again. He wrote wonderful verses, and some of them, written under certain pure and high inspirations, assert his claim to greatness; but, as a whole, the works of Byron have gone out, and are hardly read at all in these days.

Our own Bryant, and Longfellow, and Whittier, and Holmes, and Lowell are all men of character, and the

outcome of their art is as hearty and healthy as a mountain wind. Knowing any one of these men is to know that their work is good. There is more of the element of ministry in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" than in all that Byron and Poe ever wrote. Value in character makes value in verse. Value in character makes value in pictures, in sculptures, in all embodiments of art. It is vain to talk about equalling what we call "The Old Masters" in art, until we can equal the old masters in character. When we have a race of artists who are as religious, as self-devoted, as high-minded, and as fully surrendered to the divinest inspirations as the old masters were, we shall have young masters who will be quite their equals. Petty painting is the offspring of petty character. Artists cannot lift their work without first lifting themselves. It is impossible that a thoroughly bad man should be a good artist of any sort, for let it be remembered, we repeat, that the values of art all rest, and always rest, upon its power of ministry. Art is simply a vehicle for conveying the values of character to the lives of men, and when there are no values of character, there is nothing to be conveyed, no matter how beautiful or noteworthy the vehicle may be. Great moral harm is often done by studied and systematic dissociation of an author or an artist with his work. We are told that we have nothing whatever to do with the writer or the painter; we have only to do with what he produces. This may be true and right to a certain extent, but what if a writer or painter be notoriously immoral and dissolute? Suppose an actress, with exceptional powers upon the stage, but with a reputation stained all over with scandal, whose sins against social purity are patent, notorious, undisputed—presents herself for our suffrage and patronage—what shall we do with her? Shall we send our sons to contemplate her charms, and review

her base career? Shall we visit her with our wives and daughters, and honor her with our dollars and our courtesies? Shall we do what we can to obliterate in her mind, as well as our own, all sense of moral distinctions? We are told we that have nothing to do with the woman. We have only to do with the actress. So we have nothing to do with a preacher, we suppose—only with the sermon. People generally think they have a great deal to do with the preacher, and that the sermon is of very little consequence when it is not the sincere product of a good character.

Character must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it. Thirty years ago Jenny Lind was with us, and with her marvellous gift of song, she brought to us an unsullied character. It was an honor to touch her hand, and she went about the land as a missionary of womanly purity. All men and all women honored her with a higher admiration than her marvellous art could inspire. The noble womanhood which stood behind her voice was an uplifting influence, wherever that voice was heard; and the prostituted womanhood that stands behind other voices that we know, taints every ear that hears, and degrades every heart and life that consents to tolerate it so far as to sit in its presence.

PERSONAL ECONOMIES.

In this country, we naturally go to New England, and, alas! to an earlier time, for examples of personal economy and thrift. Almost any New Englander can recall a country minister who, on his little yearly salary of three or four hundred dollars, managed, by the help of his wife, to live respectably and comfortably, educate a large family for self-support and social usefulness, and lay up something every year against a rainy day which

comes in all men's lives. We have wondered how it was done, but we know it was done, and that he died at last the possessor of a nice little property. New England has been noted for its hard soil and its hard conditions generally, yet there is no other spot on the face of the earth that contains so much human comfort to the square mile. Every man born on New England soil tries and expects to better his condition during his life, and he goes to work at the beginning with this end definitely in view. The rich men of New England are men who began their prosperity with humble savings. Whatever their income was, they did not use it all. Twenty-five or fifty dollars a year was considered quite worth saving and laying by. These small sums, placed at interest, accumulated slowly but surely, until the day came at last when it was capital, to be invested in business with larger profits. A fortune acquired in this way was cohesive, strong and permanent.

We are quite aware that something of grace and loveliness was lost in the habit of these small economies. Men grew small quite too often, and pinched and stingy, by the influence of the habit of penny savings. This has been brought against New England as a reproach, but New England has replied, with truthfulness and pride, that no people of the country or of the world have been more benevolent than her own economical children. She points to the vast sums she has expended on Christian missions, and to the great public charities whose monuments crown her hill-tops, and shows that at the call of Christianity and humanity her purse, filled with such painstaking and self-denial, flies open and empties itself to fill the measure of the public need. At any rate, we know that there is not a State in all the West that has not gone to New England for the money to build her towns and her railroads, and that if she has ever been

laggard in her hospitalities, such as she has practised have been at her own expense, and not at that of her creditors. New England is rich—and this, after all, is what we are trying to say—notwithstanding a hard soil and an inhospitable climate: Circumstances were against her from the beginning, and economy was what enabled her to conquer circumstances, and to lift herself to the commanding position of wealth and influence which she holds to-day. The men who had an income of \$300 a year, at the beginning lived on \$200. The men who had an income of \$500 lived on \$300. Those whose income reached \$1,000 lived on half of that sum, and so on. They practised self-denial. They had no great opportunities for making money, and knew that wealth could only come to them through saving money. The old farmer who, when asked what the secret of his wealth was, replied: "When I got a cent I kep' it," told the whole story of New England thrift and comfort. Now, if we look around us here in the city of New York, we shall, in the light of this New England example, learn why it is that so many men and women drop into pauperism with such fearful rapidity on the first stoppage of income. We know very few men of fixed incomes who do not live up to the limit of these incomes, whatever it may happen to be. A man who this year has a salary of \$2,000 uses it all, and when it goes up to \$3,000 or \$4,000 he uses it all in the same way. It seems to make no difference how much he receives—the style and cost of living expand immediately so as to absorb all that comes. Those who have no fixed income, and are engaged in trade, adopt the style of the prosperous men around them, and strain every effort to bring up their income to meet the requirements of that style. Every family, instead of endeavoring to see how small they can make their expenses, endeavor to see how large they

can make them, or how large their income will permit them to be. The fixed purpose to save something out of every year's income, and so to graduate expenses that something shall be saved—the policy of rigid self-denial for the purpose of accumulating property, even though it be slowly, does not apparently exist in this community. So, when the bread-winner is disabled, or dies, his family drops into abject and utterly helpless poverty in a day, and all life is embittered thenceforward, simply because no self-denial had been practised while the worker lived, or was able to work. The man of small or modest income looks around him and sees many who are rich and who are not obliged to think of every penny they spend. He regards himself as their social equal, and wonders why it should be necessary for him to be so pinched in his spendings and so plain in his surroundings. He does not consider how much, and exactly what, the wealth which moves his envy has cost. He may be sure that somewhere, at the foundation of all the wealth he sees, there was once a man who practised rigid self-denial, and studiously lived within his income, and saved money although his income was small. All fortunes have their foundations laid in economy. The man who holds the money to-day may have inherited it through the accident of birth, but it cost his father or his grandfather years—perhaps a life-time—of economy and self-denial. There is no royal road to wealth any more than there is to learning. It costs hard work, and the relinquishment of many pleasures, and most men may have it who will pay its price. If they are not willing to do this, why, they must not complain of their lot when their day of adversity comes; and they ought to have the grace to make themselves just as little of a nuisance as possible to those who have secured a competence and paid the honest price for it.

AMERICAN HONESTY.

Any man who has travelled in Europe knows what the temptation is to buy and bring home articles that can be procured more cheaply there than in America, under the expectation that the customs officers will let them in free of duty ; and every observer knows that millions of dollars' worth of goods are imported annually in this way that pay no revenue to the Government. It is notorious, too, that many of our citizens go to Canada to buy clothing, and wear it home for the purpose of cheating the Government. Men of wealth and luxuriously living women, who would scorn to deal dishonorably with their neighbors, rejoice in the privilege of cheating their own Government, and boast of their success in doing so. They do not even suspect that they are doing wrong in this thing. They have no idea that they are acting meanly or dishonestly. They look upon this genteel kind of smuggling as a smart and harmless trick, and display to their friends the results of their shrewdness with pride and self-gratulation. We may find among these smugglers thousands who look upon the corruptions of politicians with indignation, yet not one of them could succeed in his smuggling enterprises save through the unfaithfulness of public officers, whom they reward for their treachery with a gift.

Would it not be well for us to remember, before we condemn the dishonesty which is so prevalent in the public service, that the politicians and office-holders are, on the whole, as honest as the people are? All that either of them seem to need is a temptation to dishonesty to make them dishonest. The office-holder takes advantage of his position to cheat his Government, and every genteel smuggler who lands from a European vessel, or crosses the Canada line, does the same thing

from the same motive. The radical trouble, with people and politicians alike, is the entertainment of the idea that stealing from the Government is not stealing at all—that a man has a right to get out of his Government all that he can without detection. They have not only brought their consciences into harmony with this idea, but they wilfully break the law of the land. In short, for the sake of a trifling advantage in the purchase of goods, they are willing to deceive, to tempt public officers to forswear themselves, to break the laws of their country, and to deprive the Government that protects them of a portion of the means by which it sustains itself in that service.

It is a startling fact that there is never a train wrecked without pickpockets on board, who immediately proceed to plunder the helpless passengers. These may not be professionals. They may never have picked a pocket in their lives before, but the temptation develops the thief. There is never a battle fought in any place where there are not men ready to plunder the slain. The devil, or the wild beast, has been there all the time, only waiting for an invitation to come out. Men look on and see a great city badly managed—see mayors and aldermen and politicians engaged in stealing and growing rich on corruption; but these men find thousands ready on all sides to engage in corrupt contracts, to render false bills of service, and to aid them in all rascally ways to fill their pockets with spoil. The men whom we send to our Legislatures to represent us seem quite willing to become the tools of corrupt men, and it is marvellous to see with what joy the residents of any locality receive the patronage of the Government, whether needed or not. That member of Congress who secures to his district the expenditure of Government money for the building of any “improvement,” no matter how absurdly un-

necessary, does much to secure his re-election. There is no denying the fact that the people are just as fond of spoil as the politicians are.

We find fault with the management of corporations, but all our corporations have virtuous stock-holders. Did anybody ever hear of these stock-holders relinquishing any advantage derived from dishonest management? Do they protest against receiving dividends of scrip coming from watered stock? Do they not shut their eyes to "irregularities," so long as they are profitable, and do not compromise their interests before the law? There is not a corporation of any importance in America which is not regarded as a fair subject for plunder by a large portion of the community. If a piece of land is wanted by a corporation, it is placed at once at the highest price. Any price that can be got out of a corporation for anything is considered a fair price. Corporations are the subjects of the pettiest and absurdest claims from all sorts of men. Men hang upon some of them like leeches, sucking their very life blood out of them.

And now, what do all these facts lead to? Simply to the conclusion that dishonesty in our Government and dishonesty in all our corporate concerns is based on the loose ideas of honesty entertained by our people. We have somehow learned to make a difference between those obligations which we owe to one another as men, and those which we owe to the Government and to corporations. These ideas are not a whit more prevalent among office-holders and directors than they are among voters and stock-holders. Men are not materially changed by being clothed with office and power. The radically honest man is just as honest in office as he is out of it. Corrupt men are the offspring of a corrupt society. We all need straightening up. The lines of our

morality all need to be drawn tighter. There is not a man who is willing to smuggle, and to see customs officers betray their trust while he does it—willing to receive the results of the sharp practice of directors of corporations in which he has an interest; willing to receive the patronage of the Government in the execution of schemes not based on absolute necessity; willing to take an exorbitant price for a piece of property sold to the Government or to a corporation—who is fit to be trusted with office. When we have said this, we have given the explanation of all our public and corporate corruption, and shown why it is so difficult to get any great trust managed honestly. All this official corruption is based on popular corruption—loose ideas of honesty as they are held by the popular mind; and we can hope for no reform until we are better based as a people in the everlasting principles of equity and right-doing. If we would have the stream clear, we must cleanse the fountain.

KEEPING AT IT.

Every man has his own definition of happiness; but when men have risen above the mere sensualities of life—above eating and drinking, and sleeping, and hearing, and seeing—they can come to something like an agreement upon a definition which, when formulated, would read something like this: "Happiness consists in the harmonious, healthy, successful action of a man's powers." The higher these powers may be, and the higher the sphere in which they move, the higher the happiness. The genuine "fool's paradise" is ease. There are millions of men, hard at work, who are looking for their reward to immunity from work. They would be quite content to purchase twenty-five years of leisure with twenty-five years of the most slavish drudg-

ery. Toward these years of leisure they constantly look with hope and expectation. Not unfrequently the leisure is won and entered upon ; but it is always a disappointment. It never brings the happiness which was expected, and it often brings such a change of habits as to prove fatal, either to health or to life.

A man who inherits wealth may begin and worry through three-score years and ten without any very definite object. In driving, in foreign travel, in hunting and fishing, in club-houses and society, he may manage to pass away his time ; but he will hardly be happy. It seems to be necessary to health that the powers of a man be trained upon some object, and steadily held there day after day, year after year, while vitality lasts. There may come a time in old age when the fund of vitality will have sunk so low that he can follow no consecutive labor without such a draft upon his forces that sleep cannot restore them. Then, and not before, he should stop work. But, so long as a man has vitality to spare upon work, it must be used, or it will become a source of grievous, harassing discontent. The man will not know what to do with himself ; and when he has reached such a point as that, he is unconsciously digging a grave for himself, and fashioning his own coffin. Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady, stimulating aim—a trend toward something. An aimless life can never be happy, or, for a long period, healthy. Said a rich widow to a gentleman, still laboring beyond his needs : “ Don’t stop ; keep at it.” The words that were in her heart were : “ If my husband had not stopped, he would be alive to-day.” And what she thought was doubtless true. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits, he finds unused time and un-

used vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies, or settled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die.

We have, and have had, in our own city some notable examples of business continued through a long life with unbroken health and capacities to the last. Mr. Astor, who has just passed away, undoubtedly prolonged his life by his steady adherence to business. There is no doubt that he lived longer and was happier for his continued work. If he had settled back upon the consciousness of assured wealth, and taken the ease that was so thoroughly warranted by his large possessions, he would undoubtedly have died years ago. Commodore Vanderbilt, also among the recently deceased, was a notable instance of healthy powers, continued by use. Many people wonder why such men continue to work when they might retire upon their money and their laurels ; but they are working, not only for happiness, but for life.

The great difficulty with us all is that we do not play enough. The play toward which men in business look for their reward should never be taken in a lump, but should be scattered all along their career. It should be enjoyed every day, every week. The man who looks forward to it wants it now. Play, like wit in literature, should never be a grand dish, but a spice ; and a man who does not take his play with his work never has it. Play ceases to be play to a man when it ceases to be relaxation from daily work. As the grand business of life, play is the hardest work a man can do.

Besides the motives of continued life and happiness to which we have called attention in this article, there is another of peculiar force in America, which binds us to labor while we live. If we look across the water, we shall find that nearly all the notable men die in har-

ness. The old men are the great men in Parliament and Cabinet. Yet it is true that a man does not so wholly take himself out of life in Europe as in America when he relinquishes business. A rich man in Europe can quit active affairs, and still have the consideration due to his talents, his wealth, and his social position. Here, a man has only to "count himself out" of active pursuits, to count himself out of the world. A man out of work is a dead man, even if he is the possessor of millions. The world walks straight over him and his memory. One reason why a rich and idle man is happier in Europe than at home is that he has the countenance of a class of respectable men and women living upon their vested incomes. A man may be respectable in Europe without work. After a certain fashion, he can be so here; but, after all, the fact that he has ceased to be active in affairs of business and politics makes him of no account. He loses his influence, and goes for nothing, except a relic with a hat on, to be bowed to. So there is no way for us but to "keep at it;" get all the play we need as we go on; drive at something, so long as the hand is strong and steady, and not to think of rest this side of the narrow bed, where the sleep will be too deep for dreams, and the waking will open into infinite leisure.

SUSPECTED DUTIES.

There is a large number of conscientious men and women in all society who suspect, with a considerable degree of pain, that they are not performing the duties which are incumbent upon them. They see duties to be done that somebody ought to do. They do not understand the reason why these duties do not belong to them, and yet they do not discover any motives, or any fitness in themselves to engage in them; and they blame themselves,

in a weak way, for the fact. They see the duties distinctly; they apprehend the necessities of society; and finding themselves competent to judge, and capable of a great many things, it seems to them that these duties are theirs. Rather, perhaps, they do not discover any reasons why they are not theirs. The consequence is a vague feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction with themselves. Somebody ought to lead in some political, or social, or religious movement. Should they do it, or should they leave it to somebody else? Perhaps they are called upon to lead, and they shrink from the work with a dread of which they are ashamed, but which they feel quite incompetent to overcome. They are called upon to speak publicly, to pray publicly, to put themselves forward as leaders, to assume responsibility, yet their whole nature rebels, and they are not only disgusted with themselves but they become most unhappy self-accusers. There are multitudes of men and women upon whom the burdens of suspected duties are heavier than the real ones, which they are only too glad to bear at any cost.

Now we believe there has been a great deal of wrong teaching upon this matter, especially in the churches. Modest, retiring men, and more modest and retiring women, have been forced to their feet or their knees, and to public utterance, by the unjust assurance that it was their duty to testify publicly to the faith that was in them. Church-going people have all heard men pray and speak who had no gift of utterance, who could neither help themselves nor edify others, in the performance of what they suspected, and what they were assured was their duty. Their work was an unspeakable pain to themselves, and a distress to others. The stereotyped phrases of prayer, and the common-places of exhortation, uttered with embarrassment, and listened

to with sympathetic pain, have made the conference meeting, in numberless instances, a dismal gathering—unattractive, in every respect, and unrefreshing. The man who suspects his duty, goes there with dread, and sits through all with distressing apprehension.

Politics go wrong. The politics of a neighborhood or a district are in bad hands. A true man, seeing this, begins at once to question his own duty in the premises. He feels that something ought to be done by somebody, but he feels no impulse or ability to lead in the work of reform, and blames himself for what he unmistakably regards as his own cowardice. A social evil arises, which somebody ought to suppress, and the good citizen feels himself incompetent or unmoved to grapple with it, and condemns himself for his own apathy. He suspects himself of shirking a duty, and is unhappy over it. He cannot rise in a public gathering and denounce wrong. He cannot meet and dispute with vicious or wrong-headed men. He dreads a personal collision of conviction and will as he would a street-fight.

Now, all these unhappy people, who live constantly in the presence of suspected duties, deserve the profoundest sympathy, no less than the wisest instruction. They are usually people who, by the purity of their personal character, and their sensitive conscientiousness, have a right to a comfortable mind, and a peaceful life. Duty goes hand-in-hand with ability. Men are to give in charity each "according to his ability," in money not only, but in all benevolent effort. The man who has one talent is not required to return the interest on ten. The eye is not the hand, and can never do the service of the hand. The hand is not the eye, or the ear, or the foot, and can only work in its own way. The eye may see a stone to be lifted, or kicked out of the road, but it needs to take no blame to itself because it feels no ability to

remove the obstacle. Men are not like each other ; they are most unlike. One delights in public speech, and is moved by all the powers of his nature to engage in it. One is at home only with his pen, but he goes into the battles of society bravely with that. One is a peacemaker, and finds his most grateful office in reconciling differences in families and social organizations. One is limited in power to his own family, or those bound to him by the ties of nature ; yet, in thousands of instances, these men are living with the painful suspicion that they are neglecting duties that actually lie far outside of the sphere of their abilities.

We suppose that when Mr. Moody was preaching in the Hippodrome there were hundreds who suspected that they ought to imitate his life and labor. Perhaps some of them ought to do so ; and the chances are that such of them as ought to do so will do so. They will be moved to it irresistibly, because the powers in them, corresponding to his, will clamor for their natural expression. But a man who is not moved to do this, is not convicted of being a poorer Christian than Mr. Moody by that fact. Mr. Moody has a gift for preaching—a gift for approaching men personally, and directing them wisely—a gift that has been greatly improved by use, of course, but still a gift, without which he could never have begun his mission. Most men have no gift for public speech, and therefore public speech is no part of their duty. They need not suspect themselves on this account, or blame themselves, or in any way make themselves unhappy over it.

There are a great many kinds of work to be done in the world, and just as many varieties of men who are made to do it. No one man can do the work of another. The business of each is to find exactly, or as nearly as he can, the work he is best fitted to do, and to do it with

all his might. This entire, overshadowing burden of suspected duties ought to be lifted, and the great world of dissatisfaction and self-condemnation that lies under it opened to the sunlight of peace. Our social and our religious teachers, especially the latter, have a duty in this matter toward their disciples which they need not suspect for a moment. They have no right to set a man to doing that which he can never do with profit to himself or others, or instil the feeling among those who listen to their instructions that their duty lies in lines outside of their conscious or proved abilities. The man who does his duty where he stands, with such implements as God has given him, has a right to the enjoyment of peace and satisfaction; and to make him suspect that he ought to do something more and something else, is to do him a life-long injury and a great wrong. It is to make a pitiful slave of one who has the right to be free.

THE PRUDENTIAL ELEMENT.

We have received a very candid and, in some respects, a very impressive letter, criticising Professor Sumner's recent article on "Socialism," published in this Magazine. We make space for a paragraph.

"He (Professor Sumner) is evidently more a student of political economy than of moral economy; for he seems to believe in those economic laws which offer their rewards to the sharp, rather than the moral man. The present economic laws are based upon free competition. Here the intellectual, subtile man has greatly the advantage. Right is determined by might in this as much as in the savage state, only here it is intellectual rather than physical might which controls."

The writer goes on to say that this kind of civilization is "only a step out of the merely natural brutal instincts," that men are mostly made and their lives directed by circumstances, and then he gives the familiar

proposition that "one-tenth of the population of England die paupers *in order that* another tenth may live in luxury and die millionaires."

No account is taken in what we have quoted, and no account is taken in the letter, of the prudential element in human life and human society. This is the more remarkable because our correspondent assumes the rôle of morality with which that element is indissolubly associated. It is not true that the great victories of life are to the sharp and immoral man, as a rule. Here and there, by sharpness and cunning, men rise into wealth, but that wealth is not of a kind that is apt to remain. *It takes a certain amount of virtue, of self-denial, of morality, to lay up and keep money.* In the lives of nearly all rich men there have been periods of heroic self-denial, of patient industry, of Christian prudence. Circumstances did not make these men rich. The highest moral prudence made them rich. While their companions were dancing away their youth, or drinking away their middle age, these men were devoted to small economies—putting self-indulgence entirely aside.

If our correspondent or our readers will recall their companions, we think the first fact they will be impressed with is the measure of equality with which they started in the race for competence or wealth. The next fact they will be impressed with is the irregularity of the end. Then, if they make an inquisition into the causes of the widely varying results, they will be profoundly impressed with the insignificant part "circumstances" have played in those results. Circumstances? Why the rich man's son who had all the "circumstances" of the town has become a beggar. The poor, quiet lad, the only son of his mother—and she a widow, who could only earn money enough to procure for her boy the commonest education—is a man of wealth and has be-

come a patron of his native village. The man who possesses and practises virtue, makes his own circumstances. The self-denying, prudent man creates around himself an atmosphere of safety where wealth naturally takes refuge, provided, of course, that the man has the power to earn it, either in production, or exchange, or any kind of manual or intellectual service.

We are sorry that our correspondent, who seems intelligent in some things, should betray the ignorance or lack of reflection that appears in his proposition relating to the English paupers and millionnaires. Nothing could be more grossly and abominably untrue than the statement that "one-tenth of the population of England die paupers *in order that* another tenth may live in luxury and die millionnaires." There is not between the poverty of one class and the wealth of the other the slightest relation of effect to cause. If the poor people of England had taken for the last few centuries the gold that wealth has paid to them for work in honest wages, and used it only in legitimate expenses, if they had not debauched themselves with drink, spending not only their money but their life and their power to work upon a consuming appetite, the pauper class would be too insignificant to talk about. It is not "circumstances" that reduces the British workman to pauperism; it is beer, or gin. The waste that goes on in England, through the consumption of alcoholic drinks, is the cause of its pauperism.

The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through a lack of the prudential virtues. It is not always that a pauper wastes his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised

self-denial under temptation ; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now, who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes ? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth ?

Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle ! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen : " Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not in any way to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.

EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY.

THE ORNAMENTAL BRANCHES.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S views of education, as contained in his book on that subject, now for some years before the public, ought by this time to have made some impression, and worked out some practical result. We fear, however, that it has accomplished little beyond giving to a wise man or woman, here or there, a shocking glimpse into the hollowness of our time-honored educational systems. It is equally amusing and humiliating to those of us who live in this boasted civilization of the nineteenth century to see this philosopher pick our systems in pieces, and show how they are founded on the instincts of savagery. Decoration of the body precedes dress, and dress is developed out of the desire to be admired. In all savage life the idea of ornament predominates over that of use, and Mr. Spencer says that we who are civilized think more of the fineness of a fabric than its warmth, and more about the cut than the convenience.

He then goes on to say that like relations hold with the mind. Here also the ornamental comes before the useful. That knowledge which conduces to personal well-being has been postponed to that which brings applause, especially in the case of women. So far as women are concerned, all this goes without saying, but Mr. Spencer goes farther than this, and asserts that in the

education of men the rule holds in only a less remarkable degree. Here we can do no better than to quote his own words, which are enough to make the blood of a college president run cold :

" We are guilty of something like a platitude when we say that throughout his after career, a boy, nine cases out of ten, applies his Latin and Greek to no practical purpose. The remark is trite that in his shop or his office, or managing his estate or his family, or playing his part as director of a bank or a railway, he is very little aided by this knowledge he took so many years to acquire—so little that, generally, the greater part of it drops out of his memory ; and if he occasionally vents a Latin quotation, or alludes to some Greek myth, it is less to throw light upon the topic in hand than for the sake of effect. If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion. As the Orinoco Indian puts on his paint before leaving his hut, not with a view, to any direct benefit, but because he would be ashamed to be seen without it, so a boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have ' the education of a gentleman '—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect."

Now, if a smaller man than Mr. Spencer had said this, his words might be passed by as of no moment whatever, but they are spoken deliberately by one of the masters of the age. We are told distinctly that the study of Latin and Greek is almost purely for ornamental purposes, that these languages are of no practical use in any of the ordinary affairs of life, and that when they are used it is chiefly for show. He has not a word to say of their disciplinary effect upon the mind, of their usefulness in exhibiting the sources of modern language, of their being the repositories and vehicles of ancient valuable literatures. No ; it is all for ornament. Latin and Greek

are ornamental branches, and to these the best years of the life of our youth are given. If the stock arguments in favor of these studies were offered, it would be quite in order for him, or any one, to answer that the disciplinary effect of the study of German and French—not to speak of the English which it is the fashion to neglect altogether—can hardly be less than that of Greek and Latin; and that the ancient literatures exist in translations easily read by all who find either knowledge or nutriment in them. Is it true—this which Mr. Spencer so deliberately asserts? Is it true that the precious years of tens of thousands of young men are thus thrown away?—for that is the amount of his assertion. Is it true that fathers and guardians are spending their money for naught?—that widowed mothers are pinching themselves that their sons may acquire useless knowledge?—that homes are left by thousands of young men when homes would be of incalculable use to them for nothing but the acquisition of knowledge without value? Is all this half true?

We very strongly suspect that Mr. Spencer is right, or at least half right, and that the whole civilized world, among the highest forces of its civilization, is squandering the best years of its young men—sacrificing them to a fashion. It ought not to be difficult at this day to establish a curriculum of liberal study which should embrace mainly useful knowledge. The realm of science has been so greatly enlarged, and the relations of science to life have been so widely discovered and recorded; the importance of a familiar knowledge of German and French is so great now, that original scientific researches are largely published in those languages, and the intercourse of the most advanced nations is so constantly increasing, that it would seem as if Latin and Greek must, perforce, be pushed out by the common sense of the

people and the conscious lack of time for the study of them.

We have in these days a great deal of crowding of young men. To fit for college now is to do almost what many of our fathers did to get through college. The greatest care of health has to be taken to keep from breaking the boys down. They practise physical exercise, and we study dietetics for them, and manage, in all the wise ways we know, to keep the poor fellows up to their work, and yet, with every sort of "ponying" and cramming, it is all they can do to get through. And when they get through, what have they on hand or mind that compensates them for their tremendous expenditure? As Mr. Spencer elsewhere says, in this same book, most things that a boy learns which are of any real use to him he learns after leaving college. The truth is, that all this crowding to which the boys are now subjected results from the attempt to add to the old curriculum from the ever-growing repertory of "knowledge." When, some years ago, the talk of "relieving Broadway" was the fashion, the stage-drivers struck for higher wages, and every line of omnibuses was stopped. It was at once discovered that getting rid of the omnibuses "relieved" Broadway, and that without them it would be a very pleasant street. Indeed, if the relief had been long enough continued, it is quite probable there would have been a movement made to prevent their return. Greek and Latin have only to be removed from the principal street through which our educational processes pass to relieve it, and make it one in which our children can walk with freedom and delight.

This may be deemed somewhat sweeping doctrine, but we are in good company, and are quite content with our backing. That something should be known of Latin and Greek—enough to aid us in understanding the

form and meaning of scientific nomenclature—is evident enough; but that every liberally educated man should be made to know enough of those languages to teach them is absurd and cruel. We rejoice in the scientific schools, and the scientific “courses of study” connected with academic institutions. They mark the beginning of a better system of things, and, in the long run, they will confer such superior advantages upon young men in preparing for the practical work of life that they will absorb most of the students, or compel classical studies to take a lower and subordinate place in the average college curriculum. But it is not a pleasant thing to reflect upon that, with boys as with girls, time and effort are mainly spent upon “the ornamental branches” of education. We are accustomed to having girls spend years upon the acquirement of arts of music and drawing that are never practised, and upon French that is never spoken, and that could not be understood if it were; but when we are told by the highest authorities that the Latin and Greek which our boys spend all their youth upon are of no use, it is rather discouraging, and we begin to wish that our universities would take counsel of common sense rather than of fashion and precedent, so that we may spend money and life no more for that which is not bread.

FITTING FOR COLLEGE.

The difficulty that some young men have in the endeavor to enter the colleges of their choice, makes desirable a public discussion of the matter, that both parents and young men may have a more intelligent comprehension of just what they have to do. A boy, we will say, attends a private school in New York. The school is near the boy’s home, the teacher is all that is desirable in character and acquirements; one of his

special functions is to fit young men for college, and so the boy is kept there, much to the comfort of his parents, who like, as long as possible, to keep their children near them.

Now, it should be understood that a boy, attempting to fit for college in this way, works at an immense disadvantage. In the first place, where so many boys are brought together in a miscellaneous way, they will be found to have varying predilections for the different colleges. One wishes to fit for Harvard, one for Yale, one for Columbia, one for Princeton, one for Amherst, and so on. Now, these colleges have widely differing standards in a general way, and widely differing requirements in particulars. There is necessity for classification in the economy of labor; and so these boys, who are fitting for various colleges, are put together. Now, while one of them may be fitted for one college, he may not be at all fitted for another, or not fitted in some essential particulars. One of them enters the college of his choice without difficulty, and all the rest, perhaps, are conditioned, or fail entirely, and they, with their parents, are subjected to a great disappointment and a great mortification from which they never entirely recover.

Again, an ordinary private school in the city is attended by a large number who do not intend to fit for college at all. They are the sons, perhaps, of business men, who intend to make business men of them. Probably the majority of the boys in the larger and smaller private academies of the city have no view to a college training, though some of them may be getting ready to go away to some special preparatory school. At any rate, the schools have no drift in the direction of the college. There is no unity of aim, no class spirit, no emulation among a large body of boys who are running along a

common track toward a common goal. The schools are lakes of educational and social eddies. They are not streams that drive on toward a single debouchure into the sea. Now, no man who understands the nature of a boy can fail to see that in institutions like these, he works at a very great disadvantage. Class life has a wonderful influence on a boy. It is in this life that he not only learns to measure himself, but he is immensely stimulated by sympathy and society. The school that has a common drift and aim, common plans, common topics of conversation, common text-books, and knows exactly what it is trying to do, and what it must do, is that in which any boy will do best.

The disappointments which come in such numbers to parents and boys every year, grow mainly out of the fact that the boys have not had a fair chance. They have been kept in schools where they have always studied at a disadvantage. It may not be that they have lacked at all in faithful study, but it has all been up-hill, with influences around them that have never helped, but always hindered them.

We have now, scattered about in different parts of the country, eminent preparatory schools, officered and appointed for their special work. They have some, perhaps many, students in them who are not fitting for the college, but the controlling influences all tend toward the college. Nearly every one of these institutions has a special affiliation with a college, and it is understood that the most of those who attend any particular one of them will go to a certain college. There are schools that fit for Harvard. There are those that fit for Yale, or Princeton, or Cornell, or Columbia. There was probably never a time when these schools were as good as they are to-day. Some of them have the reputation even of fitting too well, so that a student who enters

college from them finds himself with so little to do during the first year that he loses his industry, and is surpassed in the long run by those who simply get in, and are obliged to work hard during the first year to keep in.

Any school of miscellaneous and multitudinous aims is a bad school for special work, no matter what the work may be. Any school whose social influences cannot be harnessed in with the educational and guided toward a common object, and that object the college, cannot be the best in which to fit a boy for college. So let the boys have a fair chance. If they cannot find the preparatory school they need in the city, they must go to the country—go somewhere, at least, to a school whose function it is to do the special work desired. If this rule were strictly followed, the great army of the mismanaged and the plucked, every year turned away from our universities, would be very much reduced.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTION.

One would suppose that, after the discussions of educational processes with which the platform and the press have teemed during the last two decades, professional educators would be thoroughly furnished with sound ideas and excellent methods. At least, the college, which assumes the highest place among educational institutions, should present a system of instruction above reproach; yet it seems to us that the college is particularly lame in its methods, and unsatisfactory in its results. Nothing, for instance, can be more mechanical and unsatisfactory than the system of marking, as it is pursued, say, during the first year of college life. In the first place, the class is put almost entirely in the hands of young and comparatively inexperienced instructors. At a time when the pupil needs direction

and inspiration, if he ever does, he is left almost entirely to himself, or to those whose experiences of life are so limited that they are not accepted as directors, and whose lack of character framed upon experience forbids the exercise of influence. The average tutor is very rarely an instructor. The pupil's business is to acquire from books the power to answer questions, and the tutor's business is to ask the questions and mark the results to the pupil in his answers. Automata could probably be built to do the work of the tutor, in all essential particulars, and in such a case the result to the pupil would be much the same that it is now—a wretched grind, in which the chief interest attaches rather to the marks than to the studies.

Now, if the power to answer questions is the chief end of man, or the chief end of education, if marks can be made, or are ever used, to measure manhood, or power to reason or to do, the present system is much nearer right than we suppose it to be. But the truth is that marks tell nothing about a student, except about his power to acquire from a book, and his power to recite glibly what he has acquired. For it must be remembered that many a young man has not the power to recite in a class-room, in the presence of his mates, what he has faithfully learned, and is thus made to suffer in his marks, and, consequently, in his standing, for a fault of temperament for which he is not responsible. The matter of teaching is, as a rule, left out of the tutor's functions. His business is to hear recitations, in studies in which he gives neither direction nor assistance. He is a marker; that is his special business. If "no boy ever loved the man who taught him Latin," whose fault would it be likely to be? The truth is that when the tasks of college are irksome and hateful it is the teacher's fault, as a rule; for it is within the power of any com-

petent teacher to make any study delightful. When students are properly introduced to an author, or a study, and are really directed or led by a sympathetic and competent mind, they are happy in their work, and it is the universal testimony of students that the young tutor is the hard man of the college. They much prefer to be in the hands of the older men. They are treated more like men by the older teachers, and less like machines. They prefer to be in the hands of men who seem interested to find out what they know, and careless to learn what they don't know, and to trip them upon opportunity.

It seems to us that a great deal too much of college work is put upon young men, who may be very acute and very learned, but not very wise ; and that the system of marking, as at present pursued, is very poorly calculated to nourish the self-respect of the young men subjected to it. It also forces into prominence a motive of study which is anything but the best. The great business of the student is, not to acquire knowledge and discipline and power, but to get marks. This motive is absolutely forced upon him, and it is a mean and childish one, and he knows and feels it, too, very much at the expense of his self-respect. His standing in his class, the reports of his position to his parents, even his power to stay in the college at all, depend upon his marks. Marks are the ghosts that haunt him by night, and the phantoms that track him by day. Now he knows, and everybody knows, that men cannot be ticketed off justly in this way, and he may know that he is ten times the man that another student is who may win better marks, through his facility in committing to memory, and reciting off-hand. We have said that the motive forced upon him is a childish one. We know many students who feel this keenly, and who believe with us that if

students were treated more like men by professors interested in them and in their progress, any apparent need for treating them like children, that may at present exist, would pass away.

We have said, also, that the student's power to stay in college at all depends upon his marks. This is the most astounding thing connected with this whole matter. The only remedy that seems to have been devised for the treatment of a slow student, by these great public educational institutions whose real business is to educate him, is to drop him ; and to drop him is, nine times in ten, to discourage him and ruin him. Can anything more lame and impotent in the way of a conclusion be imagined? The result is absolutely rascally and criminal. It is a natural outcome, however, of the mechanical system which we regard as essentially vicious. The college seems to be regarded by its faculty as a great mill, into which the boys are turned as a grist. Everything that will not go through the hopper is thrown away, no matter what personal powers and aspirations, or what family hopes may go with it.

Of course we understand the conveniences of the marking system. It throws the responsibility of the student's progress upon himself, and entirely relieves the faculty. That is a very great convenience—to the faculty—but, as the college is paid for educating him, it is hardly fair to the student himself, or his family. Then it is so much easier to judge a man by his power to recite a lesson, than it is by his power to solve an intellectual problem, or to do an intellectual piece of work of any kind! Then, still again, it is a kind of work that can be trusted to young men, who have just gone through the process and are accustomed to the machinery—in-deed, are products of it!

Gentlemen of the college, is there not some better

way—a way that will make more and harder work for you, perhaps, but a way that will more thoroughly nourish the sense of manhood among your students, and give them a nobler motive for work than that which you force them to regard as the principal motive—a nobler motive which will make study a joy, and invest them with a feeling of dignity and a sentiment of self-respect? To treat students like gentlemen, and less like children or machines, and to come more into contact with them as guides and teachers, and less as task-masters, would, in our opinion, make better students out of them and exceedingly better men. We cannot doubt, we may say, in closing, that too much college work is given to young men to do. Their work is drudgery, perhaps, which the older men would gladly escape, but no work done in college should be drudgery, if pursued with the right spirit and policy, and with adequate intelligence.

TEACHERS AND TASK-MASTERS.

We are sorry for the man who did not have, at some period of his childhood or youth, one teacher who filled him with the enthusiasm of study, and brought him into love with knowledge and into a genuine delight in the use of his intellectual powers; one teacher—to state it briefly—who understood his business. For, with all the advances made in the theories and methods of education, and all the elevation of educational standards, it is, and remains, true, that the poorest work done in the world is done in the school-room.

In the first place, there is no competent idea of what education really is, in the average teacher's mind. His whole training has misled him, and his own instincts and common sense have in no way corrected his educational influences. His work has been the careful and industrious memorizing of the materials of his text-books, and

he has no idea of educating others except by the same process. He has never been taught; he has simply been tasked. He is, consequently, a dry man, without enthusiasm and without ideas; and the work that he does is simply that of a task-master. A preacher, in order to succeed, must not only be an enthusiast, but he must be profoundly interested in the kind of material that comes to his hand to be molded and influenced, and in the processes through which he acts upon it. He exercises all the ingenuities of address and handling, to win attention, and is never satisfied until he has awakened a profound interest in the topics that engage his efforts. Every live preacher has his own way of work, and accounts it a misfortune to find himself lapsing into the mere mechanisms of his profession. So unlike him is the average teacher, that a pupil is always surprised to find him an interesting person, who gets outside of his mechanical routine of duty. A teacher's duty, as it is commonly understood, is to keep order and hear recitations. Beyond this, he is to mark progress in education, as he most incompetently understands it, by arithmetical formulæ. Nothing more uninteresting and mechanical can be imagined than the usual routine of school.

Parents often wonder why their children are not interested in their studies. Why! in the way in which their studies are conducted, it is quite impossible that they should be interested. The marvel is that they have sufficient interest in their tasks to pursue them at all. Machine education is no more interesting than machine preaching. It is simply a long, dry grind, which children are glad to get through with, and upon which they look back with anything but pleasure and satisfaction.

The ordinary teacher will naturally inquire what we would have. It is very hard to tell an incompetent man

what he cannot himself see, of the requirements of his own calling ; but we have a very definite idea of what we desire, and of what we believe to be needed. In the first place, no pupil should ever undertake a study to which he has not been properly and competently introduced. The nature of the study, its relations to all other study and to life, the proper methods of pursuing it, the literature connected with it—all these should be presented and explained in such a way that a pupil on beginning has some idea of what he is undertaking, and the reasons for his undertaking it. Then, from this time, the educator is to remember that he is less a task-master than a teacher, and that if his pupils do not get along well, it is mainly his fault. If they have been properly presented to the study, and their way into it has been made interesting by his intelligent and enthusiastic leading, they will be interested ; otherwise, not. We have known pupils to go through years of study in the mathematics without understanding anything as they ought to do, and, at last, to bring their study to a most fruitless and unsatisfactory termination, simply because they had a teacher who regarded himself as only a task-master, and would never take the time and pains to teach them and make the steps of their progress plain. No man is fit to teach who will leave a pupil floundering in and through a study for the want of intelligent help and direction. It is a teacher's business to teach, and not to leave his pupils to find out what they can themselves, and hold them responsible for their own instruction. Education is not the result of memorizing facts, nor wholly of understanding and arranging them, of course ; but so long as we study text-books, and practically record our progress by means of them, there is no such inspirer as an intelligent, sympathetic and enthusiastic teacher.

The public have not held teachers to their true responsibility. We send a young lad or a young girl to school, and find that, while we are paying out a great deal of money for them, they are gaining nothing. We complain, and are informed that our children are not industrious, that they do not seem interested in their studies, that they are absorbed in play, etc., etc. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred, our disappointment is entirely the fault of the teacher. He or she is simply incompetent for the duty they have undertaken. A first-class teacher always has good pupils. Lack of interest in study is always the result of poor teaching. We send a boy to college, and find that he regards his studies as a grind—that he is only interested in getting good marks, and that he is getting no scholarly tastes, and winning no scholarly delights. We inquire, and find him in the hands of a young tutor, without experience, who really pretends to be no more than a task-master, and who knows nothing, and seems to care nothing, about the office of teaching. The placing of large masses of young men in the hands of inexperienced persons, who do not pretend to do more than to set tasks and record the manner in which they are performed, without guidance or assistance, is a gross imposition of the college upon a trusting public, and it is high time that an outcry so determined and persistent is raised against it that it shall procure a reform.

COLLEGE TRUSTEES AND PROFESSORS.

We suppose there are few successful professional and literary men who do not receive many letters from the young, asking for their advice on matters relating to a career. There is a sense of ignorance and a yearning for direction among large masses of bright and ambitious young men, that seek for satisfaction in a great

variety of ways. Now, there is no influence that goes so far with these as an example. They are peculiarly inspired by a great practical life, which wins, or drives its way successfully through the world ; and the call for prescriptive advice is simply a declaration of the absence of inspiring example within the immediate vision of the applicants. It is as natural for a young man to look for a model, and to put himself under the influence of an inspiring personality, as it is to breathe ; and when and where this inspiration is wanting, we shall always find young men seeking for counsel.

In view of what seem to be the facts of the case, we are compelled to believe that this matter is made small account of in the appointment of college officers. To begin with the trustees: we would like to inquire what motives usually prevail in determining their election. It happens that there are, here and there, boards of trustees at the head of our literary institutions, made up of men who are really inspiring powers upon the students and professors alike ; and it is notorious that there are others, and perhaps, the majority, who are held by both in contempt. They are ignorant, incapable of good except as they may be led by the faculties under them, niggardly, short-sighted, conservative, illiberal, and with no more apprehension of the high duties of their office and the march of improvement, and the growing necessities and requirements of the times, than they would be if they were made of wood and iron. A board of trustees of this stamp is, of course, a clog upon any institution. How many boards like this, held either in good-natured or ill-natured contempt by the professors and students under them, have we in the country ? We fear that there are a great many, made up of men who have been placed in trust because they have influence in the financial world—because they have money and need to

be flattered into leaving endowments—because they have intrigued for the eminence which has been bestowed upon them—because they have shown themselves wise in scheming for themselves in fields that have no alliance with learning.

Now, the college trustee ought to be a man, not only of learning, but of an eminence that grows, and can only grow, out of learning, or in association with it—a man who knows the needs of a college not only because he has been through it, but because he knows the world, takes the measure of his time, sees the drift of progress, apprehends opportunities. He should be a man whose presence is an inspiration—a man whose life, blossoming with culture and crowned with success, is a stimulant and a tonic upon all the college life, alike of professors and students. The difference in the influence of a board of trustees, made up of men of whom such a man is the type, and one made up of the ordinary trustee material, is so great that the observing outsider can only wonder that the prevalent absurdity can live for a year. We should like to know how many boards of faculty are at this moment making all their progress in spite of stupid trustees, who lie back in their breeching like mules flapping their hybrid ears in protest!

Something was said in the editorial pages of this magazine last month on the need of literary men as professors of literature in our colleges. The article of Professor Beers upon Yale, which appeared in *Scribner* some months ago, recognized the literary bent of the Cambridge students as a somewhat distinctive characteristic of Harvard, though he attributed it to another cause than the influence of Lowell and Longfellow. A recent editorial in the *New York Times* took strong ground in favor of literary men in literary professorships.

But there is a wider view to take of this whole subject.

The college professor, as a rule, is bound up in his specialty. He has but one side to him, and that is always turned toward the college. He has no side turned toward the world. He teaches within the walls what he has learned, and betrays no fructification of thought and life in production. He gets into his rut, which grows deeper and deeper with the passing years until, at last, his head sinks below the surface, and he loses sight of the world and the world of him. Now, the difference in their influence upon a student, between such a man as this and one who writes successfully—or preaches successfully—or speaks successfully—or investigates successfully in new fields, must be, in the nature of things, very great. To the professor who has met the world's life in any way, and won a place in the world's thought and regard, and become an outside power and influence, the student turns as naturally for instruction and inspiration as a flower turns toward the sun. Even a single professor in an academic institution, who shows by attractive production that his learning has really fructified his mind, will have more influence in determining the college life, and that which goes out from it, than all the rest of the faculty put together. The students know that they are to meet and, if possible, to master life. There is not a bright one among them who does not know that his learning will avail him little if it does not give him practical power; so that every exhibition of that power among those who teach him leads and inspires him.

Suppose such a man as George William Curtis were at the head of a college department—a man ready and graceful in speech, acute in politics, facile and accomplished in all literary expression, familiar with history, courteous and happy in social intercourse—what would be the effect upon the students under him, compared

with that of a professor who only knows the duties of his chair, and who is but a helpless baby outside of it? To ask the question is to answer it, and cover our whole argument. The culture and drift of the college would be toward him, not at all because he would be a teacher, but because he would be an inspirer. Take such a man as Julius Seelye, who has just been elected to the presidency of Amherst—a man who is a recognized power in the pulpit—who presents the argument for Christianity to the wise men of India—who demonstrates the fact that, although he is a teacher and a preacher, he is quite capable of statesmanship in the halls of national legislation, and compare his influence upon a body of students with that of the average college president.

The simple truth is, that there is nothing which our colleges need more than men of public power and influence—men who can not only teach their specialties, but, by their life and example, point the way to usefulness, and influence upon the world—men who have a side for the world as well as for the college, and who, by their knowledge of the world, and the practical ways of reaching it and acting upon it, are able to guide and inspire as well as to instruct and enrich.

AN ASPECT OF THE LABOR QUESTION.

There is probably no country in which heredity has played so unimportant a part in the national employment as it has in America. No true American child thinks the better of a calling from the fact that his father has followed it. In European countries, especially upon the continent, men inherit the trades and callings of their fathers. Here, they are quite apt to despise them and to leave them. Our farmers' boys and the sons of our blacksmiths and carpenters all try for something higher—for an employment that may be considered

more genteel. This is the result of certain ideas that were early put afloat in the American mind, and have been sedulously cultivated—in the newspapers, in books prepared for the young, and in the public schools. Every boy has been told more than once—indeed, most boys have had it drilled into them—that the Presidency of the United States is within their reach; that it is a part of their business to raise themselves and better themselves; especially, to raise themselves above the condition to which they were born. Somehow or other, in the nurture of these ideas there have been developed certain opinions, with relation to the different callings of life, as regards gentility, respectability, and desirableness for social reasons. The drift of the American mind has been away from all those employments which involve hard manual labor. The farm is not popular with the American young man. The idea of learning a useful trade is not a popular one with the typical American lad, or even with his parents. If he get a liberal education, he must become a professional man. If he get a tolerable education, he must become a semi-professional—a dentist perhaps, or the follower of some genteel employment of that sort. He drifts away from his farm into some of the centres of trade and manufactures; he becomes a clerk in a store, or a teacher of a school, or a practiser of some art that relieves him from the drudgery of the farm and has an air of greater respectability.

The young man's sisters are affected by the same ideas. Housework, to them, is low work, menial work. It is not respectable. They go into factories, they become what are denominated "sales-ladies." Even the poor people who have hard work to keep body and soul together are affected by these same notions. We know of families where the daughters are not taught to sew, where they are instructed in none of the more useful arts,

and where they aspire to raise themselves to professions of various sorts, to anything but manual work. The consequence is that in days of business depression, when labor is hard to procure, and those who have money are obliged to cut off some part of their luxuries, these people are stranded in gentility and their genteel notions, and are the most helpless part of our population. They can do nothing useful, and are absolutely cut off from all sources of revenue. Some of the most pitiful cases we have met during the past five years have been cases of this character. One lady tells us: "My girls are as good as anybody's girls!"—a statement which we deny, because they are not able to make their own dresses or cook their own food. And the fact that her girls are as good as anybody's girls is regarded as a matter of pride, when they are as helpless as babes, and when they are actually ashamed to undertake any useful work whatever, unless that work happen to square with their notions of gentility.

We feel that this is all a mistake. Heaven forbid that we should suppress any man's or any woman's aspirations after excellence or after improvement of personal position. We understand all this, and sympathize with it all. But it is not possible that the whole American people can rise out of ordinary, useful labor, into high position. It is not possible that every lad who goes to a district school can become President of the United States. These useful employments on the farm and in the shop of the mechanic lie at the basis of all our national prosperity. This work must be done, and somebody must do it—and those who are best adapted to it must do it. No greater wrong can be done to a lad than to lift him from the employment to which he is best adapted into something which seems to him to be higher. In these days, the foreigner is the man, as a rule, who does the

work. In travelling over the country, if one loses a shoe from a horse, the chances are many that the blacksmith he will find at the wayside will be an Irishman. The old Yankee blacksmith has "gone out," as we say, and we are to-day dependent upon the person we import from Europe for the work that is necessary to carry on the farm, for the work that is necessary to carry on our manufactures, both in a large and in a small way, for the work of the kitchen, and for all the service of the household.

It is very hard for a man who has been bred an American to conceive of such a thing as over-education for what are known as the common people. Yet there is something in the education of our common people, or something in the ideas which have been imbibed in the course of their education, which seems to unfit them for their work, which makes them discontented, which disturbs them, and makes it well-nigh impossible for them to accept the conditions of the lot into which they are born, and the employments which have been followed by their parents. It has become, indeed, a very serious matter, and deserves the profound attention of our educators and political economists. If by any study or any chance we could learn the cause of these great changes and obviate it, it would be a boon to the American people. As it is to-day, the avenues to what are called genteel employments are choked with the crowds pushing into them from our public schools. Young men with good muscles and broad backs are standing behind shopmen's counters, who ought to be engaged in some more manly pursuits, who would have a better outlook before them and would have a better life and more self-respect, if they were doing a man's work behind a plough or behind a plane. There are women in large numbers striving for genteel employments, who would be a thousand

times better in body and mind, if they were engaged in household work. There are men and women even in hard times, when they hardly know where their next meal is coming from, and have not the slightest idea how they are to procure their next new garment, who are still very difficult to please in the matter of work, and who will crowd their daughters into stores and shops, rather than apprentice them to dress-makers where they may learn a useful trade and earn increased wages. In the meantime, the more sensible foreigner is picking up industriously and carefully all the threads dropped in those industries which were once purely American, and the Americans pure and simple are becoming ruinously and absurdly genteel.

GREAT SHOPKEEPERS.

There are certain advantages that come to the community through the existence of great fortunes. There is no doubt that it is better for a man to hire a house of one who owns a hundred houses than to hire the only house a man owns. The Astors are good landlords, because their money is all invested in houses. The renting of houses is their business. Their estates are large—gigantic, in fact, and, so that they get a good tenant, and a constant one, they are content with a moderate percentage on their investment. They have money enough to keep their property in good repair, and they do not feel compelled to press a tenant to the highest possible price. There are certain advantages that come to the community and the country through such a fortune as that of Commodore Vanderbilt, invested and managed as he invests and manages it. A man whose fortune lifts him above the temptation to steal, and who possesses large organizing and administrative capacities, may be a genuine public benefactor, in the handling of

great corporate interests. There is no question, we suppose, that the great railroad over which Commodore Vanderbilt has exercised control for the last decade, has been better managed for the country and the stockholders than it ever was before. The road has been improved, it has been well run, it has accommodated the public, it has paid its employes, it has paid dividends, it has paid its interest.

It is true, also, that there must be large accumulations of capital in private hands, in order that the people may get many of the necessities of life cheaply. The book that a man buys for five dollars may, and often does, cost fifty thousand to prepare for the press. The shirting that a laboring man wears can only be purchased cheaply because some man, or combination of men, have been willing to risk half a million or a million of dollars in the erection and appointment of a mill. The simple plated service of a mechanic's tea-table could only be produced at its price in an establishment costing immense sums of money, and employing large numbers of men, who are equally benefited with the purchasers of the ware produced. There are a thousand ways in which great capitalists are of daily benefit to the world.

New York has just been called upon to bury its great shopkeeper. The name of A. T. Stewart was known throughout the world. He had amassed a colossal fortune, he had lived a reputable life, he had done, and he was doing at the time of his decease, a larger business in his way than any other man in the world. We have no criticisms of the man to offer. He made his immense accumulations by what is called "legitimate trade;" he did what he would with his own; he left it as he chose to leave it. We share the common disappointment that he who seemed so competent to win money for his own benefit failed to dispose of it in such a way as to re-

dound to his everlasting renown. We are sorry for his own sake, and the city's sake, that he did not associate with his name some great gift to the public, which would embalm him in the affectionate memory of a people from whose purses he took the profits that made him superfluously rich. It would have been a good thing for him to do, but he has lost his chance, and there is nothing to be said or done about it.

This, however, may be said—and this is what we started to say—his business was one which he did not do, and could not do, without a depressing influence upon all who were dependent upon the same business for a livelihood. His great establishment was a shadow that hung over all the others in the town. The man with ten or twenty thousand dollars; the man with a hundred thousand dollars; the man with one thousand dollars, each, alike, was obliged to compete with this man, who had millions outside of the necessities of his enormous business. The hosier, the hatter, the woman in her thread-and-needle shop, the milliner, the glove-dealer, the carpet-dealer, the upholsterer, all were obliged to compete with Stewart. If he had followed a single line of business, it would have been different; but he followed all lines. Wherever he saw a profit to be made, in any line of business that was at all congruous with dry-goods, he made it. He thus became a formidable competitor with half the shopkeepers in New York. His capital made it possible for him to ruin men by the turn of his hand—to fix prices at which everybody was obliged to sell at whatever loss. However proud the New Yorker may have been of his wonderful establishment—and there is no doubt that it was pretty universally regarded with pride—it is easy now to see that our business men at large would be in a much better condition if that establishment had never existed. If all

the money that has gone to swell his useless estate had been divided among small dealers, hundreds of stores, now idle, would be occupied, and multitudes of men now in straitened circumstances, would be comparatively prosperous.

But it is said that he employed a great many people. Yes, he did ; but did he pay them well ? Would they not have been better paid in the employ of others. The necessities of his position, and his ambition, compelled him to pay small prices. The great mass of those who served him worked hard for the bread that fed them, and the clothes that covered them. The public bought cheaply ; the outside dealers suffered ; the employ  s laid up no money, and Mr. Stewart got rich. Under the circumstances, and under the necessities of the case, was it desirable that he should get rich ? We think not ; and we think that the final result of this great shopkeeping success is deplorable in every way. It has absorbed the prosperities of a great multitude of men and women. New York would be richer, happier, more comfortable, more healthy in all its business aspects, if the great store at Tenth Street had never been built. Five hundred men who invest their little capital in the varied lines of business, and pay their modest rent, and devote their time to their affairs, content with profits that give them and their families a fair living and a few savings for a rainy day, are certainly better for a city than a single Stewart, who absorbs their business and leaves them in distress.

No, we want no more great shopkeepers. We trust we may never have another Stewart ; and we say this with all due respect to his memory and the marvellous skill with which he managed his affairs. Such fortunes as his, won in such a way, can never be accumulated without detriment to the general business of a city like

ours. They do nobody any good ; they do a great multitude of people an irremediable injury.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

There are certain facts of current history which give great importance to the subject of industrial education. It is notorious, in the first place, that the old system of apprenticeship has almost entirely gone into disuse. How the American artisan gets the knowledge and skill which enable him to work at a trade, is not obvious. In one way or another he manages to do it ; but the approach to a mechanical employment has practically ceased to be through an old-fashioned apprenticeship. Among the causes that have conspired to procure the abandonment of the old system, may first be mentioned the influence of common schools. Quarrel with the fact as we may, it cannot be successfully denied that the influence of common schools has been to unfit those subjected to their processes and social influences for the common employments of life. The lad who has made a successful beginning of the cultivation of his intellect, does not like the idea of getting a living by the skilful use of his muscles, in a mechanical employment. It does not account for everything to say that he gets above it. It is enough that he likes the line of intellectual development in which he finds himself, and has no taste for bodily labor. So he goes further, or stopping altogether, seeks some light employment demanding his grade of culture or tries to get his living by his wits. Mechanical employments are passing more and more into the hands of foreigners. General Armstrong, of the colored college at Hampton, in a recent search for blacksmiths' shops at the North where he might safely place a number of Indian lads, found no Americans to deal with. Every blacksmith was an Irishman.

If it is asked why there is not a universal effort made for the reinstatement of the apprentice-systems, we reply that there is a very ugly lion in the way. An item of news which has just gone the round of the papers states the case as it stands. A piano-maker complained that he could not get men enough to do his work, the reason being that his men belonged to a society that had taken upon itself to regulate the number of apprentices he could be permitted to instruct in the business. They had limited this number to one utterly insufficient to supply the demand, and he was powerless. They had even cut down the number, recently, so that there was no way for him but to import his workmen, already instructed, from abroad. In brief, there is a conspiracy among society-men, all over the country, to keep American boys out of the useful trades ; and industrial education is thus under the ban of an outrageous despotism which ought to be put down by the strong hand of the law. It is thus seen that while the common school naturally turns the great multitude of its attendants away from manual employments, those who still feel inclined to enter upon them have no freedom to do so, because a great army of society-men stand firmly in the way, overruling employer and employed alike.

Now, there are two points which we would like to present :

1. *The public school, as at present conducted, not only does not fit boys and girls for the work of taking care of themselves and their dependents, but absolutely hinders them from undertaking it, or engenders ideas that are impracticable or misleading.*

2. *That the public has to pay in some way for all the ignorance of practical life in which the public school leaves its pupils.*

The pauperism that grows out of this ignorance is an

almost intolerable burden upon the public purse. The crime that attends it is so notable that all who are familiar with the subject know that a very large percentage of culprits and convicts never learned a trade. When a man of low moral sense and weak will finds that he knows no trade by which he can make a living, he becomes a thief by a process as natural as breathing. Pauperism and crime are, therefore, the inevitable result of ignorance in the way of taking care of one's self and earning one's living. The question of expense is one which an intelligent and enterprising public ought easily to settle. This ignorance is to cost money. Shall this money be paid for the purpose of removing the ignorance, and obviating the necessity for pauperism and crime, or shall it be paid for the pauperism and crime?

We know, or appreciate, the practical difficulties that stand in the way of a system of industrial schools, supported by public tax, but surely if it is needed—imperatively needed—American ingenuity will be sufficient to give it practical direction, and secure a satisfactory result. Our good neighbors in Boston have been trying to do something, more particularly for the girls. They have introduced not only plain sewing into their school, but the making of dresses and other garments. Only two hours of each week are devoted to the matter, and twenty-nine special teachers employed, but the results are most encouraging. Mrs. Jonathan Sturges and her associates in the Wilson Industrial School for Girls, of this city, more than a year ago appealed to the New York Board of Education on behalf of the project of introducing sewing into our public schools here, and backed their appeal by this quotation from a Boston report: "Every girl who passes through the Boston schools now receives three years' instruction in various kinds of needlework, and is capable of being an expert

seamstress. It is said the benefits resulting from this instruction are seen in the appearance of the children's clothing in the schools, and are felt in thousands of homes." Now, we ask our Board of Education if they have anything to show, in their reports of the last ten years, that is calculated to give a practical man or woman the pleasure and satisfaction to be found in such an announcement as this. Can they not see that what these girls in Boston have learned in this way, with a comparatively small expenditure of time and money, is of incalculable value? What is a little less of algebra, or geography, or even of arithmetic, by the side of this surpassing gain?

Well, our Board reported against Mrs. Sturges, though Commissioner Wheeler presented a minority report in favor, very much to his credit; and now we assure our good friends of the Board that this subject will not down, and that the times and the public exigency demand that they shall take the matter up again, and treat it effectively in the interest of the public welfare, safety and economy. Their own nautical school indorses the principle involved. Even the Normal College and the College of the City of New York may, in one sense, be considered industrial schools. Teaching is an industry, and these institutions, supported at the public charge, are mainly devoted to preparing men and women for the pursuit of that industry. It would be the brightest feather that New York ever won for her cap if she would establish a great free industrial school, in which boys could get instruction in the mechanic arts, so that every poor boy could learn a trade.

There certainly is no good reason why we should not, at least, do for our girls what Boston has done for hers, even if the boys are obliged to wait awhile longer.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION AGAIN.

To those who look intelligently and thoughtfully upon the popular life of the nation, a certain great and notable want manifests itself—a want that is comparatively new, and that demands a new adjustment of our educating forces. At the time when the public school system of our country was founded, nearly everybody was poor, and the girls of every family, in the absence of hired service, were necessarily taught, not only to knit and sew, but to cook and keep the house. Then women could not only weave but make up the garments which they wore, and keep them in repair. At the same time, boys were taught to do the farm work of their fathers, and, in case they chose a mechanical employment, they entered an apprenticeship, under regulations well understood and approved at the time. In short, there were ways by which every and girl and boy could learn to take care of themselves and the families that afterward came to them.

Various changes have come over the country since that day. In the first place, a great change has been made in the course and amount of study in the schools themselves. So great has been the pressure of study upon the schools of some of our cities, that physicians have united to protest against it as a prolific source of insanity. Girls, for instance, cannot fulfil the requirements of their teachers and have any time at home to learn any of the household arts which are so necessary to them, not only as wives and mothers, but as maidens having only to take care of themselves. Boys are absorbed by their studies in the same way, and the apprenticeship system has been given up; our foreign mechanics have, through their trades unions, entered into a thoroughly organized conspiracy against it. A

boy is not at liberty now to decide what handicraft he will learn, because the boss is shamefully in the hands of his despotic workmen, and the workmen decide that the fewer their number the better wages they will get. Their declared policy is to limit apprenticeships to the smallest possible number.

The result of these changes—for some of which the public school is itself responsible—is the great and notable want to which we have alluded, viz., the lack of sufficient knowledge, or of the right kind of knowledge, on the part of boys and girls, to take care of their own persons and to earn their own living. Girls grow up without learning to sew, and multitudes of them do not know how to mend their own garments. Boys leave the public schools without fitness for any calling whatever, except it may be some one which calls into requisition that which they have learned of writing and arithmetic. Some sort of clerkship is what they try for, and a mechanical trade is the last thing that enters their minds. So we import our mechanics, and they legislate against the Yankee boy in all their trades unions.

The public hardly needs to learn that the result of the indisposition and inability to learn trades among American boys is about as disastrous as can be imagined. It is found that in the prisons, almost universally, the number of criminals who never learned a trade to those who are skilled workmen is as six to one. The army of tramps who have infested the country for the last few years is largely composed of men who have had no industrial education whatever. These men, who beg at our doors, are mainly men who never learned a trade, and who can handle nothing but a shovel. A New York clergyman, possessing a large family of boys, recently declared from his pulpit that he intended that every lad of his family should learn some mechanical employment,

by which, in an emergency, he could get a living. He was right. It is in the emergencies of life—it is when men find themselves helpless and without the power of earning money—that they slip into crime, and become the tenants of prisons and penitentiaries.

So the American people must, sooner or later, be driven to the establishment of industrial schools. To learn how to work skilfully with the hands must become a part of common education. Rich and poor alike should be taught how to work, for it is quite as likely that the rich will become poor as that some of the poor will become rich; and that is, and always must be, a poor education which fails to prepare a man to take care of himself and his dependents in life. We understand what to do with criminals. We confine them and set them to learning a trade, especially the young criminals. The reform schools never leave out the element of manual industry. Why is it not just as legitimate to teach the virtuous how to take care of themselves without crime as it is the vicious?

Indeed, there is no place where men can learn to work so well as in schools, where they can be taught the principles of mechanics. We visited a shop recently where hoisting apparatus is made—"blocks" or "tackle," as it is called—but there was not a man in the shop, from the master down, who could explain the principle and power of the pulley. They had learned their business of some routine mechanic who had no intelligence in the principles of his art, and they were obliged to confess to a stranger that they were ignorant of the nature of their work, and, consequently, without the power to make any improvement in it. Now, if the money spent in education really unfits the great majority for the work of life, or, rather, fails to fit them for work, why should we go further in this direction? There are practical difficul-

ties in plenty, but the thing has already been successfully tried in more than one country, and this is an inventive nation. The cost is the real difficulty—the cost and the indifference of the public mind. We have made a sort of god of our common school system. It is treason to speak a word against it. A man is regarded as a foe to education who expresses any doubt of the value of it. But we may as well open our eyes to the fact that in preparing men for the work of life, especially for that work depending upon manual skill, it is a hindrance and a failure. To learn to make a painted wagon is almost to cover the field of the mechanic arts. To draw a wagon upon paper in whole and in working parts, to build and finish the wood-work, to forge and file the iron-work, to go through all the joinery of one and the welding and adaptation of the other, to smooth and paint the surface, is to achieve a preparation for almost any trade, involving construction from similar materials. It is not so complicated and difficult a matter as one would at first suppose. We have agricultural schools of a high grade, and find the national account in them, but we need a great deal more, for the health and welfare of the youth of the nation—an industrial school in every ward of every city, and a similar school in every village, supported at the public expense.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

LIFE IN LARGE AND SMALL TOWNS.

IT is said, by those who have good opportunities of judging, that fifty thousand strangers spent last winter in this city. Every hotel and every boarding-house was full. Of these fifty thousand, probably more than half were permanent boarders for the winter, while the remainder were merchants, coming and going on errands of business. The fact shows that New York is becoming more and more regarded as the great capital of the country, and is beginning to hold toward the country the same relation that London holds to Great Britain, and Paris to France. This latter fact means more than winter boarding: it means that New York is coming to be regarded as a desirable home for all who have money enough made to enable them to live at leisure. The Californian who has become rich has, in many instances, brought his family to New York, and bought his house on Fifth Avenue. The country manufacturer who has grown to be a nabob in his little village, domiciles himself on Murray Hill, that his family may have a better chance of life than they get in the narrow village.

What is true of the commercial capital of the country is also true, to a considerable extent, of the political. Washington has grown to be a beautiful city and nothing has more directly ministered to its growth than the gathering to it from far and near of wealthy and culti-

vated families, who have sought it as a residence and a resort. New York, the commercial capital, and Washington, the political, will, for many years, divide between them those families whom wealth, instead of binding to the place where its stores were acquired, has made migratory. Those who wish to hear the best operas and witness the best acting, and who desire to be where the best in art of all kinds is to be found, and especially those whose tastes are commercial, will come to New York ; while those who are fond of politics, and the peculiar social life that reigns at a political centre, will go to Washington ; and it is hard to say which will have the better home. Few who have not kept themselves familiar with Washington can appreciate the long strides she has made, during the past few years, in population, and in all desirable conditions as a residence. Her climate, her lovely position, her possession of the national Government, the residence she gives to the high officials of the nation and the representatives of other nations, conspire to make her one of the most attractive cities in America.

But we do not undertake to represent the beauties and attractions of the two cities. They do not seem to need our help ; but we would like to say a word about those conditions of life in small towns which make these changes of residence desirable. Interested in New York, it is pleasant for us to see it prospering and growing, but our interest in its growth does not blind us to the fact that it ought not to grow because life within it is more significant and fruitful than it is in the country. It seems to us a great mistake for a man to leave the region where he makes his money to spend it and his life in another. If the life he leaves is not significant to him, it is quite likely to be his fault more than that of any and all other men. For he has had the money more

than others to enrich the character of the life around him ; and the possession of that money has placed upon him the burden of certain duties which he has left unperformed. Wealth acquired in any modest locality belongs there, by a certain right, for it cannot exist there for a moment without assuming certain very definite relations to the popular needs and the public good. To take money away from where it has been made is to impoverish all the life of the community. It reduces its means of living and its possibilities of progress. It not only takes bread and clothing from the poor, but it reduces all its means of social improvement.

The city of Cincinnati has recently held another musical festival, and won to herself the glory of surpassing New York and Washington in musical culture and the power of producing great musical works. It cannot be hard to see that the life of Cincinnati has been made so significant to its people that they can have no temptation, however rich they may be, to go to New York or Washington to live. A commercial town that can give up a week to music, and furnish all the money and the time necessary to produce a great musical triumph, has no call to go elsewhere to find a more interesting life than it secures at home. People are much more apt to go to Cincinnati to live than to go away from there, because it is an honor to live there, and to be associated with the generous life and development of the place.

What we say of Cincinnati illustrates all that we have to say about the smaller towns and cities. Men of wealth who have sense enough to long for a better life than they can find in their little city or village are to blame for not making the life around them as good as they want it to be. There is not a city or a village in America that has not within itself—in its men and women and money—the means for doing some good, or noble, or

interesting thing, that shall lift its life above the commonplace, and hold its own against all the attractions of metropolitan life. Where a man makes his money there he should make his home, and, as a rule, it will be mainly his fault and that of his family if he cannot spend his life there with profit and satisfaction.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

There are just about four months in the year in which an ordinary country village is a pleasant place to dwell in, viz. : from May to September. The muddy streets and sidewalks of autumn and spring, and the icy and snowy ways of winter, render it uncomfortable for walking or driving. The foliage and herbage of summer cover up the ugly spots, and the greenery of the growing months transforms the homeliest details into the pleasant and picturesque. The moment the greenery disappears, dilapidated fences, broken-down sheds, unkept commons, neglected trees, and all the tolerated uglinesses of the village assert themselves. The village is beautiful no longer. There are thousands of villages scattered over the country in which there has never been a public-spirited attempt made to reduce their disorder to order, their ugliness to beauty, their discomforts to comfort. Every man takes care, or does not take care, of his own. There is no organic or sympathetic unity, and the villages, instead of being beautiful wholes, are inharmonious aggregations. Some paint and some do not paint. Some keep their grounds well, and others do not keep their grounds at all. Unsightly wrecks of vehicles, offensive piles of rubbish, are exposed here and there, and every man apparently feels at liberty to make his belongings as unpleasant to his neighbor as it pleases him. No public sentiment of order is developed ; no

local pride is fostered ; there is apparently no desire for beauty or convenience that goes one step beyond one's home in any case.

It is, therefore, with great gratification that we notice here and there the organization of Village Improvement Societies, and the beautiful work which they are accomplishing. Wherever they have been in existence long enough to accomplish anything, shade trees are planted by the side of the highways ; old, neglected commons are fenced in, graded and planted ; sidewalks are laid in all the streets, and a public interest in order and beauty is developed, which makes every man more careful of his own. Two villages, of which we happen to know, have been quite transformed within two or three years by the operations of these organizations ; and their beneficent and beautiful work, already done, will insure to their localities a certain amount of beauty and convenience for the next hundred years. They have not been met by the public apathy that they anticipated, and they have been enabled, by subscriptions, fairs and festivals, to raise sufficient money for the work they have instituted, while individual citizens have co-operated with them in their schemes.

There is no good reason why every considerable village of the country should not be made convenient, healthful, and beautiful, by the operations of such societies as these. There is no good reason why a public feeling of pride should not be engendered by them, and an earnest purpose developed to make each village more attractive than its neighbor. Selfish interest is all on the side of the societies ; for improvement in beauty and comfort means improvement in value. Emulation between neighbors and between villages is excited, and niggardly property-holders are shamed into efforts to contribute to the popular desire for harmony. This is

not a theory ; it is experience ; for, wherever they have been tried, these societies have done the work and exercised the influence we have stated.

Again, these societies are agencies of culture. - Developing a public spirit and a feeling of local pride, they cannot fail to bear fruit in other and higher directions. Public and domestic architecture will be the first to feel the effect of the new sentiment. Men will build pretty houses, in tone with the new order of things. New ambition will be developed with relation to public buildings and their surroundings. The new town-hall will be better than the old. The new church will be an ornament and a glory, which the old one was not. Lyceums, reading-clubs, and libraries, are just as natural an outgrowth of a public spirit engendered by these societies, and a public culture nourished by them, as they are, themselves, the outgrowth of a public necessity.

There is really nothing more sadly wanted in the village life of America, than the organization of its best materials for purposes relating to the common good. So many people must always spend their lives in villages ; and those lives, in countless instances, are so barren and meaningless, so devoid of interest, so little sympathetic, that any means which promises to improve that life, should secure the most earnest attention. There is no reason why every village should not be alive with interest in its own culture and its own affairs, or why village life should not be crowded with attractions that have the power to hold every villager to his home. There are multitudes who never dream that their village can be anything more to them than a place of shelter and labor. They never dream that a village can be the centre of a culture as sweet and delightful as any city possesses, or, that they have any duty or office in making it so.

We trust that the work of making the villages beauti-

ful, which has been so auspiciously begun by the societies for improvement, will be extended until every village in the land will have its Association, and experience the natural results. It is a work in which men and women can unite and in which, indeed, women may lead if they will; for none are more interested in it, and what comes of it, than women. Our villages are built. The formative stage is passed, and another Centennial ought to find every American village the home of order and comfort, and of a life very far advanced beyond the present in social culture and happiness.

VILLAGE REFORM.

So great was the interest excited all over the country, last year, by a brief article in this department on "Village Improvement Societies," that we have undertaken, by the best means within reach, to satisfy the desire for knowledge upon the subject. We have received letters from every part of the country wishing for information—the latest from the interior of Texas. Unhappily, the thing most wanted is what we know least about, viz.: modes of organization and operation. If, in those New England towns that now have societies in successful operation, intelligent reports and histories could be prepared and published, they would be of incalculable benefit to the country. What the beginners want—literally by thousands—is to know just how to do it, or just how somebody else has done it.

The articles which Colonel Waring has written for this magazine, and which are now in course of publication, are designed as helps—suggestions—inspirations. So intelligent and practical a man as Colonel Waring cannot write uninterestingly upon a topic so harmonious with his tastes and pursuits as this. The farming and

village populations of the country will find much of interest and profit in his papers. His views of the desirableness of farm villages, in place of the isolation which makes the farm so hateful to the young and so barren to the old, are not new to those who are familiar with this department of the magazine ; but they are very important, and will need to be published many times again.

There are, probably, a thousand villages in this country that will, this year, form village improvement societies, moved thereto by these papers and by the article that suggested them ; and the fact seems to us one of the most encouraging and delightful in the social and domestic history of the time. The local organization of taste, the building up of local rivalries in matters of order and beauty, the doing any wise thing for making attractive the smaller centres of population—these all are so intimately connected with popular development and elevation and content, that they might well engage the work of social missionaries and receive the money of moribund millionnaires.

After all, the thing to be done ought not to be difficult. Americans are usually very much at home in matters of organization. The wisest heads are easily got together, and when they really are the wisest heads, they easily work together. The first thing wanted is wisdom and taste. The second on the list is money—all of it that can be obtained, because there is always use for more than can be had. With these prerequisites in hand or at hand, so many things will present themselves to be done that it will be hard to determine what shall have the first attention. It should not be difficult to decide that the first interests to be consulted are those of health and comfort. If there are any nuisances—any breeders of disease—they should be put out of the way at once. Then every village wants good sidewalks. Most Ameri-

can villages are quagmires in the spring and autumn, in which a man can never walk with dry feet and clean trowsers, and in which a lady cannot walk at all. Exactly at this point, and on this improvement, is where the township and the village come to a dead halt. The farmers who occupy the outlying agricultural acreage of a township are not willing to pay a dollar in taxes for the improvement of the village. They may be willing to do something for the road; but for the sidewalk, nothing. On the sidewalk, then, will come the first expensive work of a village improvement society. To gain time, tree-planting should go along with this. After this come parks, fences, fountains—no end of things.

The operations of a society of this kind will secure an indirect result of good almost commensurate with that which is direct. It becomes an educator, an inspiration, a motive, a reproof, an example. A slatternly door-yard, fronting a new and well-graded sidewalk, is a discord that will probably be discovered and corrected by its owner. Such a movement calls universal attention to individual defects, and inspires a common pride. Beyond this, it develops a catholic, public spirit. On the improvement of the village all can unite, and in this very delightful enterprise, spreading from village to village until it becomes national, men can forget that they are partisans, either in politics or religion, and come together, as neighbors and friends, to work alike for themselves and one another.

THIN LIVING AND THICK DYING.

If any reader of this article will take General Walker's Statistical Atlas, based on the results of the Ninth Census, and turn to the page which represents the mortality from consumption, he will be startled to see that, over

an immense area of the Northern American territory, one-fifth of all the deaths that occur are in consequence of this fell disease. The whole of Maine and New Hampshire, the most of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, and all of Northern New York, show that two thousand, out of every ten thousand who die, owe their death to consumption; while, in very much larger areas about the great lakes, the deaths from this disease range from one thousand four hundred to two thousand in every ten thousand. If Asiatic cholera were to claim in these unfortunate regions, in a single year, as many victims as consumption does, it would be regarded as a terrible epidemic—perhaps, as an awful visitation from heaven.

It would be a great benefit to New England and all the regions associated with her in this sad scourge, to know how far the dangers of their inhospitable climate can be avoided by a change in diet and regimen. Our own opinion is that consumption can be driven from New England in three generations. Let us try to get at some of the facts in her case.

The first fact is that her climate is very severe. In truth, consumption seems to be inseparable from the New England climate, and to be associated with all climates that resemble her own in the northern parts of the country. Wherever the frost comes early and the winters are hard, and the springs are slow, there consumption makes its home. The next fact in the case is that certain ideas in regard to diet and regimen have prevailed in New England, especially among rural populations, which ignore these facts of climate. Where so much of life's fuel is required to keep a man warm, there has never been enough taken in to repair the waste of labor. In these consumptive districts, we have had a large population proverbially and notoriously given to hard and constant toil, and as proverbially and notori-

ously frugal in their way of living. Their sleeping-rooms have not been warmed ; it has been considered quite effeminate to dress heavily, and almost disgraceful to favor one's self in the matter of work. In short, the people have not eaten enough of nourishing food ; they have not dressed warmly enough ; they have slept in temperatures altogether too low, and lived too much in their unventilated kitchens.

A man does not need to be old to remember the time when all New England was infatuated with Sylvester Graham's notions concerning food. The New England colleges were hot-beds of consumption. Many of their students made long tramps while fasting in the morning, and came back to breakfasts that were suicidally meagre. They died by scores,—by hundreds. Graham was a man of brains, but he was a man of mischievous hobbies ; and instead of helping New England, as he most conscientiously endeavored to do, he harmed her grievously. It is true that there has been a great change in the popular opinion, but this has not yet fully pervaded the rural districts. In the towns, the people live better ; and students have learned that they must eat, and eat well, in order to keep themselves in health and to be able to do good work.

At the tables of how many farmers and mechanics, we wonder, is the buckwheat breakfast gone into disgrace ? We readily recall the time when uncounted multitudes of families broke their fast of twelve hours and faced the work of a blustering winter day with nothing but greasy buckwheat cakes and molasses ! They might almost as well have eaten sawdust ; and what had they for dinner ? Boiled salt-pork and potatoes, and for supper boiled salt-pork and potatoes again—cold, and made palatable with vinegar ! Ah, we forget the pie—the everlasting pie, with its sugary centre and its leathery crust—the one

titillation of the palate that made life tolerable. Good bread and butter or milk, abundant fruit, beef and mutton, nutritious puddings—all these things have been within the reach of the people of New England, for they have always been the thriftiest people in the world; but they have cost something, and they have not really been deemed necessary. The people have not realized that what they regarded as luxuries were necessities, and that the food upon which they have depended for protection from the climate, and for the repair of the wastes of labor, has been altogether inadequate, and has left them with impoverished blood and tuberculous lungs.

For, after taking into account all the influence of heredity, which is made much of in treating of the causes of phthisis, insufficient nourishment is responsible alike, in most instances, for the deposit of tubercle and the inflammation to which it naturally gives rise. There are many men, who, by a change of living, render the tubercles already deposited in their lungs harmless. Vitality becomes so high in its power that it dominates these evil influences, and they live out a fairly long life with enemies in their lungs that are rendered powerless by the strength of the fluid that fights them. We have seen consumption cured again and again by the simple process of building up the forces of vitality through passive exercise in the open air, and the supply of an abundance of nutritious food; and we have no doubt that it can be prevented in most instances by the same means.

No human body can long endure the draught made upon it by a cold climate and by constant labor, unless it is well fed, well clothed, and well housed. Somewhere deterioration will show itself, and in New England,—nay, all over the kingdom of Great Britain it is the same, where the people are worse fed than here—the



poverty of blood shows itself in the deposit of tuberculous matter in the lungs. There should be by this time some improvement in New England, in consequence of the increased intelligence of the people; but so long as many of them are running westward, and their places are taken by an ignorant foreign population, it is not likely that the statistics will show much improvement for a great many years to come. If our physicians could only be paid for preventing disease, and could be permitted to prescribe for each family its way of living, there would be but little difficulty in routing from its stronghold that most fatal and persistent enemy of human life, which we call consumption.

FROM COUNTRY TO CITY.

It is presumable and probable that there arrives in New York City every day a considerable number of letters from the country, making inquiry concerning what it is possible for a countryman to do here in the way of business, and asking advice upon the question of his removal to the city. Every citizen of New York, with country associations, is applied to for information and counsel with regard to such a "change of base," and the matter seems worth the few words a careful and candid observer may have to say about it.

It is well, at the beginning, to look at the reasons which move people to a desire to make the change. The first, perhaps, are pecuniary reasons. A man living in a country town looks about him, and can discover no means for making money in a large way. Everything seems petty. The business of the place is small, and its possibilities of development seem very limited. A few rich men hold everything in their hands, and a young man, with nothing for capital but his youth and health

and hope and ability, feels cramped—feels, in fact, that he has no chance. His savings must be small and slow, and a lifetime is necessary to lift him to a point where money will give him power. It seems to him that if he could get into the midst of the great business of the world he could find his chance for a quicker and broader development of wealth; and in this connection, or with this fancy, he writes a letter to his city acquaintance, asking for his advice upon the matter.

Another is smitten by a sense of the dryness and pettiness of the social life he is surrounded by in the country, and the small opportunities he has for personal satisfaction and development. To be able to live among picture-galleries and in the vicinity of great, open libraries; to have the finest theatres and the most attractive concert-halls at one's door; to be where the best minds reveal themselves in pulpit and on platform in public speech; where competent masters stand ready to teach every science and every art; to live among those whose knowledge of the world is a source of constant satisfaction and culture; to be at the very fountain-head of the intellectual, social, and politico-economical influences that sweep over the country; to feel the stimulus of competition and example, and to live in an atmosphere charged with vital activity—all this seems such a contrast to the pettiness and thinness and insignificance of village life, that the young man, realizing it, sits down and writes to his city friend, inquiring what chance there would be in the city for him. The country seems small to him; the city, large. He feels the gossip that flutters about his ears to be disgusting and degrading, and chafes under the bondage imposed by his neighbors through their surveillance of, and criticism upon, all his actions. He wants more liberty, and for some reasons would really like to be where he is less known and less cared for.

There is still another class of country-people who long for a city life, and whose aspirations and dispositions are very much less definite and reasonable than those to whom we have alluded. They are not so particular about business or about wealth, nor do they care definitely about superior social privileges, or about the culture more readily secured in the city than in the country. They are simply gregarious. They like a crowd, even if they have to live in "a mess." They are so fond of living in a multitude that they are willing to sacrifice many comforts to do it. Once in the city, no poverty will induce them to leave it. They have no interest in life outside of the city. These usually get to the city in some way without writing letters of inquiry.

Now, it has probably surprised most inquirers to receive uniformly discouraging answers to their questions. For, indeed, no man knows the trials of city life but those who have left quiet homes in the country and tried it. The great trial that every man from the country experiences on coming to the city, even supposing he has found employment or gone into business, relates to his home. His thousand dollars a year, which in the country would give him a snug little house and comfortable provision, would get him in the city only a small room in a boarding-house. The two thousand 'dollars that would give him something more than a comfortable home in the country, would give him in the city only a better boarding-house. The three thousand that would give him in the country a fair establishment, with horses for his convenience and amusement, would in the city only give him a small "flat" in a crowded apartment-house; and the five thousand in the country that would give him the surroundings of a nabob, would only pay the rent of a house on Fifth Avenue. The country rich man can live splendidly on from five to ten thousand

dollars a year, while the city rich man spends from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year. City incomes look large, but relatively to city expenses they are no larger than the country incomes. The man who lives in the city has experienced the remediless drain upon his purse of the life which he lives, and feels that the risk which a business man runs of coming into unknown circumstances is very great. He feels that, unless his country friend knows just how he is going to meet that drain, he will be safer where he is. City life is naturally merciless. It has to take care of itself, and has all it can do to meet its own wants. If a man from the country comes into it, and fails, he must go to the wall. Friends cannot save him. A city looks coolly upon a catastrophe of this kind, for it is an every-day affair, and the victim knows perfectly well that he can neither help himself nor get anybody else to help him. So the city friend, knowing the risks and the needs of city life, dreads to see any country friend undertake them. Then, too, the faithful records of city life show that the chances are largely against financial success in it.

The man of society who is attracted from the country to the city usually fails to calculate his own insignificance when he encounters numbers. The man of social consideration in the country needs only to go to the city to find so many heads above his own that he is counted of no value whatever. "Who is he?" "What is he?" and "What has he done?" are questions that need to be satisfactorily answered before he will be accepted, and even then he will need to become a positive force of some sort in society to maintain his position. City society is full of bright and positive men and women, and the man and woman from the country bring none of their old neighborhood prestige with them to help them through.

To sum up what the city man really feels in regard to the coming of his country acquaintances to the city, it would be not far from this—viz.:

1st. The chances for wealth are as great, practically, in the country as in the city, and the expenses of living and the risks of disaster much less.

2d. The competitions of city life and the struggles to get hold of business and salaried work are fearful. No man should come to the city unless he knows what he is going to do, or has money enough in his hands to take care of himself until he gets a living position or becomes satisfied that he cannot get one. Even to-day, with the evidences of renewed prosperity all around us, there are probably ten applications on file for every desirable place, and no man living here could help a friend to a place unless he could create one.

3d. That the social privileges of the city may be greater while the opportunities of social distinction and the probabilities of social consideration are much less than they are in the country.

4th. That in many respects there is nothing in the city that can compensate for the pure pleasures of country scenery and country life and neighborhood associations.

5th. That a city man's dream of the future, particularly if he ever lived in the country, is always of the country and the soil. He longs to leave the noise and fight all behind him, and go back to his country home to enjoy the money he may have won.

ABOUT WOMAN.

WOMAN AND HER WORK.

WE often hear it said that there are many men engaged in work that women could do as well, and that women ought to be in their places. If we go into Stewart's store, we shall see quite an army of young men engaged in the sale of articles that call for little exercise of muscle in the handling—articles which women are quite competent to handle and to sell—and it is common to hear the remark that these men ought to be engaged in some muscular pursuit, and that women ought to do their present work. But do we remember how many hours a day these men are obliged to be on their feet? Do we remember how impossible it is for women to stand all day without serious damage to themselves, especially if they be young and in the formative period of their lives? Woman is endowed with a constitution and charged with a function which make it quite impossible for her to do certain classes of work for which her mind and her hands, if we consider them alone, are entirely sufficient. Not impossible, perhaps, for she undoubtedly does much that inflicts infinite damage upon her, and those that are born of her.

The effects upon woman and upon the race, through her, of female employment constitute a great subject, which cannot be competently treated in an editorial, but

we can at least call the attention of employers to the needs of women engaged in doing their work. All employments involving long periods of standing upon the feet are bad for women, and this all intelligent employers, if they are humane as well, will remember. No woman should be obliged to stand all day. Women who set type, and stand while doing it, like men, invariably acquire physical ills that at last become unbearable. Factory work which involves long periods of standing upon the feet is ruinous to health. Employers should remember that the girls engaged in their service must have periods of rest, in a sitting position, or wear themselves out, or make themselves unfit for the duties and functions of women. Even constrained positions while sitting, with no liberty of movement upon the feet, are bad for women. The restraints that are often put upon them in great establishments, with regard to their attention to matters that call for privacy, are terrible foes to health. To compel a woman to run the gauntlet of a great company of men to reach the seclusions necessary to her is a brutal cruelty, for which any employer ought to be ashamed, and legally punished.

It has been a dream of certain men and women whom we know, that women need only to be developed through a number of generations to enable them to engage in a large variety of employments now exclusively pursued by men. They have almost quarrelled with those disabilities that now attach to the sex. They have quite quarrelled with those who insist that those disabilities inhere in the nature of woman, and can never be removed. There are those who say that woman has a right to do anything she can do. There are women who insist on this right. This goes without saying, of course, provided they will qualify the claim a little.

A woman has a right to do everything she can do, pro-

vided she does nothing which will unfit her for bearing and raising healthy children. The future of the nation and the race depends upon the mothers, and any woman who consents to become a mother has no moral right to engage in any employment which will unfit her for that function. We speak, of course, of women whose circumstances give them the control of themselves. It is pitiful to think that there are multitudes who have no choice between employments that unfit them for motherhood and want. It is pitiful to think that there are mothers who live their whole married lives in conditions which utterly unfit them for the functions and responsibilities of maternity.

We have a theory, which, we regret to say, is not only unpopular among a certain class of women, but exceedingly offensive to them, viz., that every one of them ought to be the mistress of a home. Women have a fashion in these days of rebelling against the idea that marriage is the great end of a woman's life. They claim the right to mark out for themselves and achieve an independent career. We appreciate the delicacies of their position, and we bow to their choice and their rights; nevertheless, we believe that in the millennium women will all live in their homes, and that men will not only do that which is now regarded as their own peculiar work, but much of that which is now done by women. There has been in these late years a great widening out of the field of women's employments. We have been inclined to rejoice in this "for the present necessity," but we are sure the better time is to come when man, the real worker of the world, will do the work of the world, or all of it that is done outside of home, and that woman will, as wife and daughter and domestic, hold to the house and to that variety of employments which will best conserve her health and fit her for the duties and delights of

wifehood and the functions of motherhood. Quarrel with the fact as she may, woman's rights must all and always be conditioned on her relations to the future of humanity. She has no right, as a woman, to do anything that will unfit her to be a mother. She may be compelled to do some things for bread that will militate against her in this particular; but this will be pitiful, and the legitimate subject of all the ameliorating influences that practical humanity can command.

We understand, appreciate, and respect that pride of independence which moves women to desire to achieve the advantage of self-support, as a release from the necessity of marriage. We give assent to her demand for the privilege to develop herself in her own way, and to do those things to which she finds her powers adapted; but we must exceedingly lament that degree of independence, and even that love of it, which interfere with marriage. Anything which renders the sexes less necessary to each other, or renders them less desirable to each other, is much to be deprecated. Now, there is no question that some of the pursuits which have been adopted by women in these latter days of freedom unfit them in many ways for wifehood and for maternity. There is, perhaps, no better test for the propriety and desirableness of a woman's calling than the marriage test. A woman can say, if she chooses: "I will not marry. I prefer the life of a maiden. I will take the liberty it gives me, and live the life that seems best to me, and cut myself forever loose from all responsibility for the future of my race." We say she can say this, if she chooses, and then settle the matter with Him who made her a woman; but if she holds her heart open to men, and considers herself a candidate for love and marriage, she has no moral right to touch any employment that will detract from her modest maiden delicacy, or that

will in any degree unfit her for domestic life and all the responsibilities that go with marriage. Further than this, she positively owes it to the world, to herself, and to the possible husband and children of her future, to seek for that kind of employment and that variety of culture which will fit her for marriage and maternity. If public or professional life furnishes this employment and culture, they will be legitimate for her, and not otherwise; and the same may be said of all the employments of men to which women may be attracted. Alas! that there should be so many whom circumstances make impotent for any choice in the matter of their lives and destinies!

MEN AND WOMEN.

Among all the burdens that woman is called upon to bear, there is none that can be made so galling to her as the burden of dependence. Man is usually, in the life of the family, the bread-winner. However much he may be helped by woman in the economies of home life, he is usually the one who earns and carries the money on which the family subsists. . Whatever money the woman wants comes to her from his hands, as a rule. Now, this money can be given into her hands in such a way that she cannot only preserve her self-respect, but rejoice in her dependence; or it can be given to her in such a way that she will feel like a dog when she asks for it and when she receives it—in such a way that she will curse her dependence, and mourn over all the shame and humiliation it brings to her. We are sorry to believe that there are multitudes of wives and daughters and sisters, who wear fine clothing and who fare sumptuously every day, who would prefer to earn the money they spend to receiving it from the ungracious and inconsiderate hands upon which they depend.

If we had entitled this article "A Study of Husbands," it would have led us more directly, perhaps, to our main purpose; but the truth is that what we have to say has to do with dependent women in all the relations of life. It is natural for woman, as it is for man, to desire to spend money in her own way—to be free to choose, and free to economize, and free to spend whatever may be spent upon herself or her wardrobe. It is a delightful privilege to be free, and to have one's will with whatever expenditures may be made for one's own conveniences or necessities. A man who will interfere with this freedom, and who will deny this privilege to those who depend upon him, is either thoughtless or brutal. We know—and women all know—men who are very generous toward their dependents, but who insist on reserving to themselves the pleasure of purchasing whatever the women of their households may want, and then handing it over to them in the form of presents. The women are loaded with nice dresses and jewelry, and these are bestowed in the same way in which a Turk lavishes his favors upon the slaves of his harem. Now, it is undoubtedly very gratifying to these men to exercise their taste upon the necessities and fineries of their dependent women, and to feast themselves upon the surprises and the thanks of those receiving their favors; but it is a superlatively selfish performance. If these women could only have had in their hands the money which these gifts cost, they would have spent it better, and they would have gratified their own tastes. A man may be generous enough to give to a woman the dresses and ornaments she wears, who is very far from being generous enough to give her money, that she may freely purchase what she wants, and have the great delight of choosing.

This is one side—not a very repulsive one—of man's

selfishness in his dealings with women ; but there is another side that is disgusting to contemplate. There are great multitudes of faithful wives, obedient daughters, and "left over" sisters, to whom there is never given a willing penny. The brute who occupies the head of the family never gives a dollar to the women dependent upon him without making them feel the yoke of their dependence, and tempting them to curse their lot, with all its terrible humiliations. Heaven pity the poor women who may be dependent upon him—women who never ask him for money when they can avoid it, and never get it until they have been made to feel as meanly humble as if they had robbed a hen-roost !

There is but one manly way in treating this relation of dependent women. If a man recognizes a woman as a dependent,—and he must do so, so far, at least, as his wife and daughters are concerned,—he acknowledges certain duties which he owes to them. His duty is to support them, and, so far as he can do it, to make them happy. He certainly cannot make them happy if, in all his treatment of them, he reminds them of their dependence upon him. We know of no better form into which he can put the recognition of his duty than that of an allowance, freely and promptly paid whenever it may be called for. If a man acknowledges to himself that he owes the duty of support to the women variously related to him in his household, let him generously determine how much money he has to spend upon each, and tell her just how much she is at liberty to call upon him for, *per annum*. Then it stands in the relation of a debt to the woman, which she is at liberty to call for and to spend according to her own judgment. We have watched the working of this plan, and it works well. We have watched the working of other plans, and they do not work well. We have watched, for instance, the

working of the plan of the generous husband and father, who says : " Come to me for what you want whenever you want it. I don't wish to limit you. Some years you will want more, and some less." This seems very generous ; but, in truth, these women prefer to know about what the man thinks they ought to spend, or about what he regards as the amount he can afford to have them spend. Having gained this knowledge by a voluntarily proffered allowance, they immediately adapt their expenditures to their means, and are perfectly content. It is a comfort to a dependent woman to look upon a definite sum as her own—as one that has been set aside for her exclusive use and behoof.

A great multitude of the discomforts that attach to a dependent woman's lot arise from the obtuseness and thoughtlessness of the men upon whom they depend. There are some men so coarsely made that they cannot appreciate a woman's sensitiveness in asking for money. They honestly intend to do their duty—even to deal generously—by the women dependent upon them ; but they cannot understand why a woman should object to come to them for what they choose to give her. If they will ask their wives to tell them frankly how they can improve their position, these wives will answer that they can do it by putting into their hands, or placing within their call, all the money per annum which they think they can afford to allow them, and not to compel them to appeal to their husbands as suppliants for money whenever they may need a dollar or the quarter of one.

The absolutely brutal husband and father will hardly read this article, but we recall instances of cruelty and insult toward dependent women that would make any true man indignant in every fibre. A true woman may legitimately rejoice in her dependence upon a true man,

because he will never make her feel it in any way ; but a brute of a husband can make a true woman feel her humiliation as a dependent a hundred times a day, until her dependence is mourned over as an unmitigated curse.

WOMAN'S WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

We have many reasons, in the direct testimonials that have come to us, for believing that an article which we published in this department a year or two since, on "Winter Amusements," was remarkably suggestive and stimulating in the establishment of clubs for culture and recreation. We spoke specially of reading clubs, "Shakespeare clubs," etc. The project was entered upon in a great many towns throughout the length and breadth of the land, and great good has come of it. To open a still wider field of intellectual recreation and instruction is the object of this article.

In a certain country town, which we need not name, there was established last year a "Rome Club." A considerable number of intelligent ladies, moved thereto by the existence of a literary club among their husbands and brothers, gathered together and formed a club among themselves for the study of historical cities. Rome was chosen as the first city to be investigated—its pagan history, its Christian history, its art in various departments, its relations to the world at various epochs, etc., etc. Subdivisions of the larger topics were made, and each woman was given a branch to study, with the duty to write out her conclusions and results, and to read them at the weekly meetings of the club. It is declared to us by one who watched the developments of the enterprise that, as the result of that winter's most interesting work, this town contains the largest number of women who know everything about Rome than any

town in the United States can boast. Every available library was ransacked for material, books were overhauled that were black with the undisturbed dust of a century, knowledge was organized, put into form, and communicated ; and when the winter closed, the women found not only that they had been immensely interested, but that their field of knowledge had been very much enlarged.

This year, this same club will take up another city. Whether it will be London, or Paris, or Jerusalem, or Athens, or Venice, we do not know, and it does not matter. But what a mine of interest and instruction lies before them in any of these ! How very small do the ordinary amusements of a town look by the side of the employments of such a club as this ! What a cure for gossip and neighborhood twaddle is contained in such a club ! What an enlargement of the sphere of thought comes of such amusements and employments ! How the whole world, through all its ages and among all its scenes and peoples, becomes illuminated with a marvellous human interest, to women who study it together, and with a certain degree of competition, in this way !

Well, a club for the study of the great historical cities can be formed anywhere, and there ought to be a thousand of them formed this winter. Wherever there may be women who find life something of a bore, when followed in the ordinary way, wherever there may be women who have leisure that hangs heavily upon their hands, or a round of tasteless courtesies to go through with, wherever there may be women whose minds are starving while they execute the routine of housekeeping duties, there will be found the materials for such a club as this. They would be better daughters, wives and mothers, for the culture that would be won by such a club, and be

saved the everlasting yearning for an impossible career that seems to be moving so many women's souls at the present time. Life is good and duty is good, if we only give them flavor. Porridge without salt may be nutritious, but it is not palatable. The great want of the clever women we are rearing in such numbers, is not so much a public career as a palatable private one. A round of humdrum household duties, or a round of fashionable courtesies within the rigid rules of etiquette, becomes tasteless to any woman. What better can she do for profit or for pleasure than to season her life with society in the pursuit of knowledge?

Of course, enterprises of this kind are not necessarily confined to the study of cities. Countries may be studied with the same advantage—perhaps even with greater advantage. A special topic may be taken up. At this time much is written upon art. It is practically a new topic in this country. We, as a nation, are now making our beginnings in art. The greatest sculptors and painters America has produced are living men to-day. Art has no history here. Art, historically, then—art in its relations to civilization—art in its influence upon personal character—art as an outgrowth of life and a power upon life—furnishes a subject that may well interest a group of women for a winter, not only, but for many winters. We know of girls who are as much interested in works of political economy as if they were novels. We can hardly imagine anything more interesting to a club of bright girls who have left school, than a winter in political economy. The subject may be pursued, simply as a matter of social reading and discussion; or each may be charged with gathering the distinguishing views of given writers, and presenting them in brief.

The great point is to get together, and to become interested together in some region of knowledge, or art, or

exalted human concern. Life with men is active, exciting, exhausting. The club life of men is very rarely intellectual, and very rarely in any way elevating. Much of it debases and curses, with its eating and drinking, and its selfish separation from the family life. A woman's club should always be an addition to the family life, and so transform a home into a temple. There are many women in the world who wish they were men. There is not one man who wishes he were a woman. The simple reason is that woman has not yet learned how to give flavor to her life. We do not believe that God has made the lot of the sexes unequal. When woman shall make the most and best of her life, she will spend no time in wishing for a coarser nature and a rougher lot than her own. Let her avail herself of the means at her hand for making her life interesting, and the work will be done. That she may conquer the realm that legitimately is hers, we put the club in her hand and beg her to use it.

THE CURSE OF PAUPERISM.

THE PAUPER POISON.

THERE is not a more humiliating characteristic of human nature than its aptitude for pauperism. It is alike discouraging and disgusting. It is now publicly declared, by responsible professional men, that the majority of those who receive medicines at the free dispensaries in this city are able to pay for them, and pretend to be poor simply to avoid paying for them. It is also declared that between thirty and thirty-five per cent. of our population are receiving medical attendance gratuitously. Instances are detailed in which genteelly dressed men and women, and persons known to be possessed of considerable real estate, have begged for medicine.

Now, this is only an indication of the presence of a moral poison, distributed throughout the whole American people. It may not be as prevalent here as it is abroad ; but it must be remembered that it has not had so long a time to work. They are all manifestations of the pauper poison, however—these multifarious attempts that are made to get something for nothing. The old “dead-head system” on the railroads, not entirely done away with now, was only a branch of pauperism, and it is astonishing to see how many people there are to-day who are willing to part with self-respect in order to get a free pass on a railroad or a steamboat. To enjoy a

ride, the expense of which comes out of somebody else, is, to the ordinary human soul, exceeding sweet. If the willing and rejoicing dead-head is to be found plentifully scattered through good society, it must not be wondered at that among the humbler classes his equivalent is met with at every turn. This whole matter of "tipping" waiters, and of waiters expecting to be "tipped," is a very marked manifestation of the poison of pauperism. A man steps into a restaurant to purchase and consume a meal. He finds a waiter at his side whose business it is to wait upon him. It was for this service that he was hired by the proprietor, and he is paid for it what his labor is worth. At any rate, his service is reckoned into the bill of the customer, and when that bill is paid, the customer's obligations are all discharged. Nevertheless, there stands the expectant waiter, who hopes to be twice paid for his work, or, rather, hopes to receive something for nothing. The whole army of waiters have become, in their souls, beggars. Their little arts of extra attentiveness are the arts of beggary, and nothing else. Their practical and obtrusive pauperism is a nuisance to the community, as well as a curse to them. Manhood goes out as the fee, unearned, comes in. Manhood stays out of one whose expectation is always hankering for a tip.

We have said that the waiter is paid for his service by his employer, but this is not always so. The proprietor himself is often a pauper. He tries to get something for nothing. He charges full prices for his food, and cheats the waiter out of his wages, that he may compel him to collect them of his customers. He not only practises the arts of the pauper himself, but he actually forces his waiters into practical pauperism.

The spoils doctrine, as it has been held and practised in party politics for the last thirty years, is a pauper doctrine. It has grown out of the almost universal wish to

get a living, or to get rich, at the public expense. To get a chance at the public money, men have been willing to sell their independence, to do the dirty work of ambitious politicians, and to become morally debased to an utterly hopeless extent. Men have hung to corporations in the same way, and they cannot yet be shaken off from them. To get something for nothing—to get something for less than it is worth—to get something without paying for it its equivalent in good, honest work, especially if it could be taken from the Government or a corporation—this has been the shameful greed of the age, and it is only pauperism. It comes from the genuine poison. It is a direct and legitimate development of the moral scrofula which taints the blood of the country.

The signs of the poison are everywhere. They are notably wherever there is a spirit of speculation. Wall street is the very paradise of pauperism—its paradise or its hell, it matters little which. Wherever there is a man who is getting something for nothing—receiving it, not as a dire necessity, but gladly and as a matter of policy—there is a pauper. There are multitudes of churches that insist that their ministers shall be paupers. They never establish a thorough business relation between themselves and their teachers, but it is a gift by whatsoever the latter may be benefited. Unhappily, there are too many ministers who accept the position gladly. Of course, there is a vital distinction between the gifts that flow toward a public teacher as manifestations of the popular affection, and gifts that are doled out to him because it is thought that he needs them. The first can be received with honor; but the second cannot be received, in any case where the money has been honestly earned, without the disgrace of the recipient and the moral damage of the donor. But it happens that multitudes of ministers are actually trained for pauperism. In a cer-

tain notable theological school, which now contains one hundred and ten students, there are ninety young men who are receiving aid. What method is it possible to pursue with these men, so sure to destroy their independence and manliness, as this? How easy it will be for these men, having once accepted alms and lived on that which has cost them nothing, to go on in that course, and how horrible it is to have more than half of the clergy trained up to a love of dependence rather than to a hatred of it! We have the poison of pauperism here at the very fountain-head of what we regard as the highest and best influences.

We have no doubt that these representations will seem overwrought to those who have not accustomed themselves to examining and thinking upon the subject, but they are not overwrought. The subtlety of this pauper poison enables it to enter ten thousand forms of life, and to hide itself behind innumerable disguises. Wherever there is a man who desires to get something without rendering its equivalent in money or work—a man, we mean, who has the equivalent to render—there is a pauper. It matters nothing that he wears good clothes, or occupies a good position. The poison is in his soul, eating out—if it has not already eaten out—his manhood.

THE DISEASE OF MENDICANCY.

An English paper, in some recent utterance, reminded the American nation of the appearance of an unmistakable evidence that it is growing old. It possesses "the tramp." The war left with us, as war always leaves in every country, a great number of men utterly demoralized. The hard times have cut them loose from remunerative work, and they have become rovers, nominally looking for employment, but really

looking for life without it. They have lost their self-respect, if they ever had any; lost their love of steady industry, lost all desire for independence, lost their sense of manhood and of shame, and have imbibed the incurable disease of mendicancy. We mistake the nature of the case entirely, if we suppose that better times and fair wages for all, would cure these men and relieve the country of their presence and their support. Leprosy is not more incurable than mendicancy. When the disease has once fastened itself upon a man—when, through long months or years, he has willingly and gladly lived on the industry of others, and roamed around without a home—he becomes a hopeless case, and nothing but the strong arm of the law can make him a self-supporting man.

The same is true of the dead-beat, who is only “the tramp” of the city. He is not so humble a man as the country tramp. He dresses better and supports himself by different methods. He is the man who wants to get to Boston or Baltimore, where he has friends. He is the man who has just arrived from the South, having run as far as New York to get away from the yellow fever, or whatever trouble may be in progress there at the date of his application. He is the man who wishes to get money to bury his wife or child. Or, he is about to receive funds, but is in a starving condition, and wants something to assist him in “bridging over.” If you happen to have been born in Vermont, he comes to you as a Vermonter. Perhaps he comes to you because you and he happen to have the same name. There is no end to the lies he can tell and does tell. We have some very genteel and high and mighty dead-beats in New York, who never stoop to beg, but rise to borrow, and forget to pay. We know of one woman here, claiming to be productively literary, who apparently lives well on the

funds which a bright and sweet-faced daughter borrows for her. Now, all these people are hopelessly diseased. They can never be restored to sound manhood and womanhood. What is worse than all the rest is that they perpetuate their mendicancy through their families. So we have the tramps and the dead-beats, and the regular old-fashioned paupers, and they are all alike—with some exceptions, perhaps, in favor of the regular old-fashioned paupers ; for now and then there is one of these who, much against his will, has been forced by circumstances into pauperism.

What are we to do with these people? How is this disease to be treated? These questions demand an early answer, for the evils to which they relate are increasing with alarming rapidity. There is the general feeling that they will take care of themselves, so soon as prosperous times shall return ; but, as we have already said, this is a mistake. The dead-beat will never reform. The tramp will be a tramp for life, shifting from country to city as his comforts may demand, and ready to be led into any mischief which will give him "grub" and grog. There ought to be, this very winter, in every State in the Union, such laws passed as will restrain the wanderers, and force them to self-support in some public institution. A standing commission of vagrancy should be instituted in every large city and every county in the land ; and institutions of industry established for the purpose of making these men self-supporting, and of curing them of their wretched disease. We have lunatic asylums, not only for the benefit of the lunatics, but for the relief of the community ; and among the dead-beats and tramps we have an enormous number of men who are just as truly diseased as the maddest man in Utica, or at the Bloomingdale Asylum. Something must be done with them, and done at once, if we are to have any

comfort by day or safety by night ; for men who are so demoralized as to beg from choice and lie by profession, have but to take a single step to land in ruffianism. Already they intimidate, and rob and murder, to get the means to support their useless lives.

It is only last year that we heard of a force of five hundred of them approaching a Western city, to the universal alarm of the inhabitants. The disclosures connected with the recent fraudulent registration in this city show how easy it is, under the lead of demagogues, to assemble them by tens of thousands at any point desired, and how readily they can be induced to perjure their souls for bread and beer. These facts menace both our homes and our liberties. It is not a tramp, here and there, such as we have at all times ; but it is an army of tramps that can be brought together on the slightest occasion, for any deed of rascality and blood which it may please them to engage in. The evil has come upon us so noiselessly—so almost imperceptibly—that it is hard for us to realize that we are tolerating, and feeding for nothing, a huge brood of banditti, who will ultimately become as monstrous and as disgraceful to our country and to Christian civilization as the banditti of Greece or Southern Italy.

The one fact which we wish to impress upon the people, and upon legislators, in this article, is that the evil which we are describing and commenting upon is not one that will cure itself—is not one that will be cured by national prosperity—is not one that will be cured by driving tramps from one State into another—and is a hopelessly demoralizing mental disease. It must be taken hold of vigorously, and handled efficiently and wisely. There is not a month to be lost. Thus far in the history of the country we have been singularly free from any pauperism but that which we have imported

from the great European repositories of pauperism. But matters have changed. The tramps are not all foreigners. They are, to a very considerable number, our own American flesh and blood, and unless we are willing to see the country drift into the condition of the older peoples of the world, where mendicancy has grown to be a gigantic burden and curse, and pauperism a thing of hopeless heredity, we must do something to check the evil, and do it at once.

THE PUBLIC CHARITIES.

There comes to our table a little volume from the pen of Mr. S. C. Hall, entitled "Words of Warning, in Prose and Verse, addressed to Societies for Organizing Charitable Relief and Suppressing Mendicity." It is an exceedingly sentimental little book, and, if it had been written by an author less venerable than Mr. Hall, it would seem impertinent. But Mr. Hall is very much in earnest, and takes the liberty of his years to scold as well as to warn. His quarrel seems to be with the societies that, before giving, wish to investigate the circumstances of the applicant for alms :

*"You teach us how to shirk the beggar tribe,
And tell us to give nothing, but subscribe.
Of course we can't pay double, so we do
The business part of charity through you."*

Here follows a sharper paragraph :

*" 'Give nought to common beggars '—that's the rule ;
The Alpha and Omega of your school ;
You bid us send all suppliants to your door ;
When sad or sick, or desolate or poor ;
After inquiry duly made, you give
To such as—pending the proceedings—live !*

Mr. Hall proceeds to cite a good many cases, or supposable cases, which go to show that societies are slow, and he says, still in rhyme :

"Better a score of times be ' taken in,'
Than let one suffering sinner die in sin—
Than hear the coroner to-morrow say,
'Died starved,' of one you might have saved to-day."

It is a long and formidable arraignment which he makes of the "organizations," ending with the following charges :

"They give to Mercy a perpetual frown,
And Hope they keep—with broken anchor—down.
To Charity they lend the garb she scorns,
And Love himself—eternal Love—they crown,
Not with the sacred nimbus, but the thorns !"

To Mr. Hall's poetical efforts, he adds some " Words of Warning" in prose, in which he expresses the belief that the organizations which engage his opposition "dry up the natural channel of the heart, check or destroy sympathy for suffering, make indifference to woe excusable, if not obligatory," etc., etc.

We have thus tried to give the drift of our friend's little book, and we can only respond that, imperfect as the organizations are, and professionally indifferent and dilatory as they are too apt to become, they are, on the whole, very much better managers and counsellors than he is. It is very nice to yield to one's benevolent impulses ; it is good to be developed in the high benignities ; there is no pleasure greater than that which is born of personal beneficence ; but if, in order to compass these advantages to ourselves, we are certain to develop a thousand liars and make as many paupers, do not our satisfaction and improvement become somewhat expensive to the community ? Indeed, it is quite possible to

make our benevolence the most selfish quality we possess. We can easily imagine men who selfishly hug to themselves the delight of giving, right and left, to those who excite their sympathy and pity, while they shut their eyes to the falsehoods and tricks which they have encouraged.

It is very sad to remember that the "organizations" of which Mr. Hall speaks so bitterly have had their origin in a great, commanding, public necessity. If nine beggars in ten had ever been proved to be true objects of charity, then we could afford to give without investigation; but it is perfectly well understood that more than nine beggars in ten are liars, and that impulsive and indiscriminate giving, even to those who are worthy, demoralizes them. It is appalling to think that wherever a charitable door is opened, whether it lead to a benevolent individual or a benevolent society, the throng that enter are mainly shams and cheats.

The physicians of New York have had their attention called recently to the abuses of the free dispensaries of medicines. They were satisfied that multitudes were availing themselves of the benefits of the free dispensaries who could afford to pay for their medicines. A visitor of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor took up the matter, and investigated one hundred and fifty-two cases. Of sixty-two male applicants, twenty-three were not found at all—they had given wrong addresses. Twenty families reported wages per week of from three to eighteen dollars, while their rent per month was from nine to twelve dollars. Only six of the sixty-two were found to be without means. Of the ninety females who applied, thirty-five gave wrong addresses, and could not be found. Only six of the whole number—the same as in the case of the males—were found to be without means. Cleaners, laun-

dressers, paper-folders, cigar-makers, cap-makers, artificial flower makers, etc., were represented among the applicants who were found with family wages going as high in some instances as twenty dollars a week. So here were twelve out of one hundred and fifty-two individuals applying for a certain form of aid who really had a claim for aid, and a hundred and forty who could have paid for that which they lied to obtain for nothing!

Now, if we are to learn anything from this investigation, it is that, by following the advice of such amiable enthusiasts as Mr. Hall, we encourage eleven applicants for charity in the most rascally falsehood and deception, while we really help only one who is worthy of our alms. Can we afford this, even if it should happen to help us in the development of a beneficent life? We think not. Nay, we may go farther and say that no man has a moral right in such a community as ours to take the matter of giving into his own hands, unless he is willing to devote all the requisite time to investigating the cases to which he takes the responsibility of ministering. Just as soon as he undertakes to do this, the first fact he will meet is the impossibility of obtaining the addresses of his beneficiaries. Fifty-eight out of one hundred and fifty-two who begged for medicine lied concerning the places where they lived. The chances are that every one of these persons had money, or was engaged in some pursuit of which he or she was ashamed. It is fair to conclude, at least, that if any agent of the dispensary were really to find out the circumstances of these persons, he would adjudge them unworthy of aid. Needy people are not apt to cover up the circumstances which will substantiate their claims to charity. This matter has been tried a great many times, and after a man has gone, in vain, all over town to find the objects of charity who have cheated him into helping them, and then carefully

thrown him off their scent, he begins to think very well of "organization"—that red rag which so stirs up the Bull in the venerable English poet.

Such "organization" as we have, in most of the American cities, is sufficiently open to criticism, without doubt. We have altogether too much of it, and too much of the competitive element in it; but wise and kindly managed organization gives us our only safety in dealing with pauperism. Individual giving may be very pleasant to Mr. Hall and his friends, but it is sure to make a great deal of work in the long run for the societies whose policy and work he contemns. The time seems to be past when sentimentality can be used with safety in the administration of charitable relief.

ONCE MORE THE TRAMP.

It is very strange that no more vigorous measures are taken for the abatement of what is very properly called "the tramp nuisance." It is strange, because the nuisance is as great in the country as it is in the city, and there is no section and no interest that would not be served by a sweeping measure of suppression. A feeling has undoubtedly existed that much of the tramping is attributable to the bad times—that men are wandering in honest search of employment. This feeling should be corrected by this time. If anything is notorious now, it is that ninety-nine tramps in a hundred—an overwhelming proportion, at any rate—would not work at any wages, if they could. The experiment tried in Massachusetts by detectives exposes the utter hollowness of the pretence that these fellows desire work. They scorn work and scout the idea of engaging in it. They coolly propose to live upon the community, and to "eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces," and to do this *in perpetuo*.

In the city, where these parasites prefer to spend the winter, it is not so very hard to get along with them. They are an offensive, dirty, disgraceful set to have around, it is true. One shrinks from contact with them—shivering in their abominable rags and dirt—and feeds them with cold victuals at his basement door, but he is not afraid of them. In the country, during the summer, and near the great lines of travel, the tramp is a different being. Whatever of enterprise there may be in him is exhibited during that season. Then he can steal eggs, rob hen-roosts, bully women and children who find themselves unprotected at home while the men are in the fields, set forests on fire, and commit burglaries and murders whenever it may be desirable and convenient. They rove in bands. We have seen them in forests during the past winter near inland cities—a dozen of them smoking and lounging beside a fire made of stolen wood. They are to be counted by tens of thousands, and they stand ready to go into any mischief into which the demagogue with money in his pocket may see fit to lead them. They are the very lowest layer of the proletariat—a class whose existence in America has been declared again and again, and in no case more distinctly and deplorably than in the labor-riots of last year. No difficulty can rise between labor and capital at which these fellows will not be ready to “assist.” They stand waiting, a great multitude, to join in any mob that will give them the slightest apology for pillage, and the safety in robbery that comes of numbers. We have no doubt that they would have been glad to sign a petition for the passage of the Bland silver bill.

We cannot do what the French Government once did under similar circumstances—banish fifty thousand of them to colonial servitude; and it is a great pity that we cannot. If we could gather the whole disgusting multi-

tude, wash them, put new clothes upon them, and under military surveillance and direction set them to quarrying stone, or raising corn and cotton for ten years, we might save some of them to decency and respectability, and relieve the honest people of the country of their presence and their support. If we cannot do this, however, there are things we can do. Every State in the Union can gather these men, wherever found, into work-houses, where they can be restrained from scaring and preying upon the community, and made to earn the bread they eat and the clothes they wear. It is necessary, of course, to throw away all sentimentality in connection with them. The tramp is a man who can be approached by no motive but pain—the pain of a thrashing or the pain of hunger. He hates work; he has no self-respect and no shame; and, by counting himself permanently out of the productive and self-supporting forces of society, he counts himself out of his rights. He has no rights but those which society may see fit of its grace to bestow upon him. He has no more rights than the sow that wallows in the gutter, or the lost dogs that hover around the city squares. He is no more to be consulted, in his wishes or his will, in the settlement of the question as to what is to be done with him, than if he were a bullock in a corral.

Legislation concerning this evil seems to have been initiated in various States, but at this writing we cannot learn that anything effective has been done. It would be well if the States could work in concert in this matter; but one great State like New York, or Pennsylvania, or Ohio, has only to inaugurate a stringent measure to drive all the other states into measures that shall be its equivalent. The tramp whose freedom is imperilled in New York, will fly to New Jersey or New England, and New Jersey and New England will be obliged to protect

themselves. So one powerful state can compel unanimity of action throughout the country. The legislature of New York had a bill up a year ago which came to nothing. We hope the present session will see something done, but legislators have so many things to do besides looking after the public safety and the public morality, that we are quite prepared to hear that this matter will be overlooked. But something must be done, somewhere, very soon, if we propose to have anything like safety and comfort in our homes, or to relieve ourselves of a great burden of voluntary, vicious, and even malicious pauperism.

PAUPERIZING THE CLERGY.

We had occasion, in a recent article on the general topic of pauperism, to speak of the bad influences of charitable aid when rendered to young men preparing for the Christian ministry. As everything we said was conceived in a spirit of the warmest friendliness toward the profession, we were not quite prepared for the acrid, not to say contemptuous, criticism with which it was received by a portion of the religious press. We had supposed that the desirableness of independent means in the acquisition of an education, for any profession, was beyond controversy. We had supposed that clergy and laity alike regarded it a misfortune to a young man to be in any way obliged to accept aid in preparing himself for the work of his life. Indeed, they undoubtedly so regard it still; and if it is for any other reason than that it tends to degrade and pauperize him, we have not learned it.

But one religious paper, which ought to be ashamed of its childishness, has undertaken to controvert this very widely held opinion. We have not its words before

us, but the point it makes is that if it pauperizes a young man to have his education given him, it will pauperize him equally whether it is given him by the hand of charity or by the hand of his parents! Another religious paper copies this with approval! We should do both papers great injustice if we should assume that they do not know better than this. The sophistry is so puerile that one feels humiliated in being compelled to expose it. A man who takes the responsibility of introducing a child into existence assumes certain duties and obligations which place him in relations to his offspring such as he holds to no other human being. The child possesses certain rights in his father's labor, his acquired capital, his home, his conditions, that can never be alienated except by his crimes. Among these rights is that of a preparation for the work and duty of life. Now, the difference between the position of a boy who feels that in his education he is receiving his natural and legal right, and of one who knows that his education comes to him as a gift of charity to helplessness, is about as wide as can be conceived. Nobody knows this any better than the charity student himself. If he is manly, his position galls and worries him, and he is never happy until he has in some way paid off his debt. If he is not manly, it has a powerful influence in making him a pauper for life. We say, then, that the religious paper which declares that the influence of charitable aid is the same as parental is not candid. It knows better and ought to be ashamed of itself.

More plausible, and more candid without doubt, is a correspondent of a secular paper who compares the student at West Point with the charity student. At West Point, a young man receives not only his tuition, but his support, without charge; and the influence of this education is not regarded as a pauperizing one. On the con-

trary, it is looked upon as a most honorable and stimulating one. Now, why should not an education bestowed by the Government have the same effect upon the mind of the recipient as one bestowed by the gifts of the benevolent? We may state as a fact that it does not, and that everybody is conscious that it does not. We may assume, therefore, that there is a sound reason for this difference in the facts. The Government thinks it worth its money to have an educated body of men, learned in the art of war, to be always ready for service. This body of men, in surrendering themselves to discipline, and holding themselves ready for what is expected of them, have the consciousness of rendering an equivalent for what they receive. They are ready to pay their debt in the only way in which it is desired to be paid, or can be paid. The aid they have received is in no possible sense a charity. It is given by the country for a consideration; it is accepted by the student who perfectly understands the nature of the equivalent he renders.

There are those, undoubtedly, who would undertake to point out a parallel between the church and the Government, and to maintain that the young man who gives himself to the church renders an equivalent for all the church may do for him, in preparing him for service. We are not, however, talking about what may or might be, or what ought to be. We are talking about what is, and the simple fact is that the aid given to the students for the ministry is, and is felt to be, charitable aid. It carries no such self-respect with it as is entertained by the son who is educated by his father's money, in the enjoyment of a heaven-bestowed right, and no West Point pride, bred in an institution that takes no note of rich or poor, but identifies itself with the governmental interest and honor.

Whatever we may have written upon this subject, first

or last—and we have written a good deal upon it—we have had at heart the interest of the Christian ministry. The body is disgraced by a large and not rapidly diminishing mass of men who occupy in their parishes the position of paupers. How and when they became willing to be the constant recipients of gifts we do not know.

We do not think they are the sons of men who were able to give them an education. We do not think they are men who wrought out their own education. We have no doubt that they are men who began by being helped, and who, to the disgrace of their profession, have remained willing to be recipients of charity from year to year. If there is a man in this world who should be in independent circumstances it is the Christian teacher. Generous support is a matter of right, and any minister who will consent to receive the payment for his work with even the smell of charity upon it, is a pauper. This is what we ask for—a body of men who hate charity as it relates to themselves, who are “touchy” as it concerns their business rights, and who compel their parishes to understand that their money has its equivalent in ministerial work as truly as in any work. This, too, is what we ask for—a body of young men who will be willing to wait five years that they may earn money rather than touch a dollar of “help”—a body that will enter the pulpit mortgaged to no society of old women of either sex, and with a sincere hatred of all the influences that tend to degrade their profession in the eyes of a practical business world. And we cannot conceive how anybody can find fault with these views and wishes and motives of ours, unless they touch to consciousness a pauper spirit within himself.

THE DEAD-BEAT NUISANCE.

We hear a great deal of the "tramp nuisance," but this is very largely confined to the country. Men out of work, with no families to tie them to any particular spot, and men demoralized by army experiences, who would not work if they could, added to the great pauperized mass that is afloat at all times, tramp from town to town, and beg or steal—according to their depth of degradation—to eke out their miserable and meaningless lives. But there is another nuisance confined mainly to the cities, of which the country knows but little, that grows larger and larger with each passing month. The dead-beat is a product of the town, and harder to handle and cure than the tramp.

The processes by which the dead-beat is made are various. A young man of bad habits goes on to worse, until, as business becomes slack, he is discharged. From that day forth his clothes grow shabby. He begins to borrow from those who knew him in better days, with the promise and, at first, with the purpose of paying; but at last he wears out his friends, and begins to prey upon society at large. He has no resource but borrowing—borrowing on the basis of any story that he can invent. He wants money to bury his wife, his child, to feed a starving family, to get to some place where he has friends. Many pretend to belong in the South, and are only anxious to get back. Many in New York have just come from the South, their trunks pawned for passage-money and they want to get to Boston. Some are just from a hospital, where they have for a long time been ill. They have been dismissed without money, and want to reach their friends. The ingenious lies that are peddled about New York, in any single day, by men and

women fairly well dressed, for the purpose of extorting from sympathetic and benevolent people, sums varying from one dollar to twenty-five dollars, would make a series of narratives quite sufficient to set up a modern novelist. So earnestly and consistently are these stories told that it is next to impossible to realize that they are not true ; yet we suppose that the experience of the general public, like all the private experience with which we are acquainted, proves that ninety-nine times in a hundred they are pure, or most impure inventions.

The genteel female dead-beat is, perhaps, the hardest to get along with. She puts on airs and dignities. She talks of her former fortune, and of her expectations. She has sources of income at present shut up, but sure to be opened in time. Or she has a small income, terribly inadequate, at best, but not yet due. She wants something to bridge over the gulf that yawns between the last dollar and the next. Sometimes she lubricates her speech with tears, but dignity, and great self-respectfulness, and a beautiful show of faith in God and man, are her principal instruments ; and it takes a purse that shuts like a steel trap to withstand her appeals. Some of these women selfishly stay at home, or in some nice boarding-house, and push out their children, and even their young and well-educated daughters, to do their borrowing for them. One whom we know—confessedly a non-attendant at any church—rails at the church for not supporting her. “ Pretty followers of Jesus Christ ! ” she thinks the church members are.

The moment a man begins to lie for the purpose of getting money, or for the purpose of excusing himself for the non-payment of a debt, that moment he changes from a man to a dead-beat. We thus have dead-beats in business, as well as out of business—men who “ shin ” from day to day, and never know in the morning how

they are to get through. They live constantly by expedients. Of course, it cannot take long to reduce them to dead-beats of the most disgraceful stamp.

A statement has been made by one of our most truthful public men, that there is in this city a house that harbors the professional dead-beat, and furnishes him with romances to be used in the practical extortion of money. In this house there is a book kept, in which are recorded the names of benevolent men and women, with all their histories, traits, weak points, etc. These romances and this knowledge are imparted in consideration of a certain percentage of the money collected through their use. Whether we call this organized beggary or organized robbery, it matters little. The fact itself is enough to put every man upon his guard, and to make him decline (as a fixed rule, never to be deviated from, except in instances where his own personal knowledge warrants him in doing so) to give anything to anybody who comes to him with a story and an outstretched palm. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the story is a lie, and the teller of it a professional dead-beat, who deserves to be kicked from the door. Personally, we have never known a case in New York City of this sort of begging or borrowing that was not a fraud. The money loaned never comes back, or the beggar by some forgetfulness comes round again.

The only safe way to manage these importunate and adroit scamps is either to turn them over to the investigation of some society, or to call a policeman. Fortunately, there is in a large number of houses the District telegraph, by the means of which a policeman can be summoned in a minute or two, without the visitor's knowledge. In many instances the policeman will know his man at first sight. Every dollar given to these leeches upon the social body is a direct encouragement to the

increase of the pauper population ; and, if the matter is still regarded carelessly, we shall, in twenty years, be as badly off as Great Britain in this particular. What we give goes for rum, as a rule, and we not only foster idleness, but we nourish vice and crime. We need to make a dead set against tramps in the country and dead-beats in the city, if we wish to save our children from a reign of pauperism, only less destructive of the prosperity and the best interests of the country than the reign of war.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

BY the vote of our city Board of Education, on the sixth of November last, the English school-book, prepared by Benjamin Ward Richardson, called "The Temperance Lesson-Book," was adopted among the text-books which our city teachers are at liberty to use. We hope there are a good many teachers in the city who are willing to take up this book and teach it to their classes, for there is no doubt that boys go out into the dangers of the world lamentably ignorant of those that await them among the drinking-shops. We are sorry that this instruction must come into the schools through special text-books, though it is better that it come in this way than not at all. It must come, at last, into all competent schools, but when that point shall be reached, it will come in books on physiology and political economy, in a natural and perfectly legitimate way. A special text-book on temperance may be well enough in the absence of the general books, in which the topic has its appropriate place and space; but it is like a text-book on opium-eating. In short, the incompetence of the books on physiology and political economy has forced the friends of temperance into the use of this make-shift, which is surely a great deal better than nothing.

There is, probably, no hallucination so obstinate as

that which attributes to alcoholic drink a certain virtue which it never possessed. After all the influence of the pulpit and the press, after all the warning examples of drunkenness and consequent destruction, after all the testimony of science and experience, there lingers in the average mind an impression that there is something good in alcohol, even for the healthy man. Boys and young men do not shun the wine-cup as a poisoner of blood and thought, and the most dangerous drug that they can possibly handle ; but they have an idea that the temperance man is a foggy or a foe to a free social life, whose practices are ascetic, and whose warnings are to be laughed at and disregarded. Now, in alcohol, in its various forms, we have a foe to the human race so subtle and so powerful that it destroys human beings by the million, vitiates all the mental processes of those who indulge in it, degrades morals, induces pauperism and crime in the superlative degree when compared with all other causes, corrupts the homes of millions and makes hells of them, and wastes the national resources more certainly and severely than war ; yet so little have the writers upon physiology and political economy regarded this vital and economical factor in human affairs, that the friends of temperance have been obliged to get up and push a special text-book upon it ! Verily, they must be a brilliant set of men ! Hereafter no text-book on either physiology or political economy should be adopted in any school in the country that does not competently treat of the alcohol question.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in so-

ciety, without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society. Of course, the great barrier between the youth and correct knowledge—the great mystifier and misleader—is respectable society. This is practically saying to the young, pretty universally, that wine is a good thing. Fine dinners are never given without it, and good men and women drink it daily. They do not get drunk, they may be conscientious and religious, and many of them not only do not regard wine-drinking as harmful, but as positively beneficial. The boy and the young man see all this, and think, naturally, that those who have experience in drink should know better about its results than those who let drink alone.

Now, what we want to do in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example, and a long-cherished error, by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol. They should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of animal life. 1st. They should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues—that it never enters into the elements of structure, and that, in the healthy organism, it is always a burden or a disturbing force. 2d. They should be taught that it invariably disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get nothing from alcohol of help that is to be relied upon. 3d. They should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, blunts the sensibilities, and debases the feelings. 4th. They should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly developed by those who use it, which is dangerous to life, destructive of health of body and peace of mind, and in millions of instances ruinous to fortune and to all the high interests of the soul. 5th. They should be taught that the crime and pauperism of society flow as naturally from alcohol

as any effect whatever naturally flows from its competent cause. 6th. They should be taught that drink is the responsible cause of most of the poverty and want of the world. So long as six hundred million dollars are annually spent for drink in this country, every ounce of which was made by the destruction of bread, and not one ounce of which has ever entered into the sum of national wealth, having nothing to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, these boys should understand the facts and be able to act upon them in their first responsible conduct.

The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbors and friends, happy should we be. But this great, abominable curse dominates the world. The tramp reminds us of it as he begs for a night's lodging. The widow and the fatherless tell us of it as they ask for bread. It scowls upon us from the hovels and haunts of the poor everywhere. Even the clean, hard-working man of prosperity cannot enjoy his earnings because the world is full of misery from drink. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil of our time, the better will it be for them and for the world. Let us use the "temperance lesson-book" wherever we may. Let parents demand that it shall be used, and particularly let all writers upon physiology and political economy for schools take up the subject of alcohol, and treat it so candidly, fully, and ably that their books shall no longer be commentaries on their own incompetency to fill the places whose functions they have assumed.

SOCIAL DRINKING.

A few weeks ago, a notable company of gentlemen assembled in the ample parlors of the venerable and much beloved William E. Dodge, in this city, to listen to an essay by Judge Noah Davis on the relations of crime to the habit of intemperate drinking. The company was notable for its respectability, its number of public men, and the further fact that it contained many who were well known to be wine-drinkers—unattached to any temperance organization. No one could have listened to Judge Davis's disclosure of the facts of his subject without the conviction that it was a subject worthy the attention of every philanthropist, every political economist, and every well-wisher of society present, whether temperance men or not. These facts, gathered from many quarters, and from the best authorities, were most significant in fastening upon the use of alcohol the responsibility for most of the crimes and poverty of society. Some of them were astounding, even to temperance men themselves, and there were none present, we presume, who did not feel that Judge Davis had done a rare favor to the cause of temperance in thus putting into its service his resources of knowledge and his persuasive voice. How many were convinced by the facts detailed that evening that they ought to give up the habit of social drinking, we cannot tell. The probabilities are that none were so moved, for this habit of social drinking, or rather the considerations that go with it, are very despotic. The idea that a man cannot be hospitable without the offer of wine to his guests is so fixed in the minds of most well-to-do people in this city that they will permit no consideration to interfere with it. People in the country, in the ordinary walks of life, have no concep-

tion of the despotic character of this idea. There are literally thousands of respectable men in New York who would consider their character and social standing seriously compromised by giving a dinner to a company of ladies and gentlemen without the offer of wine. It is not that they care for it themselves particularly. It is quite possible, or likely, indeed, that they would be glad, for many reasons, to banish the wine-cup from their tables, but they do not dare to do it. It is also true that such is the power of this idea upon many temperance men that they refrain altogether from giving dinners, lest their guests should feel the omission of wine to be a hardship and an outrage upon the customs of common hospitality.

We have called these things to notice for a special reason. The company of wine-drinkers who made up so large a portion of the number that filled Mr. Dodge's rooms on the occasion referred to must have been profoundly impressed by the revelations and arguments of Judge Davis. They could not have failed to feel that by these revelations they had been brought face to face with a great duty—not, perhaps, the duty of stopping social drinking, and all responsible connection with it, but the duty of doing something to seal the fountains of this drink which has contributed so largely to the spread of crime and poverty and misery. A man must, indeed, be a brute who can contemplate the facts of intemperance without being moved to remedy them. They are too horrible to contemplate long at a time, and every good citizen must feel that the world cannot improve until, in some measure, the supplies of drink are dried up.

Our reason for writing this article is to call attention to the fact that there is something about this habit of social wine-drinking that kills the motives to work for temperance among those who suffer by coarse and destructive habits of drink. Temperance is very rarely

directly labored for by those who drink wine. As a rule, with almost no exceptions at all, the man who drinks wine with his dinner does not undertake any work to keep his humble neighbors temperate. As a rule, too, the wine-drinking clergyman says nothing about intemperance in his pulpit, when it is demonstrably the most terrible scourge that afflicts the world. There seems to be something in the touch of wine that paralyzes the ministerial tongue, on the topic of drink.

We fully understand the power of social influence to hold to the wine-cup as the symbol of hospitality. It is one of the most relentless despotisms from which the world suffers, and exactly here is its worst result. We do not suppose that a very large number of drunkards are made by wine drunk at the table, in respectable homes. There is a percentage of intemperate men made undoubtedly here, but perhaps the worst social result that comes of this habit is its paralyzing effect upon reform—its paralyzing effect upon those whose judgments are convinced, and whose wishes for society are all that they should be. It is only the total abstainer who can be relied upon to work for temperance—who ever has been relied upon to work for temperance; and of Mr. Dodge's company of amiable and gentlemanly wine-drinkers, it is safe to conclude that not one will join hands with him in temperance labor—with Judge Davis's awful facts sounding in his ears—who does not first cut off his own supplies.

THE WAY WE WASTE.

One of the facts brought prominently before the world during the last few years is, that France is rich. The ease with which she has recovered from the disastrous war with Prussia, and the promptness with which she has

met, not only her own, but Prussia's enormous expenses in that war, have surprised all her sister nations. Every poor man had his hoard of ready money, which he was anxious to lend to the State. How did he get it? How did he save it? Why is it that, in a country like ours, where wages are high and the opportunities for making money exceptionally good, such wealth and prosperity do not exist? These are important questions at this time with all of us.

Well, France is an industrious nation, it is said. But is not ours an industrious nation too? Is it not, indeed, one of the most hard-working and energetic nations in the world? We believe it to be a harder-working nation than the French, with not only fewer holidays, but no holidays at all, and with not only less play, but almost no play at all. It is said, too, that France is a frugal nation. They probably have the advantage of us in this; yet, to feed a laboring man and to clothe a laboring man and his family there must be a definite, necessary expenditure in both countries. The difference in wages ought to cover the difference in expenses, and probably does. If the American laborer spends twice as much, or three times as much, as the French, he earns twice or three times as much; yet the American laborer lays up nothing, while the French laborer and small farmer have money to lend to their Government. Their old stockings are long and are full. The wine and the silk which the French raise for other countries must be more than counterbalanced by our exported gold, cotton, and breadstuffs, so that they do not have any advantage over us, as a nation, in what they sell to other nations? We shall have to look farther than this for the secret we are after.

There lies a book before us, written by Dr. William Hargreaves, entitled, "Our Wasted Resources." We

wish that the politicians and political economists of this country could read this book, and ponder well its shocking revelations. They are revelations of criminal waste—the expenditure of almost incalculable resources for that which brings nothing, worse than nothing, in return. There are multitudes of people who regard the temperance question as one of morals alone. The men who drink say simply, “We will drink what we please, and it’s nobody’s business. You temperance men are pestilent fellows, meddlesome fellows, who obtrude your tuppenny standard of morality upon us, and we do not want it, and will not accept it. Because you are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?” Very well, let us drop it as a question of morality. You will surely look at it with us as a question of national economy and prosperity; else, you can hardly regard yourselves as patriots. We have a common interest in the national prosperity, and we can discuss amicably any subject on this common ground.

France produces its own wine and drinks mainly cheap wine. It is a drink which, while it does them no good, according to the showing of their own physicians, does not do them harm enough to interfere with their industry. Their drinking wastes neither life nor money as ours does, and they sell in value to other countries more than they drink themselves. During the year 1870, in our own State of New York, there were expended by consumers for liquor more than one hundred and six millions of dollars, a sum which amounted to nearly two-thirds of all the wages paid to laborers in agriculture and manufactures, and to nearly twice as much as the receipts of all the railroads in the State, the sum of the latter being between sixty-eight and sixty-nine millions. The money of our people goes across the bar all the time faster than it is crowded into the wickets of all the rail-

road stations of the State, and where does it go? What is the return for it? Diseased stomachs, aching heads, discouraged and slatternly homes, idleness, gout, crime, degradation, death. These, in various measures, are exactly what we get for it. We gain of that which is good, nothing—no uplift in morality, no increase of industry, no accession to health, no growth of prosperity. Our State is full of tramps, and every one is a drunkard. There is demoralization everywhere, in consequence of this wasteful stream of fiery fluid that constantly flows down the open gullet of the State.

But our State is not alone. The liquor bill of Pennsylvania during 1870 was more than sixty-five millions of dollars, a sum equal to one-third of the entire agricultural product of the State. Illinois paid more than forty-two millions and Ohio more than fifty-eight millions. Massachusetts paid more than twenty-five millions, a sum equal to five-sixths of her agricultural products, while the liquor bill of Maine was only about four millions and a quarter. Mr. Hargreaves takes the figures of Massachusetts and Maine to show how a prohibitory law does, after all, reduce the drinking; but it is not our purpose to argue this question.

What we desire to show is, that, with an annual expenditure of \$600,000,000 for liquors in the United States—and all the figures we give are based upon official statistics—it should not be wondered at that the people are poor. Not only this vast sum is wasted; not only the capital invested is diverted from good uses, and all the industry involved in production taken from beneficent pursuits, but health, morality, respectability, industry and life are destroyed. Sixty thousand Americans annually lie down in a drunkard's grave. It were better to bring into the field and shoot down sixty thousand of our young men every year, than to have them go through

all the processes of disease, degradation, crime, and despair through which they inevitably pass.

With six hundred millions of dollars saved to the country annually, how long would it take to make these United States rich not only, but able to meet, without disturbance and distress, the revulsions in business to which all nations are liable? Here is a question for the statesman and the politician. Twenty-five years of absolute abstinence from the consumption of useless, and worse than useless, liquors, would save to the country fifteen billions of dollars, and make us the richest nation on the face of the globe. Not only this sum—beyond the imagination to comprehend—would be saved, but all the abominable consequences of misery, disease, disgrace, crime, and death, that would flow from the consumption of such an enormous amount of poisonous fluids, would be saved. And yet temperance men are looked upon as disturbers and fanatics! And we are adjured not to bring temperance into politics! And this great transcendent question of economy gets the go-by, while we hug our little issues for the sake of party and of office! Do we not deserve adversity?

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

REGULATED PRODUCTION.

IN a recent number of *The Popular Science Monthly*, we find an important and suggestive article from the pen of O. B. Bunce, which attempts to enforce the policy of "regulated production." There is no question that the popular doctrine that the supply is always regulated by the demand, and that demand will always elicit supply, does not work with the requisite nicety or sensitiveness. A demand springs up, let us say, for paper. Immediately hundreds of mills start into action, each anxious to do its utmost to meet that demand with supply. They are operated night and day, and before they can feel the subsidence of the demand, the market is glutted. Then the mills are reduced to half time, or the gates are shut down altogether. Thousands of workmen and workwomen are either reduced in wages, or deprived of all wages; and then, of course, comes distress. They cease to be consumers of anything but the bare necessities of life, and thus every interest with which they hold relations is made to suffer with them. They buy no cloth, they live in the cheapest quarters, they drop all luxuries, and their over-production becomes, in every respect, a popular disaster. The demand brought the supply, but the supply for a year was produced in six months.

We all remember with what opposition the introduction of labor-saving machinery was met in England. The laboring classes had an instinct that there was somewhere in it mischief for them. In this country less opposition has been manifested, because the labor market, until within a few years, has not been over-supplied. In the development of a new realm there has been enough for everybody to do. It was not long ago in this country that the instincts of labor began to apprehend trouble from over-production. The labor-saving machinery was all invented, however, and in use, and the only remedy that seemed to offer was a reduction of the hours of labor—the shortening of the day's work. This could not work well, because it was not universal, and it was a clumsy resort in every respect. No manufacturer, paying a fixed sum for eight hours' work, could compete with another who paid only the same sum for ten, eleven and twelve hours' work. The matter got into the hands of demagogues, guilds and societies have endeavored to control the capitalists, and there has grown out of it a long train of mischiefs.

Of this one fact, all men at this time have come to be well aware, viz., that we have the machinery and the labor for producing more of the ordinary materials required in civilized life than we can sell. The further fact, to which we have already alluded, that "the law of demand and supply" works clumsily, and often disastrously, when left to itself, is also pretty definitely apprehended. There would seem, therefore, to be no alternative policy but that of "regulated production." That this is possible in limited spheres has already been abundantly proved. There is at this time in Massachusetts a society of paper-makers who are intelligently and successfully "regulating" the production of their mills. They understand that if they run their mills day and

night they will produce paper in such quantities as to raise the price of stock and reduce the price of paper, as well as glut the market. So, by keeping the supply as nearly even with the demand as possible, they manage to run their mills half time—that is, only in the day-time—and to make a profit on which they and their employes can live. This is what may be called “regulated production ;” and we know of no reason why the policy may not be adopted by every manufacturing interest in the country.

The Government, of course, can have no voice in this regulation, but it can be of incalculable assistance in rendering it intelligent. It can ascertain—approximately, at least—how much paper, in all its varieties, how much muslin, how many shoes, how much woollen cloth, how many sewing-machines, reapers, ploughs, hoes, shovels, how much cutlery, how many hats, are made and sold in a single year. It can also ascertain the producing capacity of the respective groups of manufactories, and thus reduce to the simplest sum in arithmetic the problem of regulated production. This sum, intelligently ciphered out, nothing remains but honest co-operation, free and frank intercommunication, and fraternal loyalty. Our American Silk Association, for instance, with its printed organ, its regular meetings, its thorough intelligence in all matters relating to the supply of the raw material and the demand for the manufactured product, can so regulate the production of silk that the whole interest can be kept in a healthy condition.

Mr. Bunce cites the combination of the coal companies, which recently exploded, with such disastrous results, as a perfectly legitimate one, provided it had been entered into in order to prevent an over-production of coal. We heartily coincide in this opinion, and presume to add that if this had been the only motive of the combination

it would not have exploded. The combination to prevent an over-production is not only legitimate—it is necessary. The attempt to force prices and profits on coal, in order to sustain a speculation in railroad stocks, or to bolster up roads that have no legitimate basis, was what burst the combination. Such evils will always correct themselves, though, in the correction, they inflict great disasters. The consumers of Pennsylvania cannot suffer without inflicting injury upon the manufacturers of New England and New York, who get their coal for less than it costs to produce it. Regulated production, with all that it promises, means, however, contentment with modest profits—a toning down of the old greed for sudden and enormous wealth. It means also the entrance upon untried fields of enterprise, increased intelligence, and a development of skill. A limitation in quantity will bring an improvement in quality, every man trying his best to lead the market, or to make his market sure. We know that when a manufacturing interest is enormous, like that of iron or cotton cloth, it is difficult to associate the capital involved; but it can be done—ought to be done—must be done.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

We have all had our laugh over Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," and particularly over the passage which declares "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," and which also contains the record of Ah Sin's discomfiture at the hand of Bill Nye, for the crime of holding more aces in his sleeve than his antagonist. Bill Nye's course of reasoning, and the "remedial agency" which he so promptly adopted in the case cited, form the finest satire on the California enemies of the Chinaman that was ever uttered. We have all read, too, "Miss Malony on

the Chinese Question," which, though given in characteristic prose, is not inferior in its way to Mr. Harte's poem. These two satirical and humorous productions have in them a vast amount of truth and common sense. In the latter, Mrs. Dodge touches the question of national prejudice, and in the former, Mr. Harte deals with the question of industrial and political economy.

A few months ago we published two articles on the Chinese in California. One of them, written by a lady, was a record of personal experience in the employment of Chinese servants. The other treated of the general subject of Chinese immigration, in its social, industrial and political aspects. We have waited for a reply to these communications, because there are always two sides to every question; and we supposed that the Chinese would have friends enough who were willing to speak a just, if not a kind word for them. We have waited up to the time of writing this article, in vain, and we propose to say a word for ourselves—such a word as a man may say on general principles, with perhaps an inadequate knowledge of facts.

The Irish immigrant—we mean only the ignorant and laboring Irish immigrant—has always hated any race and any nationality that has been brought into competition with him in common labor. The negro has always been the Irishman's *bête noir*, quite independently of his color. It seems to be natural for an Irishman to hate a negro, and the hatred comes entirely from the fact that he regards him as a competitor in common labor. Here, in New York, we have had a small specimen of the hatred of an Irishman for an Italian—not that the Italian has base blood in him, or is his enemy in matters of religion, for the Italian is his Catholic brother, and the fellow-countryman of his Pope. He is simply jealous of him as a laborer; and the Italians would only need to settle

in New York in sufficiently large numbers to develop this jealousy into violent and disgraceful manifestations. We state these facts simply in illustration of the way in which the Irishman would naturally regard the importation of 150,000 Chinese laborers at San Francisco. With his nature, and his adoption of the idea, either that he has a right to all the common labor that is to be done, or that any other common laborer will interfere with his prosperity, it would be impossible for him to look upon Chinese immigration with anything but disfavor. This disfavor he would manifest in the way in which he manifests it toward the negro and the Italian. "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," he would say, and, therefore, he would "go for that heathen Chinese."

So, whatever of Irish opposition there may be in San Francisco to the importation of the Chinaman, and whatever of maltreatment the latter may suffer from Irish boots and Irish influence, are sufficiently explained. The Irishman would be most unlike himself if he failed to look upon the Chinaman precisely as he looks upon the African and the laboring Italian. He does not oppose him with brutal weapons because he is a heathen, for he would treat the Catholic Italian in the same way, under the same circumstances; but because he and the Chinaman have the same thing to dispose of, *viz.*: common labor.

There is still another influence which is naturally hostile to the Chinaman. This influence is not so powerful here as it would be England. We allude to the influence of the trades unions. The members of these societies are, by their institutions and policy, necessarily the foes of any body of laborers who remain outside of their lines and beyond their control. It is not necessary that this body of laborers should be Chinese. It is only necessary that they should be laborers who choose to be inde-

pendent of them. This fact is illustrated every day in the year in New York. All the persuasives are employed and all the penalties are imposed which can be used with safety to keep men from working in "wild shops," whose proprietors choose to manage their own business. The abuse of the tongue, social ostracism, and, in too many instances, violence, are resorted to, to bring and hold men within their own ranks. It is not the Irishman, the Italian, the Chinaman, or the negro, that the trades unions care for, as such, but it is the independent laborer, who works at whatever, and at whatever wages, he may choose. Now it is impossible that these organizations should regard with favor the importation of an alien population, possessing rare ingenuity and adaptiveness to a wide circle of industry, yet entirely outside of their possible control.

We are not upon the ground, and it is impossible for us to judge how much of the enmity to the Chinese that reigns at San Francisco is attributable to the two causes that have been mentioned. That enough of it to make these Chinese very uncomfortable and unsafe is to be traced to these causes, nobody can doubt, though he may live on the other side of the globe. If it were all wiped out, we fancy that the "heathen Chinese" would be very comfortable in California.

It is tossed in the teeth of the Chinaman that he is a heathen, that he is an opium-eater, that he sends his money home, that he does not bring his wife and family with him, but does bring prostitutes; that he is filthy, that the quarters he inhabits are breeders of disease, that he is a gambler, etc. It is a fair question to ask, in the face of these charges, whether the treatment meted out to this heathen has been such that he sees a marked superiority of Christianity over heathenism. About how impressive is the Christian lesson imparted to a heathen

by the unrebuked toe of a hoodlum's boot? What would a heathen naturally think of a Christianity that greets him with a howl on his landing, and follows him with discriminating laws and regulations, and public contempt, and private, unhindered abuse during all the time of his residence? The charge of heathenism is just a trifle absurd. And, again, if the Chinaman smokes opium, who drinks whiskey? If he has prostitutes, whose unrebuked example does he follow? If he sends money home, it is precisely what the Irish have been doing, in the most filial, brotherly and praiseworthy way for the last century. If he comes to California without his wife, he does simply what tens of thousands of Californians have done since immigration into the State began. If he is a gambler, how long is it since gambling went out of fashion in California? If his quarters are filthy, why does not the health board, or why do not the city authorities, attend to their duties?

We ask these questions not because we suppose they decide anything, but because, in our ignorance, we would like to know. In the East, the prejudice against our heathen brother John in California seems a little unreasonable, and we want more light. We have been in the habit of welcoming all other nationalities. We are strangely insensitive to the importation of thousands of criminals and scamps and scalawags from Europe, and we cannot yet feel sure that the importation of the Chinaman is not a better thing, on the whole. He certainly is industrious, he minds his own business, and, so far as we have seen him here, he does an honest day's work, which is more than can be said of a good many Christian laborers whom we have around us. Of one thing, at least, we are sure. No people can hold a large body of men in contempt, and regard them with hatred, and treat them like beasts, without demoralizing them-

selves. That thing has been tried, and tried in this country, too. The Californians cannot afford to have the Chinaman with them, unless they can treat him like a man. They must either do this, or the Chinaman must go. To hold a fellow-man in fixed contempt, to spit upon him unrebuked, simply because he is of another race, or is supposed, in the competitions of life, to interfere with one's prosperity, is simply to lapse from Christianity into barbarism. And that, in its own time, will produce results in which the Chinese will not be interested, except as observers.

SOCIAL FACTS, FORCES AND REFORMS.

ACTING UNDER EXCITEMENT.

THERE is great fear, on the part of some amiable persons who write for the public, lest, in certain excited movements of reform, there should be those who will take steps for which they will be sorry. They argue, from this, that it is not best to have any excitement at all, and especially that nothing should be done under excitement. It so happens, however, that the path of progress has always been marked by sudden steps upward and onward. There are steady growth and steady going, it is true, but the tendency to rut-making and routine are so great in human nature, that it is often only by wide excitements that a whole community is lifted and forwarded to a new level. Men often get into the condition of pig-iron. They pile up nicely in bars. They are in an excellent state of preservation. They certainly lie still, and though there is vast capacity in them for machinery, and cutlery, and agricultural implements—though they contain measureless possibilities of spindles and spades—there is nothing under heaven but fire that can develop their capacity and realize their possibilities.

There are communities that would never do anything but rot, except under excitement. A community often gets into a stolid, immobile condition, which nothing but a public excitement can break up. This condition

may relate to a single subject, or to many subjects. It may relate to temperance, or to a church debt. Now, it is quite possible that a man under excitement will do the thing that he has always known to be right, and be sorry for it or recede from it afterward; but the excitement was the only power that would ever have started him on the right path, or led him to stop in the wrong one. It is all very well to say that it would be a great deal better for a drunkard, coolly, after quiet deliberation and a rational decision, to resolve to forsake his cups than to take the same step under the stimulus of social excitement and the persuasions of companionship and fervid oratory; but does he ever do it? Sometimes, possibly, but not often. Without excitement and a great social movement, very little of temperance reform has ever been effected. Men are like iron: to be moulded they must be heated; and to say that there should be no excitement connected with a great reform, or that a reform is never to be effected through excitement, is to ignore the basilar facts of human nature and human history.

At the present time there is a great temperance reform in progress. Men are taking the temperance pledge by tens of thousands. They go around with glad faces and with ribbons in their button-holes. They sing their songs of freedom from the power that has so long and so cruelly enslaved them. It is said, of course: "Oh, this will not last. It is only a nine days' wonder. Many of these people are now drinking in secret, and soon the most of them will be back in their old courses." The most of them—possibly. It is not probable, however, that the most of them will recede. Suppose half of them remain true to their pledges; does not that pay? We should have had none of them without the excitement, and to have had a great mass of brutal men, who have long disgraced and abused their wives and children,

sober for a month, or for six months, was surely a good thing. It was at least a ray of sunshine in a great multitude of dark lives. The point we make, is, that the alternative of a reform through popular excitement is no reform at all. And we make the further point that a man who will not sympathize with a reform because of the excitement that accompanies it, is, ninety-nine times in a hundred, a man who does not sympathize with the reform on any ground; and the hundredth man is usually an impracticable ass.

Let us take this matter of paying church debts by what has become known as the Kimball method. A church builds a house of worship. It costs more than the original estimate, or some important members have failed in the expected or pledged subscription, or, worse than all, debt has been incurred with the eyes open and by intent. It has been carried along for years, the whole organization groaning with the burden. To a few it has become intolerable. They see the church dwindling. They see strangers frightened away by this skeleton in the closet; they see their pastor growing gray and careworn or utterly breaking down, and, knowing that nothing stands in the way of the usefulness and happiness of their church but the debt, they cast about for help. We will say that in most instances the church is able to pay the debt, provided every man will do his duty; but it so happens that every man will not do his duty, except under some sort of social excitement, which Mr. Kimball or his helper supplies. Now, it is simply a question between paying a debt and not paying it at all. It is not practically a question between paying in one way or another.

This method has been tried many times, with the most gratifying success. In one brief half-day, by means of everybody doing his part under the influence of elo-

quence and social excitement, debts have been lifted and churches made free. Churches and congregations have sung and wept over their success, and with the joy that came of duty done and sacrifice made for the Master. Just here steps in the critic. He has known nothing of the burden that the church has carried. He knows nothing of the happiness that has come from the sacrifices made, or of the hopes that have been born of them. He only knows that it is probable that men and women, under the excitement of the occasion, have subscribed in some instances more than they could afford to subscribe. Therefore, in the opinion of the critic, a public excitement for the purpose of securing the payment of a church debt is wrong. The critic does not take into account the fact that without the excitement the debt not only would not, but could not be paid. He does not take into account the fact that the willing part of the church has been most unjustly burdened with this debt for years, and that nothing under heaven but an excitement will stir the unwilling part of the church to do its duty. Of course he does not take into account the further fact that no sacrifice is too great to the man who appreciates the sacrifice that has been made for him, and for which he can only make a poor return, at best.

To the critics of this method of paying church debts who object to it on account of its profanation of the Sabbath, no better reply can be made than that of one who found occasion to defend himself in their presence. "We are told," said he, "that it was permissible in the olden time for a man to relieve his ass on the Sabbath day, when the animal had fallen into a ditch, and I am only trying to relieve a multitude of men and women who have been asses enough to stumble into a church debt." The answer is a good one, and justifies itself.

THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.

Everybody must talk about something. The poor fellow who was told not to talk for the fear that people would find out that he was a fool, made nothing by the experiment. He was considered a fool because he did not talk. On some subject or another, everybody must have something to say, or give up society. Of course, the topics of conversation will relate to the subjects of knowledge. If a man is interested in science, he will talk about science. If he is an enthusiast in art, he will talk about art. If he is familiar with literature, and is an intelligent and persistent reader, he will naturally put forward literary topics in his conversation. So with social questions, political questions, religious questions. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. That of which the mind is full—that with which it is furnished—will come out in expression.

The very simple reason why the world is full of gossip, is, that those who indulge in it have nothing else in them. They must interest themselves in something. They know nothing but what they learn from day to day, in intercourse with, and observation of, their neighbors. What these neighbors do—what they say—what happens to them in their social and business affairs—what they wear—these become the questions of supreme interest. The personal and social life around them—this is the book under constant perusal, and out of this comes that pestiferous conversation which we call gossip. The world is full of it; and in a million houses, all over this country, nothing is talked of but the personal affairs of neighbors. All personal and social movements and concerns are arraigned before this high court of gossip, are retailed at every fireside, are sweetened with approval or

embittered by spite, and are gathered up as the common stock of conversation by the bankrupt brains that have nothing to busy themselves with but tittle-tattle.

The moral aspects of gossip are bad enough. It is a constant infraction of the Golden Rule; it is full of all uncharitableness. No man or woman of sensibility likes to have his or her personal concerns hawked about and talked about; and those who engage in this work are meddlers and busybodies who are not only doing damage to others—are not only engaged in a most unneighborly office—but are inflicting a great damage upon themselves. They sow the seeds of anger and animosity and social discord. Not one good moral result ever comes out of it. It is a thoroughly immoral practice, and what is worst and most hopeless about it is, that those who are engaged in it do not see that it is immoral and detestable. To go into a man's house, stealthily, when he is away from home, and overhaul his papers, or into a lady's wardrobe and examine her dresses, would be deemed a very dishonorable thing; but to take up a man's or a woman's name, and besmirk it all over with gossip—to handle the private affairs of a neighbor around a hundred firesides—why, this is nothing! It makes conversation. It furnishes a topic. It keeps the wheels of society going.

Unhappily for public morals, the greed for personal gossip has been seized upon as the basis of a thrifty traffic. There are newspapers that spring to meet every popular demand. We have agricultural papers, scientific papers, literary papers, sporting papers, religious papers, political papers, and papers devoted to every special interest, great and small, that can be named, and, among them, papers devoted to personal gossip. The way in which the names of private men and women are handled by caterers for the public press, the way in

which their movements and affairs are heralded and discussed, would be supremely disgusting were it not more disgusting that these papers find greedy readers enough to make the traffic profitable. The redeeming thing about these papers is, that they are rarely malicious except when they are very low down—that they season their doses with flattery. They find their reward in ministering to personal vanity.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply, culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. As we write, there comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a bookstore, or a library, with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them, they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something, and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and, of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart and the other a change of pas-

ture. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REFORM.

It is the habit of men who regard themselves as "radicals," in matters relating to reform, to look upon the Christian and the Christian Church as "conservative," when, in truth, the Christian is the only reformer in the world who can lay a sound claim to radicalism. The Church has lived for eighteen hundred years, and will live until the end of time, because it holds the only radical system of reform in existence, if for no other reason. The greatness of the founder of Christianity is conspicuously shown in his passing by social institutions as of minor and inconsiderable importance, and fastening his claims upon the individual. The reform of personal character was his one aim. With him, the man was great and the institution small. There was but one way with him for making a good society, and that was by the purification of its individual materials. There can be nothing more radical than this; and there never was anything—there never will be anything—to take the place of it. It is most interesting and instructive to notice how, one by one, every system of reform that has attempted to "cut under" Christianity has died out, leaving it a permanent possessor of the

field. The reason is that Christianity is radical. There is no such thing as getting below it. It is at the root of all reform, because it deals with men individually.

We suppose that it is a matter of great wonder to some of our sceptical scientists that Christianity can live for a day. To them it is all a fable, and they look with either contempt or pity upon those who give it their faith and their devoted support. If they had only a little of the philosophy of which they believe themselves to possess a great deal, they would see that no system of religion can die which holds within itself the only philosophical basis of reform. A system of religion which carries motives within it for the translation of bad or imperfect character into a form and quality as divine as anything we can conceive, and which relies upon this translation for the improvement of social and political institutions, is a system which bears its credentials of authority graven upon the palms of its hands. There can be nothing better. Nothing can take the place of it. Until all sorts of reformers are personally reformed by it, they are only pretenders or mountebanks. They are all at work upon the surface, dealing with matters that are not radical.

It is most interesting and instructive, we repeat, to observe how all the patent methods that have been adopted outside of, or in opposition to, Christianity, for the reformation of society, have, one after another, gone to the wall, or gone to the dogs. A dream, and a few futile or disastrous experiments, are all that ever come of them. Societies, communities, organizations, melt away and are lost, and all that remains of them is their history. Yet the men who originated them fancied that they were radicals, while they never touched the roots either of human nature or human society. The most intelligent of those who abjure Christianity have seen

all this, and have been wise enough not to undertake to put anything in its place. They content themselves with their negations, and leave the race to flounder along as it will.

We suppose it is a matter of wonder to such men as these that Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey can obtain such a following as they do. They undoubtedly attribute it to superstition and ignorance, but these reformers are simply eminent radicals after the Christian pattern, who deal with the motives and means furnished them by the one great radical reformer of the world—Jesus Christ himself. They are at work at the basis of things. To them, politics are nothing, denominations are nothing, organizations are nothing, or entirely subordinate. Individual reform is everything. After this, organizations will take care of themselves. No good society can possibly be made out of bad materials, and when the materials are made good, the society takes a good form naturally, as a pure salt makes its perfect crystal without superintendence. They are proving, day by day, what all Christian reformers have been proving for eighteen centuries, viz., that Christian reform, as it relates to individual life and character, possesses the only sound philosophical basis that can be found among reforms. Christian reform, with all its motives and methods, is found to be just as vital to-day as it ever was. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. There are a great many dogmas of the Church whose truth, or whose importance, even if true, it would be difficult to prove; but the great truths, that humanity is degraded, and can only be elevated and purified by the elevation and purification of its individual constituents, are evident to the simplest mind. Men know that they are bad, and ought to be better; and a motive—or a series of motives to reformation, addressed

directly to this consciousness—is not long in achieving results. The radicalism of Christianity holds the secret of revivals, of the stability of the Church, of the growth and improvement of Christian communities. All things that are true are divine. There can be no one thing that is more divinely true than any other thing that is true. Christianity is divine, if for no other reason than that it holds and monopolizes the only radical and philosophical basis of reform. The criticisms of all those who ignore these facts are necessarily shallow and unworthy of consideration—just as shallow and just as worthless, as the dogmatism inside the Church which attributes the power of Christianity to those things which are not sources of power at all. Christianity must live and triumph as a system of reform, because it goes to the roots of things, and because, by so doing, it proves itself to be divinely and eternally true.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF NATIONAL MORALITY.

A time of war is always a time of corruption. The earnest public is absorbed by public questions and public movements. Values are shifting and unsettled. Contracts are made in haste, and their execution escapes, in the distractions of the time, that scrutiny and criticism which they secure in calmer periods. There are ten thousand chances for undetected frauds at such a time which do not exist in the reign of peace. All the selfish elements of human nature spring into unwonted activity, and the opportunities for large profits and sudden wealth are made the most of. This is the case in all climes and countries. America does not monopolize the greed and mendacity of the world. Even in despotic Russia, with Siberia in the near distance and harsher punishments closer at hand, the contractor cannot keep his fingers

from his country's gold. Rank growths of extravagance spring into life ; artificial wants are nourished ; the old economies go out, and the necessities of a new style of living force men into schemes of profit from which they would shrink under other circumstances. The public conscience becomes debauched, and the public tone of morality debased.

Upon results like these the uncorrupted men look with dismay or despair. Where is it all to end ? The nation is sick from heart to hand ; how can it be cured ? The answer is now, happily, not far to seek. A ring of rogues gets the metropolis into its hands. They rule it in their own interests. Their creatures are in every office. They reach their power out upon the State. With uncounted money, every dollar of which they have stolen, they control elections, bribe legislators, and buy laws that shall protect them and their plunder. They build club-houses, summer resorts, steamboats—all that can minister to their sensual delights, and find multitudes to fawn upon their power and pick up the crumbs of patronage that fall from their tables. But the day of reckoning comes to them, and the boastful leader who defiantly asks, "What are you going to do about it?" runs away. All these men are wanderers, self-exiled. Nay, they are prisoners to all intents and purposes—shut out from the only world which has any interest for them. There is not a man in Sing Sing who is not nearer home, who is any more shut away from home, than Tweed and his fellow-conspirators. Corruption, once the courted goddess of New York City, is not to-day in the fashion. So much, at least, has been done.

If we look out upon the country, we shall find the process of reformation going on. A gigantic interest, baleful in every aspect, pits itself against the demands

of the Government for revenue. Men who have held good positions in business circles stand confessed as cheats, tricksters, scoundrels. The whiskey rings that have defrauded the Government in untold millions are falling to pieces under the steady pressure of exposure, and stand revealed in all their shameful shamelessness. They appear before the bar of law and public opinion and plead guilty in squads—almost in battalions. And still the work goes on. Still, in the nature and tendency of things, it must go on, till all these festering centres of corruption are cauterized and healed. So with the Canal Ring, and so with corporation rings of all sorts all over the country. The tendencies of the time are toward reform. The attention of the country is crowded back from illegitimate sources of profit upon personal economy and healthy industry. It is seen, at least, that corruption does not pay, and that, in the end, it is sure of exposure.

There is another set of evils that have grown naturally out of the influences of the war. Petty peculations have abounded. Wages have been reduced, and those employers in responsible positions, whose style of living has been menaced or rendered impossible by the reduction of their means, have been over-tempted to steal, or to attempt speculation with moneys held and handled in trust. Thief after thief is exposed, many of them men whose honesty has been undoubted, until all who are obliged to trust their interest in the hands of others tremble with apprehension. But this is one of those things which will naturally pass away. Every exposure is a terrible lesson—not only to employers, but to the employed. The former will be careful to spread fewer temptations in the way of their trusted helpers, by holding them to a closer accountability, and the latter will learn that every step outside the bounds of integrity is

sure of detection in the end ; that the path of faithfulness is the only possible path of safety and of peace. This is not the highest motive to correct action, it is true, but it will answer for those who are tempted to steal, and who are not actuated by a better.

It will be evident that we are not alarmed or discouraged by the exposure of rascality in high places and low, which greet our eyes in almost every morning's newspaper. These exposures are the natural product of healthy reaction, the preliminary steps toward the national cure. So long as fraud, speculation, and defecation exist, the faster these exposures come the better. Every exposure is a preacher of righteousness, an evangel of reform. The more dangerous all rascality and infidelity to trust can be made to appear, the better for society. In any cutaneous disease, the more we see of it the better. It is before it appears, or when it is sunk from the surface, that it is most dangerous to the sources of life and the springs of cure.

DOUBLE CRIMES AND ONE-SIDED LAWS.

A little four-page pamphlet has recently fallen into our hands, entitled "Crimes of Legislation." Who wrote it, or where it came from, we do not know ; but it reveals a principle so important that it deserves more elaborate treatment and fuller illustration. These we propose to give it, premising, simply, that the word "crimes" is a misnomer, as it involves a malicious design which does not exist. "Mistakes in Legislation" would be a better title.

There are two classes of crimes. The first needs but one actor. When a sneak-thief enters a hall and steals and carries off an overcoat, or a man sits in his counting-room and commits a forgery, or a ruffian knocks a

passenger down and robs him, he is guilty of a crime which does not necessarily need a confederate of any sort. The crime is complete in itself, and the single perpetrator alone responsible. The second class of crimes can only be committed by the consent or active aid of a confederate. When a man demands, in contravention of the usury laws, an exorbitant price for the use of money, his crime cannot be complete without the aid of the man to whom he lends his money. When a man sells liquor contrary to the law, it involves the consent and active co-operation of the party to whom he makes the sale. He could not possibly break the law without aid. The same fact exists in regard to a large number of crimes. They are two-sided crimes, and necessarily involve two sets of criminals.

In the face of these facts, which absolutely dictate discriminative legislation that shall cover all the guilty parties, our laws have, with great uniformity, been one-sided for the double crime as well as for the single. The man who lends money at usurious rates is accounted the only guilty party in the transaction. The borrower may have come to him with a bribe in his hand to induce him to break the law—may have been an active partner in the crime—and still the lender is the only one accounted guilty and amenable to punishment. The man who sells intoxicating liquors contrary to law could never sell a glass, and would never buy one to sell, but for the bribe withheld in the palm of his customer; yet the law lays its hand only upon the seller.

Now, if we look into the history of these one-sided laws for double crimes, we shall learn that they are precisely those which we find it almost, or quite, impossible to enforce; and it seems never to have been suspected that, so long as they are one-sided, there is

a fatal flaw in them. Our legislators have seemed to forget that, if liquor is not bought, it will not be sold ; that if usurious rates for money are not tendered, they cannot possibly be exacted ; that if irregular or contingent fees are not offered to the prosecutors of real or doubtful claims, the prosecutors are without a motive to irregular action. So powerful is the sympathy of confederacy in crime between these two parties, although the confederacy is not recognized by law, that it has been almost impossible to get convictions. The rum-buyer will never, if he can help it, testify against the rum-seller. Unless the victim of the usurer is a very mean man, he will keep his transactions to himself. It is really, among business men, a matter of dishonor for a borrower to resort to the usury law to escape the payment of rates to which he had agreed, and it ought to be.

Usury is a double crime, if it is a crime at all. Rum-selling contrary to law is a double crime, and no prohibitory law can stand, or even ought to stand, that does not hold the buyer to the same penalties that it holds the seller. The man who bribes the seller to break the law is as guilty as the seller, and if the law does not hold him to his share of accountability, the law cannot be respected and never ought to be respected. It is a one-sided law, an unfair law, an unjust law. Men who are not able to reason it out, as we are endeavoring to do here, feel that there is something wrong about it ; and it is safe to predict that, until the moral sentiment of a State is up to the enactment of a two-sided law that shall cover a two-sided crime, no prohibitory law will accomplish the object for which it was constituted.

Prostitution is one of the most notable, and one of the most horrible of the list of double crimes. It is always a double crime by its nature ; yet, how one-

sided are the laws which forbid it! Is a poor girl, who has not loved wisely, and has been forsaken, the only one to blame when beastly men press round her with their hands full of bribes enticing her into a life of infamy? Yet she alone is punished, while they go scot free. And yet we wonder why prostitution is so prevalent, and why our laws make no impression upon it! Some ladies of our commonwealth have protested against a proposed law for some sort of regulation of prostitution—putting it under medical surveillance. And they are right. If men who frequent houses of prostitution are permitted to go forth from them to scatter their disease and their moral uncleanness throughout a pure community, then let the women alone. In a case like this, a mistake of legislation may amount to a crime. We do not object to medical surveillance, but it should touch both parties to the social sin. No law that does not do this will ever accomplish anything toward the cure of prostitution. We have some respect for Justice when she is represented blindfold, but when she has one eye open—and that one winking—she is a monster.

Our whole system of treating double crimes with one-sided laws, our whole silly policy of treating one party to a double crime as a fiend, and the other party as an angel or a baby, has been not only inefficient for the end sought to be obtained, but disastrous. The man who offers a bribe to another for any purpose which involves the infraction of a law of the State or nation is, and must be, an equal partner in the guilt; and any law which leaves him out of the transaction is utterly unjust on the face of it. If it is wrong to sell liquor, it is wrong to buy it, and wrong to sell because, and only because, it is wrong to buy. If prostitution is wrong, it is wrong on both sides, and he who offers a bribe to a weak

woman, without home or friends or the means of life, to break the laws of the State, shares her guilt in equal measure. Law can never be respected that is not just. No law can be enforced that lays its hand upon only one of the parties to a double crime. No such law ever was enforced, or ever accomplished the purpose for which it was enacted; and until we are ready to have double laws for double crimes, we stultify ourselves by our unjust measures to suppress those crimes. Our witnesses are all accomplices, the moral sense of the community is blunted and perverted, and those whom we brand as criminals look upon our laws with contempt of judgment and conscience.

THE BETTER TIMES.

We were much impressed by a recent remark, attributed to Governor Morgan, that under certain circumstances, which were mentioned, but which it is not necessary to recall, he did not see why the American people could not enjoy a period of prosperity lasting ten or twelve years. That which impressed us was the recognition, by an experienced business head, of the periodicity of prosperity in this country. We go headlong into business from a period of depression, run a certain round, and then down we go again, to rise and fall indefinitely in the same way. That has been the history of American business as far back as we can remember. The question never seems to arise whether this periodicity is necessary, or can be avoided; but every time we work up to a crash—to a great and wide-spread financial disaster—from which we slowly recover, again to repeat the old mistakes, and receive the accustomed punishment.

Is this lamentable periodicity necessary? We cannot

believe that it is. When we suffer as a community, it is because, as a community, we have done wrong. When legitimate business is properly done, and not improperly overdone; when credits are not illegitimately extended, and speculation is not indulged in; when public and corporate trusts are managed without corruption; when true economy is practised in public and private life, a great financial calamity, or crash, is simply impossible. What Governor Morgan, or any other wise and observing man, foresees as one of the consequences of the revival of business, is a development of the spirit of speculation, a growth of fictitious values, an over-production of manufactures, a multiplication of middlemen, a wide extension of credit, a feverish thirst for large profits, a stimulation of extravagant habits, an increasing love of luxury. There is but one natural and inevitable end to all these, and that is disaster. It comes just as naturally as death follows a competent poison. There is no mystery about it whatever; and the strange thing is, that a nation of men are so much like a nation of children that it will not learn.

The better times for which we have waited so long that we had almost become hopeless, seem to have dawned at last. Business has revived. The spindles whirl again; the merchant has his customers; once more that which is produced finds a ready market; and once more there is labor for the workman, and bread and clothing and shelter for the labor. After the terrible lesson we have received, it is a good time to talk about the future. Are we to go on again in the old way, and fill up, within a limited period of years, the old measure of foolishness, and tumble again into the old consequences?

It is not necessary that we should do so. We have, from sheer necessity, begun to be economical. Let us

continue so. Let us build smaller houses ; let us furnish them more modestly ; let us live less luxuriously ; let us tune all our personal and social life to a lower key. We have bravely begun reform in public and corporate affairs. Let us continue this, and vigilantly see to it that our trusts are placed in competent and honest hands. We are committed to a reform in the civil service—a reform which will extinguish the trade of politics that has done so much to debauch and impoverish the country. Let us see to it that this reform is thoroughly effected. Our cobble-houses have tumbled about our ears ; let us not rebuild them. Our speculations lie in ruin, with the lives and fortunes they have absorbed. Our fictitious values have been extinguished ; let us not try to relight the glamour that made them. Our long credits and our depreciated currency have wrought incalculable evils ; let us not continue them. Let us cease to deal in paper lies, and pay in gold our honest debts. Above all, let us be content with modest gains, cease trying to win wealth in a day, and get something out of life besides everlasting work and worry. Fully one-half of our wants are artificial, and these terrible struggles for money are mainly for the supply of wants that we have created.

A great many people, as the better times come on, will pull from their hiding-places the worthless securities, or insecurities, which they were once tempted to buy, and which now are not worth the paper they were printed on. They will lament that they had not invested their money in what they knew to be safe, rather than in that which seemed to be safe, but which promised a large return. The worthless railroad bonds and manufacturing stocks that now lumber the coffers of the rich and poor alike will serve as mementoes of the popular folly, and as grave and impressive lessons for the future.

Those who invested for income are without their income, and regret, when it is too late, that they were tempted by a large promised percentage to forsake the path of safety. The Government bond went abroad for a buyer, and is good to-day. The railroad bond was bought at home, and is good for nothing.

And now, when money is beginning to be made again, is the time for a resolve to be also made that something shall always be sacrificed to security—that for safety's sake, the large return shall be renounced, and the modest return accepted. The time for building railroads on bonds, for the benefit of rings and directors and contractors, we trust has passed away. The time for multiplying machinery beyond the wants of the country has also passed, else our people are quite foolish enough to deserve all the disaster that will follow a recurrence to the old policy. Let every man try to do a safe, legitimate business, live within his income, and invest his profits in genuine securities, and there is no reason why our prosperity may not be permanent.

INDICATIONS OF PROGRESS.

To the eye of experience, there is always something pathetic in the hopeful and self-confident energy with which a young man of generous impulses and purposes strikes out into life. With faith in God, faith in himself, faith in human progress, faith in the influences and instrumentalities of reform, he goes to his work determined upon leaving the world a great deal better than he found it. He throws himself into his enterprises with zeal and *abandon*, and, after twenty or twenty-five years, wakes up to a realization of the fact that the world has not been very greatly improved by his efforts, and that it is not very likely to be improved by them. He has

arrested no great tide of iniquity, he has not enlightened the hiding-places of ignorance, he has not resuscitated the dead, he has not righted the wrong. If not utterly discouraged, he goes on with his work because he loves it, because it seems to be his duty to do so, or, because, after all his lack of success, his faith in progress refuses to be killed, though "the good time coming" slinks away from his vision, among the shadows that brood over the future.

To help such men as these, and all those who profess to believe that the world is growing worse, rather than better, it is well, once in a while, to call attention to the indications of progress. The first that present themselves to one engaged in literary pursuits are those relating to the moral tone of literature. How often we are called upon in these days to apologize for the indecencies of the older writers! How threadbare has become the plea that they represented their time! We do not doubt that Rabelais could once have been tolerated in what was regarded as decent society, but no one can read him now without a handkerchief at his nose. Sterne was very funny and he was very nasty—so nasty that no father of to-day would dare to read him to his daughters. Fielding, "the father of English fiction," would, if he were living to-day, be shunned by his children. What sort of a figure would Matthew Prior make in the literature produced in 1877? Why, the indecent poet of to-day is obliged to publish his own books! No respectable publisher will contaminate his shelves, even with his name. It matters little how many dramas Tennyson may write in these latter days, or how much he may attempt to give them the ancient form and flavor—they will always lack one element—that of indelicacy. He leaves coarseness, indecency, the *double entente*, forever behind. They belonged to another age, and all these facts show that we have made a great advance.

Owing mainly to the wretched assumptions of dogmatic theology and the presumptions of priestly power, the literary men and women of former days were scoffers—open, aggressive, defiant enemies of Christianity. Now, although there is lamentation on every side that our greatest literary producers are wanting in faith—that they withhold their affectionate and trustful allegiance to the Christian religion, and regard the Church as the conservator of a great mass of superstitions, the scoffers are few. We do not believe there was ever a time when the great majority of literary men and women held so kindly an attitude toward the Christian faith as they hold to-day. They are recognizing the fact that there is something in it—a very powerful something in it, somewhere—and something in it for them, if they could but clear it of its husks, and find the divine meat and meaning of it. They feel their lack of faith to be a misfortune. Now, the difference between this attitude and that of such a man, say, as Voltaire, or Thomas Paine, marks a great advance. We still have Bradlaughs, it is true ; but, though we tolerate them, and listen to them, they have a very shabby following.

The changes that have occurred in the Church itself are very remarkable evidences of progress. For the last three hundred years the world has carried on an organized rebellion against priestcraft, and has been slowly but surely releasing itself from slavery. The superstition of witchcraft has departed from it. It is true that we still try men for heresy, and tie their legs with creeds, but the followers of Calvin do not burn the descendants of Servetus. They “suspend” them “from the ministry”—a mode of hanging which is not only quite harmless, but rather honorable than otherwise. The prejudices between sects have notably been broken down within the last fifty years—a result which inevitably fol-

lowed the decline of belief in the overshadowing and all-subordinating importance of theological formulæ. Men are trying to get at the centre and essence of Christianity as they never were trying before ; and they find that the more closely they approach the centre, the more closely they get together.

In the world's politics, we still have war, but how modified is even this awful relic of barbarism ! How jealous of it has the Christian world become ! How it questions it ! How it strives in a thousand ways to mitigate its horrors and inhumanities ! What a shout it sends up when two great nations meet and calmly settle by arbitration a question which in any previous age would have been a cause of war ! The duel, too, is in disgrace. Slavery is abolished nearly everywhere on the face of the globe. Prisons have been reformed. The insane, formerly forsaken of man, and supposed to be forsaken of God, are tenderly cared for by every Christian state. A thousand charities reach out their helpful hands to the unfortunate on every side. The nations are brought every day nearer to one another, in the interchanges of commerce, and in the knowledge of, and respect for, one another. Popular education is augmenting its triumphs and enlarging its area every day. And this record of improvement is sealed by vital statistics which show that the average duration of human life has been slowly but indisputably increasing from decade to decade.

The world improves, but it improves as the tree grows, "without observation." The work of one man's life is small when applied to twelve hundred millions of people, but it tells in the grand result. We discover a great nest of corruption in our Government, and are tempted to despair, but we break it up. There are so many vicious men around us that we feel as if the world were go-

ing to the dogs, yet the recoil and outcry and protest we make show that we are more sensitive to the apprehension of what is bad than we were formerly. The world improves, and the man who cannot see it, and will not see it, has a very good reason for suspecting that there is something morally at fault in himself.

AN EPIDEMIC OF DISHONESTY.

It is the habit of the Protestant Christian world to hold what are called "concerts of prayer" for certain objects—for colleges, for the spread of Christianity, for Sunday-schools, for missions, etc. Indeed, we write this article in what is known as "the week of prayer," every day having assigned to it some special object or subject of petition. There can be no impropriety in this, and we only wish that those who hold the direction of the matter were more ready to see the crying needs of the time as they rise and assert themselves. Just now we are having a great epidemic of dishonesty. In private life it seems as if we were watching a game of ten-piñs. We stand at the head of the alley and see the balls as they rumble down toward the straight-backed fellows at the other end, and there is a ten-stroke every time. Some of the pins stagger about a good deal before they go down, or lean against the "dead wood" for a while, but they fall at last, and we find that the man whom we don't like is winning the game.

Men who have held, not only trusts of money, but the faith and confidence of the Christian community, one after another fall from their high positions, bringing ruin not only to themselves, but to all beneath and around them. Some of the very men who have hitherto been engaged in the concerts of prayer to which we have alluded are to-day in the state prison. Fiduciaries, fairly

garlanded with domestic and social affections, standing high upon the church records, and bearing names that were pass-words into the best society, have, one after another, tumbled into infamy. Breaches of trust, practices of fraud, downright thieving pursued through a series of years—these have become so common that we expect to find a new case in every morning's paper. Insurance companies are wrecked by their managers; bankers and brokers "re-hypothecate" securities on which they have loaned money; city officials steal funds collected from drunkard-makers and run away, and—but the story is too familiar and too discouraging and disgusting to be rehearsed in all its details.

Certainly we have seen enough of these shocking cases of individual crime to become convinced that the public mind is diseased, and that we have an epidemic of dishonesty. Exactly how it has come to us we cannot tell. We suspect that the paper lie upon which we have lived so many years has had something to do with it; and now, confirming our opinion concerning the nature and prevalence of the disease, we are shamed by the most widespread and astounding exhibition of the spirit of public repudiation. Every honorable American must hang his head in shame to see not only whole States legislating their debts, or portions of their debts, out of existence, but to see in Congress—the Congress of the United States—a disposition to tamper with the national honor and the public credit.

At this present writing the much-talked-of silver-bill has not been passed—a bill which practically provides for the payment of the public debt at the rate of a little more than ninety cents on the dollar. Nothing but the most stupendous foolishness or the wildest hallucination can prevent any man who is engaged in forwarding this shocking business from seeing that he is sapping the

national credit, tainting the national honor, inflicting incalculable damage upon the business world, and convicting himself of being a thief. It is profoundly humiliating to know that there are men enough in Congress who favor this abominable scheme to make it doubtful whether it can be blocked by a presidential veto. To find powerful newspapers, powerful politicians, men who regard themselves as statesmen, whole sections of the country, carried away by this madness—nay, rather bearing it boastfully, and insisting that it is not only sound statesmanship, but the highest political honesty—is simply astounding. Words can do no justice to the surprise and indignation of the honest patriotism of the country in contemplating this horrible lapse from the national dignity and honor.

There is one good result that will come of this business, and as it will come in the form of punishment to those who have tampered with the public credit, it will not be regretted in any quarter that now lifts its voice in protest. There are States that can never borrow any more money. Perhaps it will be well for them that they cannot, but it is quite possible that they may see the time when they will be glad for some purpose to discount the future a little. Certainly, the West and South will find it very much harder to borrow money in the future than they have in the past. This they must expect, so far as foreign capital is concerned, for that capital is very sensitive; and if New England or New York capital goes West or South for investment, it can only demand a ruinous rate of interest, for it can never know when its claims may be repudiated altogether. These States are all paying a higher rate of interest than would be necessary if their credit were good. Nothing is better understood than the fact that a good, trustworthy security can get money at half the rates that the West

and South have been paying for years. All sins of repudiation go home to roost, and if this country should be so base as to undertake to pay its debts at ninety cents on the dollar, it will be obliged to pay more than it will gain by the proceeding the next time it may undertake to borrow money in the markets of the world. Retribution for all wrongs of this kind is as certain as the sun's rising and setting.

In the meantime, we submit that it would be a good plan to have some concert of action among our Christian communities in regard to preaching down, or praying for the removal of, this awful epidemic of dishonesty. It is certainly important and menacing enough to demand one day in the year before us for its own special treatment. Let the heathen rest for a little. Let dogmatic theology rest for a little. Let us hold up in this matter of trying heretics for a week or so, until at least the members of the Church can be trusted with the funds of the church, not to speak of the money of widows and orphans. We say this in no spirit of banter or mockery. We say it because the church has insisted altogether too much on matters that do not at all take hold of character and life. The head of Christendom is orthodox enough. It is the heart, the character, the life that are heterodox, and until these are reached in the way that they are not reached now, and have not been reached for years, our epidemic will continue and settle down into a national disease like the goitre in Switzerland and leprosy in Arabia.

FAMILIARITY.

Of all the sources of bad manners, we know of none so prolific and pernicious as the license of familiarity: There is no one among our readers, we presume, who has not known a village or a neighborhood in which all

the people called one another by their first or Christian names. The "Jim," or "Charley," or "Mollie," or "Fanny," of the young days of school-life, remain the same until they totter into the grave from old age. Now, there may be a certain amount of good-fellowship and homely friendliness in this kind of familiar address, but there is not a particle of politeness in it. It is all very well, within a family or a circle of relatives, but when it is carried outside, it is intolerable. The courtesies of life are carried on at arm's length, and not a familiar embrace. Every gentleman has a right to the title, at least, of "Mister," and every lady to that of "Miss" or "Mistress," even when the Christian name is used. For an ordinary friend to address a married woman as "Dolly" or "Mary," is to take with her an unpardonable liberty. It is neither courteous nor honorable; in other words, it is most unmannerly. We have known remarkable men, living for years under the blight of their familiarly used first names—men whose fortunes would have been made, or greatly mended, by removing to some place where they could have been addressed with the courtesy due to their worth, and been rid forever of the cheapening processes of familiarity. How can a man lift his head under the degradation of being called "Sam" by every man, young and old, whom he may meet in the street? How can a strong character be carried when the man who bears it must bow decently to the name of "Billy?"

This is not a matter that we have taken up to sport with. We approach it and regard it with all seriousness, for this feeling and exhibition of familiarity lie at the basis of the worst manners of the American people. We are not asking, specially, for reverence for age or high position, but for manhood and womanhood. The man and woman who have arrived at their majority have a

right to a courteous form of address, and he who withholds it from them, or, presuming upon the intimacies of boyhood, continues to speak to them as still boy and girl, is a boor, and practically a foe to good manners. We suppose the Friends would object to this statement, but we do not intend to embrace them in this condemnation. They look at this matter from a different standpoint, and base their practice upon certain considerations which have no recognition in the world around them. We think they are mistaken, but their courteous way of speaking the whole of the first name is very different from the familiar use of names and nicknames of which we complain. There is no use in denying that the free and general use of first names, among men and women, in towns and neighborhoods, is to the last degree vulgar. Gentlemen and ladies do not do it. It is not a habit of polite society, anywhere.

There is a picture we have often contemplated, which would impress different men in different ways, of a family now living in this city—a picture which is, to us, very beautiful and very suggestive. A gentleman of the old school, somewhat reduced in circumstances, persists in living, so far as his manners are concerned, “like a king.” Every night he and his sons, before dining, put themselves into evening dress. When dinner is announced, the old gentleman gives his arm to his venerable wife and leads her to the table. The other members of the family preserve the same manners that they would practise if they were dining out, or if friends were dining with them. At the close of the meal, the old man and his sons rise, while the mother and daughters withdraw, and then they sit down over their cups, and have a pleasant chat. Now, the average American will probably laugh at this picture, as one of foolish and painful formality, but there is a very good side to it.

Here is a family which insists on considering itself made up of ladies and gentlemen, among whom daily association is no license for familiarity, or the laying aside of good and constantly respectful manners toward one another. There is undoubtedly a great deal of bad manners in families, growing out of the license engendered by familiarity—bad manners between husband and wife, and between parents and children. Parents are much to blame for permitting familiarity to go so far that they do not uniformly receive, in courteous forms, the respect due to them from their children as gentlemen and ladies.

Of the degrading familiarity assumed by conscious inferiors, it is hardly necessary to speak. Nothing cures such a thing as this but the snub direct, in the most pointed and hearty form in which it can be rendered.

"The man that hails you 'Tom' or 'Jack,'
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend, indeed,
To pardon or to bear it."

Men do pardon and bear this sort of thing altogether too much for their own peace, and the best good of the transgressors. The royal art of snubbing is not sufficiently understood and practised by the average American gentleman and lady. Considering the credit our people have for boldness and push, they yield to the familiar touch and speech of the low manners around them altogether too tamely. Every gentleman not only owes it to himself to preserve his place and secure the courtesy that is his by right, but he owes it to society that every aggressive, bad-mannered man shall be taught his place, and be compelled to keep it.

SOCIAL NEEDS AND SOCIAL LEADING.

The social potentialities of the average American village are quite beyond any man's calculation. It would be difficult to find any village in the country which has not the materials and the forces of the best civilization and culture. If these forces and these materials were not under restraint—if they were only free to follow their natural impulses and courses, there would be universal progress. The fact, however, is that almost universally the agencies concerned in raising the social life of a community are, for various reasons, held in check, or altogether repressed.

Let us try to paint a typical village. It shall consist, say, of a thousand people, more or less. The village has its two or three little churches, and these have their pastors—men of fair education and faultless morals. Still further, the village has one or two physicians and a lawyer. In addition to these, there is the postmaster, who is usually a man of activity and influence; there is the rich man of the village; there are the three or four men who are only less rich than he; there are the young, well-educated families of these well-to-do people; there are a dozen women who are bright in intellect, and who read whatever they can lay their hands on; there is a fair degree of worldly prosperity, and the schools are well supported. One would say that nothing is needed to make it a model village—full of the liveliest and brightest social life, and possessing all the means and institutions of intellectual culture and progress. To repeat a phrase with which we began, the social potentialities of the village are incalculable. All the agencies, and materials and appurtenances for a beautiful social life and growth seem to exist, yet the fact probably is that the village is socially dead.

If we look into the condition of things, we shall find that the little churches are, through their very littleness and weakness, jealous of each other; that their pastors are poor and are kept upon a starving intellectual diet; that the doctors and the lawyer are absorbed in their professions; that the rich men are bent upon their money-getting and money-saving, and that all the young people are bent upon frivolous amusements. The village has no public library, no public hall, no public reading-room, no lyceum, no reading-clubs, no literary clubs, and no institutions or instituted means for fostering and developing the intellectual and social life of the villagers.

We have seen exactly this condition of things in a village many times, and we have seen, under all these possibilities and the hard facts of apparent indifference or social inertia associated with them, a universal desire for something better. We have seen churches ashamed of their jealousies and the meagre support accorded to their ministers. We have seen young people dissatisfied with their life, and wishing that it could be changed, and we have seen our dozen of bright, reading women ready and longing to make any sacrifice for the production of a better social atmosphere. Nay, we believe that the average American village is ready for improvement—ready to be led.

The best social leading is the one thing lacking. Sometimes it does not need even this—only some fitting occasion that shall bring people together, and reveal the under harmonies which move and the sympathies which bind them. The probabilities are that there is not a village in America that needs anything more than good leading to raise its whole social and intellectual life incalculably. The village that is most dead and hopeless needs but one harmonizing, unselfish, elevated will to

lead and mould it to the best life and the best issues. We cannot illustrate this power of leading better than by citing the results of the recent mode of raising church debts. One of the two or three men who have become famous for raising church debts goes into a pulpit in the morning and stands before a bankrupt congregation. He is told before he enters the building that every effort has been made to raise the debt, but in vain; that, indeed, the people have not the money, and could not raise the required sum if they would. Yet, in two hours every dollar is subscribed, and the whole church sits weeping in mute and grateful surprise. No advantage whatever has been taken of them. They have simply, under competent leading, done what they have all along wanted to do, and what they have known it was their duty to do.

Any man who has ever had anything to do in organizing the social life of a village has, we venture to say, been surprised, amid what seemed to be universal stagnation, to find how general was the desire for reform. Everybody has been ready. All were waiting for just the right man to set them going, and he only needed to say the word, or lift and point the finger.

It is not necessary to break up any legitimate family feeling that may exist in churches, or to interfere with social cliques and "sets," or to break down any walls between classes. We talk now only of the general social and intellectual life which brings people together in common high pursuits, and gives a village its character and influence. It is only from this life that a strong and efficient public spirit can come. A village must hold a vigorous general life outside of sects and cliques and parties, before it can make great progress, and it is astonishing how quickly this life may be won by the right leading.

We write this article simply to call the attention of that resident, or those residents of any village, who will naturally read it, to their own duty in this matter. The chances are that they live in a village whose life is split into petty fragments, and devoted to selfish, or frivolous, or brutal pursuits. We assure them that all the people need is good leading, and that there must be one among them who has the power in some good degree of leading, organizing, and inspiring a united and better life. It is not an office in which personal ambition has any legitimate place—that of social leadership. Any man who enters upon it with that motive mistakes his position, and hopelessly degrades his undertaking. But wherever there is a sluggish social life, or none at all that is devoted to culture and pure and elevating pursuits, somebody—and it is probably the one who is reading this article—is neglecting a duty, from which he is withheld, most probably, by modesty. We assure him that if he is really fit for his work, he will find an astonishing amount of promising material ready and waiting for his hands.

MARRIAGE AS A TEST.

If Nature teaches us anything, it is that the life-long marriage of one woman to one man is her own ordination. The sexes, in the first place, are produced in so nearly equal numbers that provision is made for just this. Then the passion of love makes the one woman and the one man supremely desirable to each other, so that to the man or the woman moved by it, all men and women, other than the object beloved, are comparatively of no value or attractiveness whatever. It is the supreme desire of a man in love to possess and forever to hold the object of his love. On this passion of love of one man for one woman, and one woman for one man, is

based the institution of the family, which we regard, in common with the mass of society, as the true social unit. It seems to us that nothing can be more demonstrable than that the family which grows out of what we call Christian marriage is, in all ways, better adapted to secure safety, comfort, happiness, and morality to the community, than any substitute that was ever tried or was ever imagined. The consummation of love is the production of offspring. The family is the institution which protects and rears within an atmosphere of natural affection the children born of love. The care and support of children are thus in the family brought upon the hands of those who are responsible for their introduction into life.

We call this Christian marriage, and the family a Christian institution ; but, in establishing these institutions as such, Christianity has done nothing more than to re-enact laws of nature written with great plainness. The growth of the family is as natural as the growth of a plant. Mutual love, whose supreme motive is mutual possession, ultimates in the production of offspring, whom it is a joy to rear under a separate roof, subject to the economies of a home. It is in a home constituted in this way that the human virtues are best cultivated, that the finer affections are most naturally developed, and that those attachments are formed and those sentiments engendered which make life a beautiful and significant thing. The associations of the family and home, in which a man is reared, are the most inspiring that he knows ; and a man whose childhood knew no home, knows and feels that he has lost or missed one of the great satisfactions and one of the most sweetening and uplifting influences of his life. The history of millions of human lives stands ready to attest the salutary influence of home, and the unmeasurable loss that comes to

all men who are deprived of it. It is a case past arguing. We need only to appeal to the universal consciousness. Nothing is better understood, or more widely admitted, than that home, based on the life-long marriage of one woman to one man, and the family that naturally grows out of such a union, is the great conservative influence of the world's best society. Its government, its nurture, its social happiness, its delightful influences and associations, make it the brightest, loveliest, holiest, divinest thing that grows from any impulse or affection of human nature under the sanctions of Christianity.

A few days ago we received a letter from a correspondent, asking us to do for the Oneida Community what we had permitted a contributor to do for the followers of George Rapp—to write, or procure to be written, a complete exposition of its principles and practices. We respectfully decline to do any such thing. The amount of dirt involved in an exposure of the Oneida Community's views of marriage and the practices that go with them would forbid the enterprise. This community stands condemned before the world, tried simply by the marriage-test. It revolutionizes the family out of existence. It destroys home, and substitutes for what we know as Christian marriage something which it calls "complex marriage." We know by the phrase something of what it must be, but its abominations are too great to be spread before the general reader. Into such a sea of irredeemable nastiness no editor has a right to lead his readers.

How remarkable it is that whenever an enthusiast in religion gets new light, and adopts what he considers "advanced views," he almost invariably begins to tamper with marriage! In this tampering he always betrays the charlatan, and sufficiently warns all who are tempted to follow him to beware of him. There is no better test

of a new system or sch \acute{e} me of life than its relation to Christian marriage. If it tampers with that it is always bad, and can by no possibility be good. The Shakers form a community built on this rotten foundation. They destroy the family, root and branch. They have no place for love, and enter into a determined and organized fight with the God of Nature, who, by the strongest passions and impulses He has ever implanted in the human soul, has commanded them to establish families and homes. Shakerism is good for nothing if it is not good universally—if it ought not to be adopted universally. But universal adoption would be the suicide of a race, and a race has no more right to commit suicide than a man. Besides, the damming of one of the most powerful streams in human nature only sets the water back to cover the banks it was intended to nourish and to drain. It is too late to talk about the superior sanctity of the celibate. We have no faith in it whatever. The vow of chastity simply emphasizes in the mind the passion it is intended, for spiritual reasons, to suppress, and fixes the attention upon it. The Shaker, in denying love to himself and all the hallowed influences that grow out of family and home, gains nothing in holiness, if he do not lose irretrievably. He is the victim of a shocking mistake, and he disgraces himself and his own father and mother by his gross views of an institution before whose purity and beneficence he and his whole system stand condemned.

Of course we do not need to allude to the Mormon. His views of marriage—revealed, of course—are simply beastly. But these new schemes of life, religion and philosophy are constantly springing up. It is very difficult for any system of socialism to establish itself without tampering with marriage, and one of the best arguments against all sorts of communities and phalansteries

and what-nots of that sort, is that the family, as a unit, is unmanageable within them. They can take in and organize a miscellaneous mass of individuals, and provide some sort of a dirty substitute for marriage, but the family bothers them. It is a government within a government, that they cannot get along with. So the marriage-test is a good one in all cases of the kind.

POPULAR DESPOTISM.

There is a popular theory that a despotism always consists of the arbitrary and oppressive rule of the many by one, or a few, and it seems hard for the people to realize that the only despotisms or tryannies that we have in this country are popular.

We have had recent occasion to observe an instance of this. A gentleman employed, through the head of a Broadway establishment, a paper-hanger for three or four weeks. Now, a paper-hanger does not need to be a man of genius. His papers are selected for him, and he has simply to put them on so that they will remain. There can be, of course, such a thing as a poor paper-hanger, but nobody would ever dream of placing the calling very high in the realm of what is denominated "skilled labor." When the gentleman was called upon to pay the bill, he found that his paper-hanger had been making ten dollars a day. Inquiring into the matter, he ascertained that the man was a "society man." Protesting against the injustice of paying to a paper-hanger three or four times as much per diem as he was paying his carpenters and painters, the answer was, that it could not be helped, that the men were bound together and pledged to each other, and nobody could be had to do the work more cheaply. The gentleman, of course, submitted to the robbery, for such it essentially

was. There was not the value of ten dollars a day in the work, and every penny taken over and above the value was an extortion, an abuse of power, an essential outrage and theft.

Now, if capital were to combine to fix the unjust price of a barrel of flour, or, if any one man could monopolize a market and arbitrarily raise the price of the necessities of life, and should do this relentlessly, without the slightest reference to intrinsic values, our paper-hanger and his brother paper-hangers would very readily understand the nature of the case. It is precisely like their own. One has labor to sell, the other has flour and sugar ; and both are guilty of immoral and despotic conduct. Practically, however, there are no combinations of capital for oppressing consumers. Coal companies and railroad corporations, in their competitions with each other, make arrangements which they never loyally adhere to and are always breaking ; and speculators, in their struggles with each other, get up " corners " in wheat and other necessities of life ; but they are always short-lived, and all honorable business men denounce them. The principle that lies at the basis of all organized attempts to raise the price either of labor or merchandise above that which, in a perfectly free competition, is fixed by the laws of demand and supply, is a principle of despotism, and essential robbery and wrong. This is a despotism or a tyranny practised by the many upon the few—a popular despotism.

Of course, all tyrannies are wrong in their nature, and all tyrannies, being founded in wrong, must be supported by wrong. Tyranny must have its laws and regulations. If a high price for a certain kind of work is to be maintained by a society, then that society must keep itself small. The number of apprentices must be limited. The competition must not be free. The wants

and interests of the public and the rights of the public are never to be considered. All that is to be considered is the interest, or what seems to be the interest, of the organization. The number of workmen must be kept small, so that the supply can meet the demand with the power to dictate its own arbitrary price. In all this action and attitude of the trade-union the public is the sufferer; but there comes a time when the society becomes despotic upon its own members, and even upon those of the same craft who do not choose to be society men. We have just passed through a period of business depression. There has been no profit in doing business, and men have been glad to get work at any price. But they have not been permitted to work at any price. The laws of the society have forbidden them. They have been driven from their work, forced into strikes that were more foolish and arbitrary and brutal than we can describe, and made to contribute for the support of men who were quite willing to work and earn their living at the market price. Begun in wrong—based in wrong—what wonder that the end has often been riot, and violence, and bloodshed! The simple truth is that it is all wrong from beginning to end. No body of men, no guild, no handicraft, has the moral or social right to erect itself into a despotism, and, by a set of rules, shut itself off from the operation of those laws which govern all trade under the rights of a perfectly free competition. Of the effects of that despotism which reduces all excellence to the level of all ignorance and unskilfulness, we do not need to speak. To fix the wages of all men within a society at one figure, is to offer a premium for imbecility, and to strike a crushing blow upon the self-respect and the *amour propre* of those who have thought it worth while to become better workmen than their fellows.



It is a hard word to say, but the trade-union is a nursery of that monster whose shadow sometimes darkens the earth with menace, and which men call "The Commune." Now, nothing so foul, nothing so disgusting, nothing so base, nothing so iniquitous and outrageous, was ever conceived in the womb of time—begotten of the devil—as "The Commune." It can never live in this country for a day. It can never live in any country that has three million land-holders. Its brief reign in France was confined to Paris. It made no more progress among its five million land-owners than fire would make upon the waves of the ocean. Communism in France is dead, and all that we mean to say about it in this connection is, that the trade societies are the natural nurseries of the Commune, and we say this to show the rottenness of their basis. At Pittsburg the strikers took possession and engaged in the destruction of property not their own, and the materials of the Commune mingled with them as naturally as one stream of water mingles with another. The whole system that leads to violence like this is necessarily a system of demoralization. This undertaking to control the labor of a class against the competitions and interests of a whole country, to regulate that labor and its prices in all their details, to reduce and to raise to one standard of reward all the varied degrees of skill and excellence, and to order everything for the benefit of the society as against all other society, even to the exercise of hardship upon the members and violence upon all opposing or non-consenting forces, is a most efficient training for the Commune. It tends toward it—it prepares and educates, or sophisticates the mind for it; and if our late hard times have in any degree—and we believe that they have in a great degree—weakened the hold of these societies upon the different trades, let us

thank God for at least one great and good result of their coming, and take courage.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

There are some topics which an editor does not like to write upon—which the people do not like to read about; but when they relate to a great social danger they are forced on the public attention, and must be discussed with such inoffensiveness of language as may be possible in a frank and forcible treatment of them. The late Grand Jury, which found it in the line of its apprehended duty to recommend the establishment of regulated prostitution, has forced the topic upon the press, and it must be met and disposed of.

It is noteworthy that at a time when a most determined effort is making, not only in England, but all over the Continent, for the doing away of the laws which in England exist under the name of the "Contagious Diseases Act," and, in other countries, under equally insignificant and innocent titles, there should be widely scattered, but determined efforts to give those laws an asylum in America. There have been as many as three or four attempts to establish regulative laws in Washington, three in New York, one in Cincinnati, one in St. Louis—successful, but now repealed—one in Pennsylvania, and one in California. These attempts have been initiated and made in various ways. Boards of Health have had something to do with the matter. Committees on Crime and Prison Reports have recommended such laws; and the advocates of the change have sought to accomplish their purposes through legislative enactments and city charters. The presentation of the Grand Jury in this city is the latest attempt in this direction; and now, on behalf of common decency and public morality, and on

behalf of all right-thinking men, and absolutely all women, we beg leave to enter our most emphatic protest.

We do not question the motives of the Grand Jury. There is a class of good men who, apprehending the immensity of the social evil, and absolutely hopeless of its cure, have come to the conclusion that the best way is to regulate that which they cannot suppress—to recognize in law, and regulate by law, a bestial crime which no penalties have been sufficient to exterminate. These men mean well. They embrace in their number many physicians and scientific men. They support their position by a thousand ingenious arguments; but the great crowd that stand behind these men—silent, watchful, and hopeful—ready with votes, ready with money—is made up of very different materials, and actuated by very different motives. They are men who desire to commit crime with impunity—to visit a brothel without danger of apprehension and without danger of infection. They are the cold-blooded, scoffing foes of social purity. There is not one of them who does not desire to have prostitution “regulated” on behalf of his own beastly carcass.

The effect of these regulative laws on all European society has been precisely that which, in the nature of the case, might have been anticipated. During the existence of Christian society, all commerce of the sexes outside of the obligations and liberties of Christian marriage, has been regarded and treated as a crime. “Thou shalt not commit adultery” has been transcribed from the tables of stone upon every statute-book of every Christian State. Now, the very first effect of an instituted attempt, on the part of the State, to regulate by law a well-defined crime, not only against the civil but the moral law, is to lower the standard of the public morality. To legalize vice, even to the extent of regulating it as an

evil, is to make it in a degree respectable. To regulate a vicious calling—carried on only to the everlasting ruin of all who are engaged in it—is to recognize it as a calling, and legitimize it. We say that the evil effects of this legislation on European society might have been anticipated by any but the blind. It was in the nature of the case that the tone of the public morality would be lowered by it. When, added to this terrible result, the people found themselves released from the fear of infection, through the medical supervision of the wretched women whose legitimized calling provided for their bestialities, they were ready to accept their new privileges. The morality of Paris, of Brussels, of Berlin, of Vienna—of all the great Continental centres—has been absolutely honeycombed with sexual corruption. Morality lowered, increased immunity from danger effected, and the beast in man was let loose to have its own way. The translation of a vice into an evil is the transformation of a thing to be blamed into a thing to be pitied and deplored. Recognizing that evil as a necessity, we have only to take one more step to make it an ordination of heaven.

“Well, what would you do?” inquire the advocates of regulation. “Here is a great evil. We suppress it in one quarter, and it springs to life in another. It has as many heads as Hydra. The diseases which it engenders are poisoning the children who are innocent. They are reducing the physical tone of the nation, and thus diminishing the average years of life.” Yes, we know all this; but how do you expect to treat effectually a two-sided crime with one-sided laws? Who spreads disease among the children, or transmits it to them? The women? Not at all. It is the class for which you have no law—the class which, nine cases in ten, brought the women down to dissolute habits—the class which, with

bribes in its hands, makes prostitution as a calling possible. The men go free. You propose to let them go free. For them you have no registration, no medical inspection, no surveillance, no restraints, and no penalties of any sort. The bald injustice of the thing is a temptation to profanity. There is not a woman in the land, bad or good, who does not feel it to be such. To undertake by law to regulate what we call the social evil, is to undertake to provide facility and safety for the overbearing passions of the young, and the incorrigible lecher grown old in his vice. It is practically to discourage marriage by debasing the moralities and the respect for woman in which only true marriage is possible. It is to transform American society, socially the most pure of any on the earth, into the semblance and substance of that which prevails in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. It is indefinitely and immeasurably to increase the moral side of the evil, which you and all good people deplore, by legitimizing it, and by diminishing its physical dangers. The laws you propose would be brush heaped upon a bonfire.

If we are to have laws, let us have just laws. In the first place, let us not talk about a voluntary crime as a necessary and incurable evil. That is demoralization at the start. In the second place, let us have for all two-sided crimes two-sided laws. Prostitution is a two-sided crime. It is not possible without a confederate or a companion. Make the same law for one that you make for the other, and see how long prostitution would last. Do this, and prostitution would be reduced seventy-five per cent. in twenty-four hours. Station a policeman at every brothel. Compel every man who enters to register his name and residence, and report himself to the medical authorities every three days for a month. Provide the same penalties, the same restrictions, the same disgraces

and painful humiliations for one party that you do for the other, and then see what would come of it. There is something curative in this proposition, because it is indubitably just; and the reason why prostitution has grown to its alarming dimensions is simply and only because the laws relating to it are unjust. No legislation which takes into consideration only one of the guilty parties can possibly thrive. It never ought to thrive. It is an outrage upon the criminal who is discriminated against. It is an outrage upon the common sense of justice.

When our grand juries, and our boards of health, and our medical conventions, and our legislators are ready for regulative laws which embrace both parties in the social crime, we shall be with them—for such laws will not be simply regulative—they will be curative. Until then, we call upon all good people to oppose as they would oppose fire, or plague, or invasion, every attempt to give us the regulative laws that have debased all Europe, and from which many of the best Europeans are trying to release themselves.

THE POPULAR WISDOM.

A discussion has recently been brought to a close in *The Nineteenth Century*, under the title, "A Modern Symposium," on the question: "Is the popular judgment in politics more just than that of the higher orders?" The leading participants in this discussion were Messrs. Gladstone, Grey, Hutton, Lowe, and Lord Arthur Russell. The most that seems to be proved is that much may be said on both sides, though the preponderance of opinion seems to be on the affirmative side of the question. Much is made in the discussion of the parliamentary history of the last seventy years, in its

exhibition of the popular judgment upon political matters. After all, Mr. Lowe puts the matter in a nutshell when he says: "Take two persons, one from the lower and one from the higher classes, and propose to them any political question; which will be likely to give you a right answer, the man who has had some kind of education, or the man who has not passed beyond a very moderate acquaintance with reading and writing, probably somewhat the worse for wear?" The massing or multiplication of ignorance can hardly amount to wisdom. The best men will do the best thinking and the best work.

We have in this country, as they have in England, the curse of trades-unions, and it seems to us that the management of these in America has pretty conclusively proved that what would be called in England the "lower orders" have the very poorest judgment. Certainly, no educated, intelligent man, or body of men, would pursue the course of these men in the management of their interests. Nothing more utterly suicidal can be imagined than the policy which inaugurates and perpetuates strikes, and organizes for labor a struggle with capital as its enemy. In the long depression of industrial interests from which this country has suffered, we have seen capital keeping labor employed, sometimes at a loss, never at a profit, and always for the benefit of labor, while labor has quarrelled with its bread and butter. Even under these extreme circumstances, laborers have struck for higher wages, and compelled the closing of mills and the shutting down of gates; and when business has revived, and capital has at last won its chance for a modest remuneration, the most unreasonable demands from labor have made its enterprise a torment. Nothing more unfair than the demands of labor, and nothing more unwise than its action, can be imagined. Everybody but

the laborers themselves have seen that they have done themselves harm and not good; and that the result of their policy has been bad upon every interest involved. Certainly we are not to regard the outcome of trades-unions in this country as an evidence of the superiority of the judgment of the common people in politics. Men who manage their own affairs so badly can hardly be regarded as fit men to guide the state. Men who are incapable of seeing that other interests besides their own must thrive, or the latter can have no basis of thrift, could not be trusted with legislation.

We doubt whether there was ever a time in the history of the country when Congress was more a representative of the popular will than at present, and we have good reason to believe that the nation has never seen the time when every good interest was in such dread of Congress as it is at present. If Congress could not meet again for the next five years, there is hardly an interest or a class in the community that would not feel profoundly relieved. The members of both houses have, in so many instances, come from their constituencies so possessed by and charged with crude theories of government and finance, based in popular ignorance and caprice, that the country at large has no faith in them. The popular estimate of the silver question and the soft money question, in many localities that make themselves felt in Congress, is absolutely dangerous to every political, commercial and industrial interest. There are multitudes to-day who honestly believe that the resumption of specie payments is a great public calamity—that an honest dollar is a curse to a poor man—that the poor man is harmed by the fact that a dollar in paper is as good as a dollar in gold. Still the heresy lingers in the popular mind in many localities that money can, by some process, be made cheap, so that by some hocus-

pocus the poor man can get hold of it without paying its equivalent for it. They do not reason upon the subject at all. They seem incapable of understanding that no value can be acquired without paying for it, and that a good dollar will buy just as much more of the commodities of life as it is dearer than a "cheap dollar." They have but to look back a few years to the time of cheap money; their labor, it is true, commanded nominally a large price, but their rent was twice what it is now, and food and clothing were proportionately dearer than they are now; but this seems to teach them nothing. They seem incapable of comprehending the fact that by an unchangeable law money will command only what it is worth, and will certainly command from them what it is worth. They have an idea that there should be more money when it is the testimony of all who know that the volume of money is quite large enough for all purposes, only it cannot be had without rendering an equivalent for it. It has to be worked for and earned, but when it is acquired it is good money, without any discount, competent to enter the markets of the world on even terms.

The popular estimate and treatment of the silver question are as wild as the popular estimate and treatment of the soft money question. The effect that silver was to have upon the laboring man's interests was to be little less than miraculous. It was to increase his debt-paying power. No wise financier could see how this was to be done. Nobody wanted the silver to handle, and nobody wants it now, when he can get gold or paper, but there were sections of the people represented in Congress who believed there was in silver a panacea for their financial ills; but they have learned that a silver dollar costs as much as any other dollar, and that its coinage does nothing toward putting it into their pockets. So

the dollars which everybody dislikes accumulate in the treasury, and go on accumulating, for the business world has no use for them.

Nearly all these financial schemes have had their birth in ignorant brains, have been adopted by ignorant people, and pushed in Congress by demagogues fresh from the people, and sworn to the service of those who sent them. These men, representing these people, are the bane and terror of the country, in all its great interests and enterprises. So true is this that the one danger that stands as a menace of all national prosperity and safety is Congress. We dread Congress as we do pestilence. It is a stench and an abomination. It was well that the writers of "A Modern Symposium" did not appeal to the present conduct of American affairs for evidence of the superiority of the political wisdom of the common people. They certainly would have appealed in vain. Everything in our history shows us that brains, well cultivated, are needed for government. In great crises, when the moral element is involved, when right and wrong are to be decided upon, and the patriotic sentiment and impulse are to be appealed to, the people can be trusted; but of the science of government, of true political wisdom, and of the knowledge of political economy, they are as innocent as children, and cannot be trusted to take care of themselves.

A WORD ON POLITICS.

As both political parties have at various times declared themselves in favor of a reform in the Civil Service, we shall not be accused of dabbling in party politics by an allusion to the subject. It is true that neither party has shown itself to be in thorough earnest. The men on both sides who run the political machine are very much

averse to this reform. They talk in their organs very contemptuously about "doctrinaires," and "impracticable schemes," and about the application to democratic institutions of a rule of action transplanted from the monarchical and aristocratic government of Great Britain!

Those who have read the President's Annual Message, and have carefully considered his somewhat elaborate treatment of this subject, will hardly find anything new or impressive in what we may offer here; but Presidents' messages are read so little, or so carelessly, that the bread may well be broken to the multitude by other hands. The subject is an easy one to argue. There is no man living who, before an audience of intelligent and non-partisan persons, can justify the old mode of political appointment to office. Every consideration is against it. The rewarding of party service by the gift of office is, in the first place, a direct corruption of morals in all concerned. It is the patent substitution of a base motive in political work for a patriotic one; and wherever and in whatever measure it prevails, it degrades politics and debases character, so that the very process of earning office by party work unfits for the public service with which it seeks to be rewarded. In any fair man's mind, the fact that a man has done some powerful politician's dirty work for the sake of getting an office which has been promised him, would be enough to condemn him as most unfit to hold any office in the gift of the Government.

Opposition to Civil Service reform comes only from party politicians who have dirty work to do—and by dirty work we mean simply the work which they are ashamed to do for themselves. How to pay for this work without taking the money out of their own pockets is the question. If there were some other way besides the bestowal of public office, they would take the people's

side of this matter, and we should have the reform fully and at once. But, in truth, they see no way of getting their own work done except by paying office for it. So they are opposed to the reform, and throw all possible obstacles in its way. In this they are aided, of course, by all their whipper-snappers up and down the land. Let it be understood that the advocates of reform simply ask that the Government shall have the advantage of the same rules of business that are practised and enjoyed by a private man or corporation. No business concern would prosper, or be considered safe for a day, whose affairs were carried on by a set of officials and operatives who had received their places, not because of any fitness for their work, but from corrupt considerations of favoritism. The fact that reform is entirely practicable is demonstrated by the history of the same reform in Great Britain, where office was formerly bestowed both as a reward of party service and as the gift of personal favoritism. The reform met the same opposition there that it is meeting here ; but it is complete, and all are not only satisfied, but delighted with it.

It should be remembered, also, in the consideration of this subject, that the effect of "the machine" is not only disastrous to the efficiency of the public business, but that it reacts mischievously upon the political life of the country. If there were no such thing as "the spoils of office," a very different set of men would naturally find themselves in possession of the political machinery. It is the base men—the men who are open to mercenary considerations, the men who are after rewards of various sorts, and who are working in the private interest of others as well as themselves—who control the primaries, and drive from influence those who cannot become yoke-fellows with political understrappers and gamblers. The great masses of the people are honest, and desire to deal

honestly with political affairs ; but they have not at all the machinery of politics in their hands, and they are led by a set of political tricksters into campaigns the bottom motives of which are utterly base and shameful. Take the last political campaign in New York. The Democratic party was divided on the question simply as to who should control it. It was a fight as to what set of personal influences should have the precedence. The Republican party ran a ticket nominated by the machine—a ticket notoriously unpopular, every influence of which would be delivered against Civil Service reform—set up and approved by the arch opponent of that reform. That an administration fully committed to this reform should be compelled, for the sake of consolidating its party and keeping it in harmony for its next year's work, to labor for the success of this ticket, was the most disgusting and humiliating dish of political crow that any administration was ever called upon to eat. Voting, in these last years, has become simply a choice of evils. Men have party preferences, and desire to see their party succeed. They find themselves hampered, however, by the machine, with never a good ticket ; and in their votes they nominally approve of men and methods which are offensive or unsatisfactory to them. So true is this, that Mr. Evarts will be obliged to look among the "scratchers," whom he taunted with "voting in the air," for the indorsement of that part of the message of his chief which is devoted to the matter of Civil Service reform.

Congress can do no better work than in keeping alive, by a generous and just appropriation, the Civil Service Commission, established several years ago. It seems that, notwithstanding the practical suspension of the presiding Commission, examinations have been kept up at various points, and especially in New York, with the very happiest results. We say Congress can do no bet-

ter work than this, for it is in the line of political purity and departmental efficiency. The obstructionists can have no hope that this reform is going backward. They may find a Grant who will grow lukewarm in their favor, or a Conkling to cook crow for his own party, but these will prove to be only temporary advantages. The reform is based upon right. It is on the side of a sound business policy in public administration. It has the good will of good and unselfish men. It is only opposed by base men—by selfish men, who have something to make out of the bestowal of office as a political or personal favor. The people believe in it, and the people will have it—if not by this Congress and this administration, then by others, some time and soon.

A HOPEFUL LESSON.

Our Northern people have a great deal of impatience with the manner in which the Southerner treats the negro, and all those who teach or specially befriend him. They cannot appreciate, or admit, the fact that the Southerner can be conscientious in this treatment, and that he may honestly and earnestly believe that he is doing God and his country good service in keeping the negro from his vote, and even bulldozing or shooting him to secure that end. We know that Southern men who stand well in the Church have said, with all heartiness and without any apparent question of conscience, that it is better that a negro should be killed than that he should be permitted to vote. That multitudes of them have been killed in order to keep them, and scare others, from the polls, seems to be a notorious fact, that is testified to by innumerable living witnesses. To attribute this awful outrage exclusively to inhumanity, brutality, and blood-thirstiness is to fail utterly to ap-

preciate the situation. The Southerner is tremendously in earnest in his hatred of the North and its ideas, and in his belief that to proscribe the negro is to save Southern society from the greatest peril that can befall it. Love of home, of children, of posterity even, is one of the most powerful motives in the perpetration of wrongs upon the black race which fill the Northern mind with horror and indignation.

We have a lesson at hand which may perhaps give our Northern people a charitable view of the Southern sentiment, and inspire them with hope of a great and radical change. We draw this from a work recently issued by the author, Miss Ellen D. Larned, which seems to be a careful, candid, and competent history of Windham County, Connecticut. It appears that, in 1831, Miss Prudence Crandall, a spirited, well-known, and popular resident of the county, started a school for girls at Canterbury Green. The school was popular, and was attended not only by girls from the best families in the immediate region, but by others from other counties and other States. Among these pupils she received a colored girl. She was at once told by the parents of the white children that the colored girl must be dismissed, or that their girls would be withdrawn from her establishment. Miss Crandall must have been a delightfully plucky woman, for she defied her patrons, sent all their children back to them, and advertised her school as a boarding-school for "young ladies and little misses of color." Of course the people felt themselves to be insulted, and they organized resistance. They appointed a committee of gentlemen to hold an interview with Miss Crandall, and to remonstrate with her. But that sturdy person justified her course and stood by her scheme, as well she might. It was her business, and it was none of theirs. The excitement in the town was without bounds. A

town-meeting was hastily summoned "to devise and adopt such measures as would effectually avert the nuisance, or speedily abate it, if it should be brought into the village."

In 1833, Miss Crandall opened her school, against the protest of an indignant populace, who, after the usual habit of a Yankee town, called and held another town-meeting, at which it was resolved :

"That the establishment or rendezvous, falsely denominated a school, was designed by its projectors as the theatre . . . to promulgate their disgusting doctrines of amalgamation and their pernicious sentiments of subverting the Union. These pupils were to have been congregated here from all quarters, under the false pretence of educating them, but really to scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death among brethren of our own blood."

Let us remember that all this ridiculous disturbance was made about a dozen little darkey girls, incapable of any seditious design, and impotent to do any sort of mischief. Against one of these little girls the people levelled an old vagrant law, requiring her to return to her home in Providence, or give security for her maintenance, on penalty of being "whipped on the naked body." At this time, as the author says :

"Canterbury did its best to make scholars and teachers uncomfortable. Non-intercourse and embargo acts were put in successful operation. Dealers in all sorts of wares and produce agreed to sell nothing to Miss Crandall, the stage-driver declined to carry her pupils, and neighbors refused a pail of fresh water, even though they knew that their own sons had filled her well with stable refuse. Boys and rowdies were allowed unchecked—if not openly encouraged—to exercise their utmost ingenuity in mischievous annoyance, throwing real stones and rotten eggs at the windows, and following the school with hoots and horns if it ventured to appear in the street."

Miss Crandall's Quaker father was threatened with mob violence, and was so terrified that he begged his daughter to yield to the demands of popular sentiment ; but she was braver than he, and stood by herself and her school. Then Canterbury appealed to the Legislature, and did not appeal in vain. A statute, designed to meet the case, was enacted, which the inhabitants received with pealing bells and booming cannon, and "every demonstration of popular delight and triumph." This law was brought to bear upon Miss Crandall's father and mother, in the following choice note from two of their fellow-citizens :

"Mr. Crandall, if you go to your daughter's, you are to be fined \$100 for the first offence, \$200 for the second, and double it every time. Mrs. Crandall, if you go there, you will be fined, and your daughter Almira will be fined, and Mr. May and those gentlemen from Providence (Messrs. George and Henry Benson), if they come here, will be fined at the same rate. And your daughter, the one that has established the school for colored females, will be taken up the same way as for stealing a horse, or for burglary. Her property will not be taken, but she will be put in jail, not having the liberty of the yard. There is no mercy to be shown about it."

Soon afterward, Miss Crandall was arrested and taken to jail. Her trial resulted in her release, but her establishment was persecuted by every ingenuity of cruel insult. She and her school were shut out from attendance at the Congregational church, and religious services held in her own house were interrupted by volleys of rotten eggs and other missiles. The house was then set on fire. The fire was extinguished, and in 1834, on the 9th of September, just as the family were going to bed, a body of men surrounded the house silently, and then, with iron bars, simultaneously beat in the windows. This, of course, was too much for the poor women and girls.

Miss Crandall herself quailed before this manifestation of ruffianly hatred, and the brave woman broke up her school and sent her pupils home. Then the people held another town-meeting, and passed resolutions justifying themselves and praising the Legislature for passing the law for which they had asked.

All this abominable outrage was perpetrated in the sober State of Connecticut, within the easy memory of the writer of this article. It reads like a romance from the dark ages, yet these people of Canterbury were good people, who were so much in earnest in suppressing what they believed to be a great wrong, that they were willing to be cruel toward one of the best and bravest women in their State, and to resort to mob violence, to rid themselves of an institution whose only office was to elevate the poor black children who had little chance of elevation elsewhere. Now this outrage seems just as impossible to the people of Canterbury to-day as it does to us. The new generation has grown clean away from it, and grown away from it so far that a school of little colored girls would, we doubt not, be welcomed there now as a praiseworthy and very interesting institution. The Connecticut girls who go South to teach in colored schools should remember or recall the time when they would not have been tolerated in their work in their own State, and be patient with the social proscription that meets them to-day. The world moves; the old generation passes away; the new generation strikes in ahead, and the time can hardly be far distant when the negro will find himself at home in the South. When the white man learns that a "solid South," made solid by shutting the negro from his vote, makes always a solid North, and that the solid North always means defeat, it will cease to be solid, and then the negro's vote will be wanted by two parties, and his wrong will be righted.

In view of the foregoing sketch of Northern history, we can at least be charitable toward the South, and abundantly hopeful concerning the future.

THE SHADOW OF THE NEGRO.

The history of negro slavery, extending from its beginning in Portugal over a period of four hundred years, and involving the exportation by violence from their African homes of forty millions of men, women and children, is one of exceeding and unimaginable bitterness. It is too late to criminate those who were responsible for beginning the slave trade, and for perpetuating the system of bondage that grew out of it. Many of them were conscientious, Christian men, who worked without a thought of the wrong they were doing. Some of them, as we know, really believed they were benefiting the negro, by bringing him out of a condition of barbarism into the enlightening and purifying influences of Christianity. For many years negro slavery prevailed in this country, and greatly modified the institutions and the civilization of a large portion of it. It became, at last, the exciting cause of the greatest civil war known in the history of the world; and when that war brought abolition, it gave to the black race in America not only freedom, but citizenship. The question as to what all these centuries of wrong and of servitude have done for the negro is not a difficult one to answer, but what they have done for the enslaving race is not so evident without an examination. The black man has been a menial so long that he has lost, in a great degree, his sense of manhood and his power to assert it. The negro carries within him the sense that his blood is tainted—that he is something less than a man, in consequence of the blackness of his skin. He may be whitened out, so that only

the most practised eye can detect a trace of the African in him, but the consciousness of the possession of this trace haunts him like the memory of a crime, and to charge it upon him is to abase him and cover him with a burning shame. The readiness of the negro, in all the States, to be content with menial offices in the service of the white man, comes undoubtedly from the fact that such offices relieve him from all antagonism. They put him in a position free from the pretension to equality, where he is at peace. We hear it said that the negro is a natural menial—a natural servant—but the truth is that, if the negro were only relieved from the burden of contempt in which his blood is held, his special adaptation to menial work would disappear at once.

The harm that slavery did to the white man was one that touched him internally and externally, at most important points. It vitiated his sense of right and wrong. Through its appeal to his interests, it made a system based in inhumanity and standing and working in direct contravention of the Golden Rule, seem to be a humane and Christian institution, to be maintained by argument, by appeal to the authority of the Bible, and by the sword. This, of course, was an immeasurable harm, from which only a slow recovery can be reached. Another evil result of slavery to the white man was the disgrace that came to labor through its long years of association with servitude. No people can be prosperous who despise labor, and who look upon it as something that belongs only to a servile class. Any people that, for any cause, have lost the sense of the supreme respectability of labor—any people that, for any cause, have come to regard an unproductive idleness as desirable and respectable, have met with an immeasurable misfortune. The shadow of the negro not only rests upon the white man's sense of

right, not only on the white man's idea of labor, but upon his love of fair play. There is something most unmanly in the disposition to deny any man who has not harmed us a fair chance in the world. Are we, all over this nation, giving the negro a fair chance? It was not his fault that he was born to slavery. It was not his act that released him from it. Notwithstanding all his years of servitude and wrong, he did not revolt when his opportunity came, but bore his yoke with patience until it was lifted from his shoulders. He did not wrest from unwilling hands his boon of citizenship. Now, however, as we look into our hearts, we find that political rights were conferred upon him rather from an abstract sense of justice than for any love of the negro, or any equal place that we have made for him in our hearts and heads as he stands by our side. The North, to-day, is true to the negro rather in its convictions than in its sympathies. It never in its heart has admitted the negro to equality with the white man. It may consent to see the white man beaten by the negro in a walking-match at Gilmore's Garden, but at West Point the smallest measure of African blood places its possessor under the cruellest and most implacable social ban. So long as this fact exists—so long as the Northern white man utterly excludes the negro from his social sympathies, and refuses to give him a fair chance in the world to secure respectability and influence, it poorly becomes him to rail at his Southern brothers who do the same thing, and are only a little more logical and extreme in their expressions of contempt. The shadow of the negro lies upon the North as upon the South. It has obscured or blotted out our love of fair play. We do not give the negro a chance. It was recently stated in one of our metropolitan pulpits, by a minister of wide experience and observation, that he had never heard in any country better speeches made

than were recently made in this city by four colored men, who spoke on behalf of the freedmen. He gave them the highest place in all the powers and qualities that go into the making of eloquence. At Hampton, the negro is proving himself to be not only most susceptible to cultivation, but to be possessed of a high spirit of self-devotion. Under the charm of this most useful institution the African ceases to be a "nigger," and achieves a self-respect and a sense of manhood that prepare him for the great missionary work of elevating his race. It cannot be disputed that the great obstacle that stands to-day in the way of the negro is the white man, North and South. The white man in this country is not yet ready to treat the negro as a man. The prejudice of race is still dominant in every part of the land. We are quite ready in New York City to invite Indians in paint and feathers into social circles, from which the negro is shut out by a social interdict as irreversible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. If the negro is a man, let us give him the chance of a man, the powers and privileges of a man. It is not necessary for us to give him our daughters in marriage, although he has given a good many of his daughters to us, as all mulattodom and quadroondom abundantly testify. It is not necessary for us to make an ostentatious show of our conversion to just and humane ideas in regard to him. We should like to see the time when the preacher to whom we have alluded would feel at liberty to invite one of these orators whom he praised to occupy his pulpit, and when such an orator would feel at home there and seem at home there. When this time arrives, in the coming of the millennium, all other relations between the two races may be safely left to adjust themselves.

THE POLITICAL MACHINE.

It is readily observable that the protests against the political machine and the efforts on behalf of civil-service reform, as a practical outcome of that protest, originate in the cities. People in the country follow their political leaders, without serious question, and do not come much into contact with the bad results which they do so much to secure. The one or two men in each town who are relied upon at head-quarters to do the party work, get office, it is true, but that seems to be because they are "fond of politics;" and as the office has so long been the reward of party work, it is looked upon as quite the regular and legitimate thing. The city is almost the only place where the authority of the political leader is questioned. He looks to the country towns for loyalty to his policy and decrees, and relies upon them to carry his ends in the State. The managing men of the small towns are always in confidential correspondence with head-quarters, and their work is done so quietly and cleverly that the country voter is never made to feel the yoke, or led to suspect that he is the tool of a corrupt cabal of office-holders and office-seekers.

In the city, especially the great city, the machinery comes more to the surface. Here we find a class of professional politicians. Their business is politics. There may be some, above them, who are working for power, without any thought of office, but they know that every man under them is at work for what he can make out of the business. Some work with very small aspirations and expectations. There are wheels within wheels, and there are those who work for so small a consideration as their drink. They furnish the machinery of all elections. They attend and manage the primary elections

and caucuses. They do the party work, and will permit no one else to do it. Good men are often reproached with their neglect of political duty, especially as it relates to what are called "the primaries." The reply to this reproach is that no good man can undertake to have anything to do with the primaries unless he belongs to "the machine," without the loss of self-respect. Indeed, all attempt to have anything to do with them, in the way of influencing their policy and results, is useless. If any clear-headed gentleman doubts this, let him try it. He only needs to do this once to be convinced. It has been tried many times, and always unsuccessfully. Even in our Staten Island suburb, the machine has proved too strong for our excellent friend, Mr. George W. Curtis, and will have none of him. It has been tried here in the city. The moment a good man enters a meeting where a primary is held, the whole crowd know him.

The latest instance reported to us was by the victim himself. He had been reproached for neglecting his duty, so he was moved to do it. He attended a primary, and found the leaders in consultation in a private room. His position was such that they could not deny him entrance, and they immediately informed him that he must act as chairman. He protested that he wished to be at liberty to speak to such questions as might arise. The protest was hushed by the assurance that if he wished to speak he could call some one else to the chair. The meeting was called to order, and he was elected. Immediately a man jumped to his feet and moved the appointment of a list of delegates to a certain convention, and the "question" was called from all parts of the house. Our virtuous chairman was caught in a trap, and had to put the question. As soon as it was decided, as it was *nem. con.* in favor of the nominations, another member

rose and moved that the meeting should immediately adjourn, as the weather was warm! So our friend had his labor for his pains, and the men who had used him took great pleasure in showing how respectable their meeting was by publishing his name as its chairman, and thus doing what they could to make him seem to approve a list of political scalawags!

"But if all good men would unite, they could have their own way." That is a mistake. If all good men would unite, all bad men would do the same, and the bad men would draw for voters to help them through, from all parts of the city, as there would be nothing illegal in outsiders voting at a primary. It is their business to outvote the good men, and they do it every time, because they have the whole machine of the city to do it with, and have no scruples to stand in their way, such as the good men have. Now do our country friends see the point at which we are aiming, when we advocate a reform in the civil service? Can they not see that just so long as office is the reward of party work, just so long party work will and must be done by office-seekers, who work for their party from the basest motives? Politics can never be purified in this country until there is a reform in the civil service. Such purification is practically impossible, until office ceases to be the reward, practically contracted for, of party service.

POLITICAL TRAINING.

It is the general conviction that, sooner or later, we are to have a reform in our Civil Service. It is more than this. There is a general determination that there shall be such a reform. The fair and sensible men of all parties—all men who are not given over to partisanship—all men who have ceased to believe that politics is

a trade, to be pursued for personal gain, irrespective of the public good—believe in this reform, and look forward hopefully, and even impatiently, to the time of its accomplishment. But the question concerning men and materials for this reform does not seem to have occurred to these people. The fact that there is no competent school for the preparation of men for public life, is one which does not seem to have presented itself to them.

At present, men enter upon nearly every sphere of public life without the slightest special preparation for it. If a man can make a fair speech, if he is an adept at the pulling of wires, if by any tact in organization and in the working of party machinery in local elections he manages to win a degree of power and prominence, he becomes a candidate for office. He may know nothing whatever of the political history of his country, or of other countries. He may lack intelligence in all the great questions of political economy. He may even fail in a competent understanding of the issues involved in his own election. If he goes to Congress, he is simply placed at school, and is supported at the public charge. By the time he is well in his seat, and has become fitted for service, some other demagogue, as ignorant as he was at first, supersedes him, and he retires. He goes to Congress in the first place, not because he is fit for its duties, but because he wants the office, and manages to get it. He retires as soon as he has learned something, that another ignoramus, who has outmanaged him at home, may receive an education at the public expense.

These statements are so well established in the political history of the country and the time, that they cannot be disputed. And here the question naturally arises concerning the preparation of the country for the reform which it would so gladly see effected. Where are we to find the men who have made politics, in all its scientific

and practical departments, a long and careful study? What shall the new requirements be? and how shall we train men to meet them? Have we already a body of men, sufficiently large and sufficiently conversant with scientific and practical politics, to meet the requirements of a reform? We fear that this last question must be answered in the negative, and must continue to be so answered until some means are established to train men for the public service.

We have our military and naval schools for training men for the army and navy. After their graduation, they may go into civil life, but, in time of war, they are the first we call upon to organize and lead the forces of the country. They alone truly understand the business. They have been instructed in all the details of organization, subsistence, engineering, and active war. Now, we cannot understand why the men engaged in legislation and administration—in the civil service of the Government—do not need as careful a training as those who are called to its military and naval service. The knowledge demanded covers a wider field. The principles involved are a thousand times more complex. International law and polity, political economy, finance, the relations of the Federal Government to the States, the relations of the States to each other, constitutional history and constitutional law, diplomacy, and a vast aggregate of recorded usage and technical detail—all these need to be understood by the men in office. How are men to be grounded in the principles of government, and to acquire even the elements of this vast range of knowledge? At present, the only education we give them is in active service. We are not only at the expense of their subsistence and tuition, but we are at the still greater expense of their blunders.

Well, we do not propose another West Point, or an-

other Annapolis. It would not be well, we presume, to establish a governmental school of politics. There are insuperable objections in the way. The partisans of free trade and protection, for instance, could never agree on the style of political economy to be taught. But there is no good reason why Yale and Harvard, or any other college, for that matter, should not have a department of politics, which should give a solid three years' course of study. There is no reason why a man should not go before a high examining board at Washington, from such a school as this, and win his certificate of fitness for public office. There are a thousand good reasons why such a man should receive the suffrages of the people for any office which they wish to fill.

Aside from all direct influence upon governmental legislation and administration, the effect of the training which such a school would give would exercise a most beneficent influence upon the country. If the men who are trained there never enter office, they will add to the popular intelligence, and raise the public standard and the public tone. They will not only help to leaven the mass, but they will place the Government under intelligent criticism. Under their influence, the demagogue would be subjected to a fearful discount. Their presence in public affairs and their distribution throughout the country would, of themselves, do much to reform a service that has sunk into deserved contempt. Ignorant men would be ashamed to show themselves in such a light. The simple establishment of such a school would call the attention of the public to the gross abuses from which they have suffered, and they would be glad to be represented by men who would not only serve the country well, but would honor them.

There is still another view to be taken of this matter. We can imagine no training to be more fruitful in its

solid culture to young men of means than this would be. Neither law nor medicine nor theology offers to the young man who does not wish to enter those professions, and who is not content with his accomplished academic course, so fine a field for useful culture as this school would afford, and we believe it would be thronged with students from the best classes of society. What better can be given to a young man than a thorough knowledge of statesmanship and citizenship? It would be better than travel; it would furnish a splendid basis for literary life and literary acquisition. It would fit and furnish him for society.

So, whether we look at such a school, with its regularly established corps of professors and its great curriculum, as a training-school for politicians, statesmen and diplomatists, or as a means of popular instruction and elevation, or as a minister to individual culture, it is in every way desirable. What institution will be the first to inaugurate it? What institution will first spring to satisfy the need of a great reform, and furnish the country with a means of culture so devoutly to be prayed for?

A REFORM IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

We have several times had occasion to speak of the small influence of the voting population of the country, in the shaping of political affairs. For half a century, two great political machines have managed the voters. Men have been nominated and elected to office, now in the interest of this machine, and then in the interest of that. Issues have been made up between the machines and fought out, but the decisions which the votes of the people have aided to make, whatever they may have meant to the people, have meant but one thing to the

men who have run the machine, viz., office and that which goes with office—power and patronage. For these last fifty years, the politics of the country have been run mainly in the interest and by the power of two great bands of office-holders and office-seekers. The motives of pay and plunder and power have been dominant. It has been perfectly well understood that office was the reward of party service. The small politician who has done the dirty work of the successful candidate for Congress, has been rewarded with a post-office, or a clerkship, or a place in the custom-house. The more ambitious have received consulships or foreign ministries. We have been disgraced at home and abroad by the appointment of men lacking every element of fitness for their positions. Politics has become a business—a trade.

Now, these facts are so notorious and so shameful that no respectable man has had the "cheek" to deny them or to justify them. Both parties have pretended, in many ways and places, to favor a reform, but we have never had the slightest belief in their sincerity. We mean the machines when we speak of parties; and we have doubted them simply because it is not in the nature of the machines to commit *hari-kari*. The old-fashioned politician is a machine-man, always, and he knows nothing of carrying on the business of a political campaign, except on the machine principle of "you tickle me; I tickle you." So, when, in the planks of a platform established by a political convention of the old-fashioned machine-men, we discover one declaring for a reform in the civil service, we know that it means nothing. We know that the plank has been put into the platform to deceive the people with the special end in view of strengthening the machine.

It so happens now that we have a President who be-

believes in a reform in the civil service, and who took the platform on which he was elected to his high office at its word. He is engaged in carefully and conscientiously fulfilling his pledges. Now the sincerity of the machine-politicians of his own party may be gauged by the proceedings of a recent political convention, which not only refused to endorse his action, but was at infinite pains to insult him in the person of the staunchest and most influential friend of his policy. Mr. George William Curtis happens to think that there is something in American politics superior to the machine. He is not only not an office-seeker, but he is a man who is known to have declined high office in the hope of serving his country better on the platform and by the press. The history of that convention, in its slavish and brutal subserviency to the policy and will of a single machine-politician, is one of the most disgraceful in our annals ; but it betrays the real spirit of the machine, and ought to be very useful to the people of the country. The machine-man spits upon reform and reformer alike. All the machine-men hate reform, simply because reform is death to them. Mr. Conkling cannot possibly love Mr. Curtis, but Mr. Curtis will be sufficiently comforted by the respect and affection of all the good people of the country whose good opinion of the machine has died out. He may further be comforted in the fact that, whoever may own the present, the future is his ; for this is a question that can never be eliminated from the politics of the country, until it has achieved a sweeping and permanent triumph. No man who believes in national progress can fail to believe in a reform in the civil service.

How is this reform to be brought about ? Let us give up all thought that it will, or can, be accomplished by the political machine. The professional politician of

the old or the present school, the machine-man who believes in him, the party press which supports him—these will do nothing. Worse than this : when brought face to face with the reform, and made to declare themselves, they will give us another Rochester Convention—bitter, malignant, disgraceful.

There is a large section of the American press which has no affiliation with the machine. Happily, this question of civil-service reform may be regarded as outside of the pale of party politics. Both the political machines have undertaken to manage it, with the hope of ultimately killing it, and getting what they can out of it while it is dying. They are not in earnest in their support of it, and cannot be, in the nature of things. Happily, we say, the question is outside of party politics. It is so by its nature, and so by the fact that both parties nominally adopt it and actually hate it. It is thus lifted out of the party fight, and becomes a question of public morals and of pure patriotism. As such, it can be treated by every independent political newspaper, by every literary magazine or journal, by every religious periodical of whatever sect, by the preacher in his pulpit, the lecturer upon his platform, the author in his books. The editor and the "magazinish" have been publicly insulted. If they have any right to speak in this matter, it is time for them to assert it.

The hope of the country is in the development of a sentiment among the voting population which will make it impossible for the machine to have its way. The country is not now so seriously divided, on any great issues, that it cannot afford to take hold of this reform, and achieve it by whatever legitimate machinery it may be able to place in service. The reform once achieved, the American people will be forever free from the basest influences that enter into our politics. What better

thing can this generation do than to leave the business of the country in the hands which are best fitted to carry it on, to put in foreign service men who will honor our country by their accomplishments and their high personal character, and kill out the shameful traffic in public office?

MATTERS OF DOMESTIC CONCERN.

HOUSES AND THINGS.

MR. CLARENCE COOK has lately said so much about houses, and the things that go to make them comfortable and beautiful, that the rest of us have been glad to stand respectfully among the audience, and let him do all the talking. A man of positive ideas, and a graceful and forcible way of expressing them, is not so frequently met with that we can afford to miss even his smallest utterance. But Mr. Cook would have people think for themselves. One of his aims is to stimulate independent thinking, and so to make every home, in its fulfilment of wants and its expression of tastes, a fresh and original growth. He would have us cut loose from the conventional, and look around for ourselves to find the natural and the picturesque. He would have us do away with shams and imitations, and have only that which is honest in structure and appearance. Specially would he teach us to do our own thinking.

So we propose to think independently a little, especially with relation to certain appointments of the house which, in these latter days, are suffering abuse, as it seems to us. The first thing to be spoken of is the carpet. We like a handsome rug. We like an inlaid floor. A handsome rug upon an inlaid floor is a beautiful thing to look at. In a warm climate it is not only beautiful,

but fitting. A rug upon matting, during the cooler months, in tropical latitudes, is charming for many reasons; but for our cold country we like a carpet—ingrain, Brussels, velvet—no matter what—something that covers the floor. A wooden floor needs a great deal of service to keep it in presentable condition, and should be polished as often as one's boots, especially in latitudes where the boots have nails in them. Where the slipper is constantly worn, it is a very different thing. A hard polished floor, or a wooden staircase, is not a pleasant thing to walk on. It is slippery and noisy, and a rug is always kicking up at the edges, especially where there are children. We like a well-carpeted house—the thicker the carpet the better—especially during the severe winter months. A great deal is said about carpets as dust-catchers and disease-absorbers, and all that; but we very much doubt whether a well-swept and well-kept carpet is worse than a rug, in any particular. No one has at all demonstrated that it is worse, and in our climate it certainly is more comfortable than any other floor surface that is possible.

Furnaces, too, are abused, and open fires are advocated. Now, we have had a good deal of experience, with furnaces not only, but with open fires. In the first place, open fires are incompetent to heat our houses. In the second place, they are exceedingly dusty; and it somehow happens that the men who are very much afraid of the dust of the carpet set aside the dust argument when they talk about open fires. There is nothing that fills either carpets, or rugs, or atmosphere with dust so quickly as the open fire. The dust of a good furnace is the dust of the outside atmosphere—no more. An open fire is picturesque. It is cozy and home-like and ornamental; but when the outside temperature is at zero, mere picturesqueness will not answer. When a man is

shivering, it will not comfort him to know that he is as picturesque as his fire, as he bends over it and pokes it. Furnaces are comfortable—there's no denying it. Carpets are comfortable too, and carpets and furnaces are going to live.

Even our plumbing is complained of, and men are taught to look back to a clumsy wash-stand and a big basin, and a heavy pitcher, as things that were pretty and sensible, and in every way more desirable than the modern hot and cold water that comes and goes with the turning of a cock or the lifting of a gate. Now it always seemed to us that a big water-pitcher was an awkward thing for a strong man to handle, to say nothing about a weak woman. Bathing the hands and face at an old-fashioned wash-stand—pouring water out of pitchers into basins, and out of basins into slop-jars—seems to us to be a very clumsy business, compared with that mode of introducing and dismissing water which has come in with “modern improvements.” So we believe in plumbing, and not only don't believe it will ever be done away with, but are sure that it will go on unto perfection.

The mistake of this era in the history of “household art and home decoration,” lies, it seems to us, in the attempt to do too much with furniture. Ruskin, in one of his books, distinguishes between building and architecture. There are certain structures in which architecture should never be attempted. A grain-elevator, a store-house, a barn—these are buildings, and architecture is out of place in them. There is no more reason why they should be beautiful than there is why a meal-sack should be beautiful, or a wheelbarrow, or a coal-cart. So it seems to us that there may be, and that there are, certain items of furniture which we may legitimately excuse from the duty of picturesqueness. If our carpets are less beautiful than rugs upon bare floors, if furnaces are less inter-

esting than open fires, if the old-fashioned wash-bowl and pitcher are more picturesque than the plumber's substitute, what of it? In which direction shall we make our sacrifices? Toward comfort and convenience, or toward the picturesqueness of ruder times and smaller means? We advocate comfort and convenience, and leave others to do as they choose. The modern advocacy of beauty, in connection with all articles of furniture and household convenience, reminds one of the child who insists on making play of everything—who cannot take a mouthful of food, or do an act of service, without making it in some way a source of amusement.

To come to the practical point, a home may be interesting without being more than moderately beautiful, and may be more than moderately beautiful without being interesting at all. If we rely entirely upon furniture for the interest of a house—if we make furniture picturesque at the price of comfort and convenience, our homes may be made interesting in a moderate way, provided we follow out our individual ideas, and do not fall back upon the conventionalisms of the manufacturers. But the most interesting things in a house should never be its furniture. Given convenient furniture, that shall be picturesque when convenient, the question whether a home shall be greatly interesting relates mainly to other things—to books, pictures, objects of art, bric-à-brac, and treasures of various sorts, in fact or in association. We can point to homes whose furniture attracts no attention whatever, but which are absorbingly interesting through the artistic products of its members. The more the culture and taste of cultured and tasteful people are expressed in their homes, through various modes and forms of art, the more interesting those homes will be; and the more a guest is compelled to forget furniture,

except as it answers to the higher harmonies of the house, the better. The best things of an interesting home are never bought of a furniture dealer, though the most beautiful may be.

GOOD TALKING.

There is an impression among people who talk and write that the art of conversation has died, or is dying out; that there are not as many remarkable talkers in the world as there were, and that the present generation will leave no such records of brilliant conversation as some of its predecessors have done. We suspect that the impression is a sound one, and that for some reason, not apparent on the surface, less attention has been bestowed upon the art of talking than formerly. It may be that the remarkable development of the press which has given opportunity for expression to everybody, with a great audience to tempt the writer, has drawn attention from an art demanding fine skill, with only the reward of an audience always limited in numbers, and an influence quite incommensurate with the amount of vitality expended.

Still, there are doubtless many who would like to be good talkers. Social importance and consideration are perhaps more easily won by the power of good talking than by any other means, wealth and the ability to keep a hospitable house not excepted. A really good talker is always at a social premium, so that a knowledge of the requisites of good talking will be of interest to a great many bright people. For it must be confessed that men's ideas of the art are very crude and confused. When we talk of "the art of conversation," people really do not know what we mean. They do not know what the art is, or how it may be cultivated; or, indeed, that it is anything more than a natural knack.

The first requisite of a good talker is genuine social sympathy. A man may not say, out of some selfish motive, or some motive of personal policy, "Go to! I will become a good talker." He must enjoy society, and have a genuine desire to serve and please. We have all seen the talker who talks for his own purposes, or talks to please himself. He is the well-known character—the talking bore. The talker who gets himself up for show, who plans his conversations for an evening, and crams for them, becomes intolerable. He lectures: he does not converse; for there is no power of a talker so delightful as that of exciting others to talk, and listening to what his own inspiring and suggestive utterances have called forth. Genuine social sympathy and a hearty desire to please others are necessary to produce such a talker as this, and no other is tolerable. Social sympathy is a natural gift, and there is a combination of other gifts which constitute what may be called *esprit*, that are very essential to a good talker. This combination includes individuality, tact and wit—the talents, aptitudes, and peculiar characteristic charm which enable a man to use the materials of conversation in an engaging way, entirely his own; for every good talker has his own way of saying good things, as well as of managing conversation based on his *esprit*.

Yet it is true that there are no good talkers who depend upon their natural gifts and such material as they get in the usual interchanges of society. For the materials of conversation we must draw upon knowledge. No man can be a thoroughly good talker who does not know a great deal. Social sympathy and "the gift of gab" go but a short way toward producing good conversation, though we hear a great deal of this kind of talk among the young. Sound and exact knowledge is the very basis of good conversation. To know a great many things

well is to have in hand the best and most reliable materials of good conversation. There is nothing like abundance and exactness of knowledge with which to furnish a talker. Next to this, perhaps, is familiarity with polite literature. The faculty of quoting from the best authors is a very desirable one. Facts are valuable, and thoughts perhaps are quite as valuable, especially as they are more stimulating to the conversation of a group. The talker who deals alone in facts is quite likely to have the talk all to himself, while the man who is familiar with thoughts and ideas, as he has found them embodied in literature, becomes a stimulator of thought and conversation in those around him. Familiarity with knowledge and with the products of literary art cannot be too much insisted on as the furniture of good conversation.

Beyond this, the good talker must be familiar with the current thought and events of his time. There should be no movement in politics, religion and society that the good talker is not familiar with. Indeed, the man who undertakes to talk at all must know what is uppermost in men's minds, and be able to add to the general fund of thought and knowledge, and respond to the popular inquiry and the popular disposition for discussion. The man who undertakes to be a good talker should never be caught napping, concerning any current topic of immediate public interest.

How to carry and convey superiority of knowledge and culture without appearing to be pedantic, how to talk out of abundant stores of information and familiarity with opinion without seeming to preach, as Coleridge was accused of doing, belongs, with the ability to talk well, to "the art of conversation." It has seemed to us that if young people could only see how shallow and silly very much of their talk is, and must necessarily be, so long as they lack the materials of conversation, they

would take more pains with their study, would devote themselves more to the best books, and that, at least, they would acquire and maintain more familiarity with important current events. To know something is the best cure for neighborhood gossip, for talk about dress, and for ten thousand frivolities and sillinesses of society. Besides, a good talker needs an audience to understand and respond to him, and where is he to find one if there is not abundant culture around him ?

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE RICH.

The average rich man and woman, in adult life, have, it must be confessed, rather a stupid time of it. If they do not have a country-house, to which they have bound themselves for the summer ; if, when they break up in the spring, they can wander where they please, they manage to get along pretty well. The man attends his club in winter ; the woman goes her society-round, and in the summer they are free. The theatre does not have many attractions for the old resident. His society means dinners, receptions, dress ; and it comes at last to be a bore, from which he retires in disgust to that which is still worse—himself. Here and there among them there is a hobby-rider, who manages to interest himself in some trifle, and so gets rid of his time. Often without culture, nearly always without a stimulus to industry, his lazy hours hang upon his hands, and he is glad of the change which summer brings him. We really do not see what can be done for him. He is usually too old to learn anything—especially that he must go out of himself into some sort of service to others, in order to sharpen his interest in life, and win the content that he lacks.

The amusements of the adult rich can hardly be called amusements at all, for any pursuit that is entered upon

for the simple purpose of killing time does not deserve that name. Amusement, or play, should be a spontaneous, recreative exercise of the faculties and emotions, during the intervals of work. Amusement, in order to be genuine, must be entered upon with hearty zest; and very few, except the young, and the adults who have some active and regular pursuit, are capable of this. A life of absolute leisure is, as a rule, a life without amusement. The young engaged in study, and the maturer men and women who are in active life, are the only ones who enjoy the conditions of amusement.

True amusement is of two kinds, viz.: active and passive. The active and weary man and woman—those who exhaust every day their vital energies in work—take naturally to passive amusement. A lady of our acquaintance, engaged daily in severe intellectual tasks, says that nothing rests her like seeing other people work. For this she goes to the theatre, and the play upon her emotions there rests, and recreates her. Indeed, it is the emotional side of the nature, and not the active, which furnishes play to those who are weary with the use of their faculties. This fact covers the secret of the popular success of what is called emotional preaching. People who have been engaged all the week in exhausting labor of any kind do not take kindly to a high intellectual feast on Sunday. They want to be moved and played upon. This rests and interests them, while the profound discussion of great problems in life and religion wearies and bores them. They are not up to it. They are weary and jaded in that part of their nature which such a discussion engages. The emotions which have been blunted and suppressed by their pursuits are hungry. So every form of amusement that truly meets their wants must be emotive, and must leave them free to rest in those faculties which are weary.

On the other hand, the young, who are brimming with animal life, and who fail to exhaust it in study, call for active amusements, and they must have them. And here the parent is in danger of making a great mistake. Unless a boy is a milk-sop, he must do something or die. If he cannot do something in his home, or in the homes of his companions, he will do something elsewhere. It is only within a few years that parents have begun to be sensible upon this matter. The billiard-table, which a few years ago was only associated with dissipation, now has an honored place and the largest room in every rich man's house. The card-table, that once was a synonym of wickedness, is a part of the rich man's furniture, which his children may use at will, in the pursuit of a harmless game. A good many manufactured sins have been dethroned from their fictitious life and eminence, and put to beneficent family service on behalf of the young. Athletic sports, such as skating, boating, shooting, ball-playing, running and leaping, have sprung into great prominence within the past few years—amusements of just the character for working off the excessive vitality of young men, and developing their physical power. This is all well—a reform in the right direction. Much of this is done before the public eye, and in the presence of young women, which helps to restrain all tendencies to excesses and to dissipation.

The activities of young women take another direction, and nothing seems to us more hopeful than the pursuits in which they engage. The rich young woman in these days, who does not marry, busies herself in tasteful and intellectual pursuits. The reading-club, the Shakspeare-club, the drawing-class, and kindred associations, employ her spare time; and now there is hardly a more busy person living than the rich young woman who is through with her boarding-school. The poor, who sup-

pose that the rich young woman leads an idle life, are very much mistaken. The habits of voluntary industry now adopted and practised by the young women of America, in good circumstances, are most gratefully surprising. One of them who is not so busy during the winter that she really needs a recuperating summer, is an exception. Our old ideas of the lazy, fashionable girl must be set aside. They are all at work at something. It may not bring them money, but it brings what is much better to them—the content that comes of an earnest and fruitful pursuit. It may take the form of amusement, but it results in a training for self-helpfulness and industry.

So, while not much can be done for the adult in this matter of amusement, much is done for the young, and much that will help to give us a generation of older men and women, who will not be content with the poor business of killing time. For it must be remembered that while the young women “assist” at the athletic games of the young men, the young men are indispensable to the intellectual associations of the young women. They meet together, and stimulate and help each other; and it does not seem possible that either party should ever subside into those time-killers who haunt the clubs established for men, or those jaded women who drag themselves around to dinners and lunches and thronged assemblies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCIENTIFIC FOOLISHNESS.

WE have been exceedingly amused by an article from the pen of Professor Grant Allen, published in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, and entitled "A Problem in Human Evolution." In consequence of the opposition which Mr. Darwin's theory has met with, concerning the causes which, in the course of the development of man from his hirsute anthropoid ancestors, have despoiled him of his hairy covering, Professor Allen says : "It seems highly desirable, therefore, to prop up Mr. Darwin's theory by any external supports which observation or analogy may suggest, and, if possible, to show some original groundwork in the shape of a natural tendency to hairlessness, upon which sexual selection might afterward exert itself, so as to increase and accelerate the depilatory process when once set up." So the writer goes to work in the highly "desirable" enterprise of propping up Mr. Darwin's theory that men were not made, but were developed from a lower form of life, as it was embodied in a hairy animal. The problem to be solved is : "How did men get rid of their hair?" Well, how do you suppose it was done? It was done mainly by lying down on it. The most hairless portion of the body is the back, and the professor thinks that, as man assumed the erect position in walking, he became an animal lying less and less on its belly, and

more and more upon its back, so that the growth of the hair was checked, or the hair itself was worn away. The manner of wrapping and protecting the human infant is also supposed to have had something to do with the effect. After a few had got rid of their hair, hairlessness became popular, and what artificial denudation had begun, sexual selection completed. Bare skins were too strong for bear-skins, and the hair-wearers were left out in the cold. Now, we submit that there never was a speculation more irredeemably nonsensical than this. And it is gravely put forth in a journal of the best class as worthy of respectful reading and consideration ! Those who believe that man was created by an all-wise power who gave to the skin the beauty and delicacy which distinguish it from the hairy integuments of the brute creation, are accused very freely by the scientific world of credulity, but there are very few among them who are sufficiently addled to accept Professor Allen's speculations upon this topic as worth the paper they were written on. A child on reading them would naturally ask why, if lying upon the back should produce the results attributed to it, would not lying on the back of the head affect the covering of that portion of the human structure in the same way. Now, it so happens that where the weight of the head rests the most heavily, the hair sticks the tightest. When a man grows bald, he grows bald on the top of his head, where he gets no pressure whatever. Now, not one of our hairy ancestors ever lay down on his back without his head, and the head with all its weight, was pressed upon the hair. Does it not occur to Professor Allen as strange that pressure, as a depilatory, should be so partial in its operation ? Nay, does it not seem strange to him that the same agent which denudes the body of its hair acts as a genuine tightener of that covering upon the head ?

Speculation is cheap, so let us indulge in a little. Assuming as sound the theory that we are descended from a hairy anthropoid ape, we must admit that we started from rather a savage condition. Why is it not possible that the hair was pulled out in fighting? What with active hair-pulling, and the cicatrices of wounds received in combat, it is not difficult to conceive of a hairy man or woman pretty well cleaned off. So, as a hairless skin began to be appreciated as a badge of bravery, it furnished "a ground-work upon which sexual selection might afterward exert itself." Is there anything unreasonable in this? Isn't it about as scientific as Professor Allen's hypothesis? We take out no patent on it, and *The Fortnightly* is welcome to it.

But we have a better speculation than that one, which Professor Allen went all around without seeing, and the only rational one in the case. If we were writing for the object which inspires Professor Allen's efforts, viz., that of "propping up" Mr. Darwin's theory, we should speak of the probable and entirely natural effect of clothing upon the human frame. Hairy brutes suffer with cold as men do who have no hair. When man began to be man, with the hair on, he began to be bright enough to kill animals and take their skins off. Then he became bright enough to supplement his own hair with the hair he had captured. At last he began to wear clothes as a regular habit. As soon as he did this he rendered the hair upon his own person unnecessary, and nature ceased to produce it, as nature ceased to furnish eyes to the fishes that take up their homes in the Mammoth Cave. Nature is full of analogies which teach us that when a function is superseded it ceases. Now, how is that for a theory? Is it not a good deal more rational than Professor Allen's? We state it to show how easy it is to build a theory which shall, in all respects, be as rational

as those gravely put forth by men who claim to be scientific. And we do claim that this theory is a better one than Professor Allen's, in all respects, for his own purposes.

Still, we do not believe in it. We have never yet seen anything that looks like proof that we were not created by a direct act of the Almighty. We believe that man was made originally with a hairless skin for beauty's sake, and because he was endowed with the ability to manufacture his own clothing, and with the power to tint and fashion it in correspondence with his ideas of fitness and attractiveness. There is no more reason for doubting that man began to exist by a direct act of creation, endowed with all his present characteristics of form and natural covering, than that life began to exist on the earth in any form. Somewhere, behind all the links of causation, exists the causeless cause, incomprehensible to us, but possessing intelligence and consciousness out of which our own consciousness and intelligence are born, and without which they never could have existed.

THE TAX FOR BARBARISM.

The world groans with poverty. Wherever, in the cities of the Old World or the New, a well-dressed, comfortable man moves through a street, the hand that asks for alms is extended to him. He can hardly walk a block without being painfully reminded that there is a great world around him that lives in mean conditions, from hand to mouth. The tax upon a benevolent man's sensibilities is constant and most depressing. The consciousness that, while he is enjoying the reward of honest labor, there are millions whose minds are charged with anxiety concerning the barest necessities of life, is full of bitterness. It matters not that the most of this

poverty is the result of vice and improvidence, for that only makes the matter more hopeless. The immediate causes of this poverty are apparent enough, and great efforts are made in various directions for destroying them ; but the reformers work against what seem to be almost hopeless disadvantages.

There is one cause of the world's poverty, however, which the ordinary mind very rarely considers. We recognize the personal vices of men, but we pay little regard to the vices of governments. To-day the world is spending on war—on national contests for power, and on the preparations for possible contests in the future—enough to feed the poor of the world. England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, are full of soldiers. Russia and Turkey and the minor powers immediately interested are, at the present writing, absorbed in a great and awful war. The thoughts, policies, energies, resources of all Europe seem to be absorbed in this barbarous business. England is jealous of Russian progress in the East. France is smarting under the sting of lost prestige, and watching her opportunity for revenge. Germany, conscious that her old enemy is not yet humbled, holds her army organized, and ready for another trial. Italy is drawing the life-blood of her people to sustain a standing force that shall make her power respected by the subtle agencies which are contriving its destruction. Spain, herself the field for easy revolution, is pouring out her treasure and her blood in trying to preserve her precious island of Cuba. The American people are still staggering under the terrible burdens which their recent civil war laid upon their shoulders. The waste of life, the waste of labor, the waste of the materials of life, the waste of the hoarded results of labor, produced by these gigantic quarrels and these stupendous preparations for quarrels, cannot be calculated.

It is easy to say this and see this ; yet, right here in America, there are many men who look upon a European war as a godsend to our industry and our commerce ! It is a grave mistake. The world is now so closely woven together in commercial interest and sympathy, that no war can occur without carrying its depressing influence to every nation, state, county, town, and fire-side on the civilized globe. The country that, in the necessity of war, buys our goods to-day, will to-morrow, in consequence of its war, be either weakened or bankrupt, and our customer will be gone. The time of depression and adversity through which this nation has been passing for the past five years, and from which it has recently emerged, has produced its result in Europe. Every country with which we trade has severely felt our reverses, and the hard times we have talked of here have been the common topic in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Paris, Lyons, and the other commercial and manufacturing centres. Those producing and trading peoples of Europe thought they made something out of our war, but what they made is gone. If we make anything out of a European war, we shall lose it all in five years. Any war that cripples them will cripple us. In short, war is never profitable to anybody. It is not a legitimate business. It is a barbarous business. It is a constant drag upon the prosperity, not only of the nations immediately involved in it, but of the world ; and the whole world has a vital interest in bringing it to an end. There is not a poor man in America who will not be made poorer by a European war. Its suspension of productive industry, its destruction of vital resources, its waste of valuable material, are all losses from the world's wealth, and all the world will feel them. War, too, is a natural breeder of vice. What a legacy of vice, of idleness, of immorality, has war left to us ! Where

did all our wretched army of tramps come from? Whence has come all this overwhelming accession to the ranks of pauperism? These frequent murders and suicides and robberies, in what did they directly or indirectly originate? These are all the natural children of war. We cannot outlive them in a generation. We never can outlive them, entirely. Why, if we could do away with all war, and with all standing armies for half a century, the world would become so comfortable and respectable that it would not know itself.

Well, war, let it be remembered, is not the outgrowth of Christianity. It is its constant disgrace. It is a relic of that barbarism from which, in our vanity and self-complacency, we fancy that we have retired. It is the attempt to settle political and even religious questions by might. It rises in no essential dignity above the struggle which two dogs indulge in for a bone. It is the way in which savage tribes settle a dispute. It is the duel, now pretty universally under condemnation, undertaken by states. It is brutal, not human. It is the work of barbarous men or savage animals, and not of Christian peoples.

It has been the habit of the world to laugh at peace men and peace congresses, but they, after all, are right. It is, of course, the duty of a nation to defend itself; this we suppose all men will admit. The law of self-preservation is a law universally recognized; but in these days the cases are very few in which arbitration, honestly entered upon with a desire for the preservation of peace, cannot settle any question that may arise between different nations. Even if Christian considerations do not avail for the purpose, the absolute bankruptcy and ruin of the great governments of the world, through the taxes of barbaric war, must ultimately drive them to the settlement of international questions by international ar-

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bitration. The nations of the world are now too near together, and too strongly and immediately sympathetic, to permit the warlike and semi-barbaric among them to indulge in the arbitrament of war. We cannot afford war in this country, and we cannot afford to permit others to indulge in it. It is out of place in our civilization.

THE DRAMA.

In an article published some years ago, we recognized the drama as an institution that had come to stay as an important factor in the social and intellectual life of the people—as a source of much pleasure, and a possible source of much culture. Since that day, the drama has had its place in this magazine. We have criticised it freely, we have commended heartily what has seemed to be praiseworthy, and our notices of famous actors and actresses have presented the public with much interesting, instructive, and stimulating personal history. It seems to us that theatres are improving, and that there is much less that is objectionable in their conduct and influence than formerly. We have been witnesses to the fact, right here in New York, that the cleanest and best plays have been the most successful. Plays without any equivocal situations in them—plays that leave no stain, and excite no unwholesome imaginations—have run for months, and made their managers rich.

Now, these facts are weighty in the work of reformation. Whenever the time comes in the history of the stage that dirt does not pay, it will cease to be presented. There are, undoubtedly, theatres in New York which cater to the lower tastes of the crowd, but there are certainly theatres here that studiously avoid offending the ears of polite and Christian people with *double entente*,

and profanity, and irreverence. There is undoubtedly an increasing attendance upon the theatre among refined and religious people, and we rejoice in the fact, for it is full of promise for the theatre itself, and for the bodily and mental health of those who are attracted to it. The indiscriminating abuse of theatres—the attempt to drive good people away from them—is a damage to the cause of morality in any community. The indiscriminating condemnation of actors is a gross and inexcusable injustice, and when this condemnation comes from a minister of the gospel of charity, what can it do but drive the whole fraternity away from all religious influence and all sense of religious obligations? Yet there are Christian ministers who do this over the brims of their wine-cups, foolishly fancying that the cherished habit of their lives is absolutely righteous, when it is more baleful to the world in the influences and results of a single day, than all the theatres and actors of the world are in a decade.

It is not in this way that the world is to be bettered. If the drama is among us, and is come to stay—and none will dispute this—then it is our business to make the best of it, and to do all in our power to make it pure. We are always, in our patronage of it, to offer a premium for literary and personal purity. A play that is bad should always be severely let alone. An actor or an actress whose character is notoriously bad should be shunned. We would no sooner sit before the foot-lights, giving countenance and support to a courtesan, than we would consent to meet her in society. She is a dishonor to her craft, and a disgrace to the stage. Her presence is pollution. To pet and patronize such a creature as this is to disgrace ourselves, no matter how great her genius may be. It is by discriminating between virtuous and vicious plays, and virtuous and vicious players, that the stage is to be kept pure and ennobling in its in-

fluence, and not by condemning everything and every-body connected with it.

The old and familiar claim that the theatre is "a school of morals," so far as it was intended to declare it to be an educational institution, with morality for its object, was without any foundation whatever. The theatre is never ahead of the people who patronize it. If it has any definite aim, it is to please—to reflect the tastes, the moralities, the opinions, and the enthusiasms of those who attend it. No theatre can be run unless it pays, and, as money must be the first object, such plays must be presented as attract the crowd. Plays that are offensive repel the crowd, so that the constant study of managers is to ascertain the tastes and wishes of the people. The tastes of those who attend the Madison Square Theatre are very different, doubtless, from those of the people who used to throng the old Bowery, but it is a fact worth noting that those who attend the worst theatres are treated, most commonly, to plays which appeal to the best sentiments and moods of their audiences. Poetic justice is insisted upon in the *dénouement* of all plots, before audiences of the lower class. It is only thoughtful people who will tolerate plays that do not "come out right."

Public opinion and public taste are the master and mistress of the stage. It is but a short time since it was proposed to produce a Passion Play in New York. Now, a play representing on the boards of a theatre the Passion of our Lord could have no apology or justification save in the ignorant devotion of those producing it. No such apology or justification exists in New York, and public opinion rose against the project and vehemently protested. The manager who had it in hand bowed respectfully to the public voice and withdrew it. The incident is a good illustration of the power of public

opinion over the theatre. The truth is that the life of the theatre depends on its power to please the public, and it is bound by every consideration of interest to reflect the moral sense and moral culture of those upon whom it depends for support. It is for this reason that we have no fears of a bad moral result of the theatre upon the public. If an immoral actress wins a great success in New York, it is not because she has debauched New York, but because New York is tolerant of immorality. If a bad play succeeds in a New York theatre, it is because there is not moral sense enough in those who witness it and in the public press to rebuke it and drive it from the boards. The better and purer the patronage of any theatre may be, the better will that theatre become, in every variety of influence which a theatre can exert; and it is delightful to believe that the dramatic instinct, which is the source of so much pleasure to so many good people, can be gratified without danger of pollution.

THE NIHILISTS.

To the average American, the name of "nihilist" is a name of horror. It is identified with all that is repulsive in infidelity, and all that is damnable in crime. To the ordinary mind, a nihilist is a bad man, or a bad woman, who does not at all understand or weigh political questions, and who is insane enough to suppose that good can come of desperate measures, however poorly adapted they may be to secure the end sought. The nihilist commits a murder apparently in a wanton mood, and apparently for the sake of murder only; we do not understand the motive, or the bearing of the deed, and we can only regard it with horror and execration. By one thing, however, we have all been surprised in this connection, viz., the bravery and the loyalty to their

confederates with which the nihilists have met the consequences of their crimes. Nothing approaches this courage and constancy but Christian martyrdom. There is another thing that has surprised us, viz., the fact that nihilists are found in the highest families, and not infrequently among the best women of Russia. With these latter facts in mind, it is quite time for us to suspect that the nihilist is not quite the bad person we have supposed him to be, and to inquire into his character, his policy, and his motives.

We have been much interested and instructed by Mr. Axel Gustafson's article on this topic in the *National Quarterly Review* for July, and it seems to us that the American people, no less than the cause of truth and humanity, are under great obligations to him for his masterly setting forth of the facts concerning this terrible political sect. We cannot undertake in this article to present more than the conclusions at which the reader arrives in its perusal. We may say at the beginning that Mr. Gustafson does not argue the case for the nihilists, but presents his facts and his documentary evidence in such a way that no candid man can conclude the reading of his paper without feeling that the best and noblest men of Russia are in the ranks of the nihilists. The men who love liberty in Russia, the men who would like to see their nation enfranchised from the yoke of irresponsible personal government, the men who wish to see Russia progressing in the path of freedom from political and ecclesiastical tyranny, the men of noble aspirations for themselves and their country, the men of ideas and of courage and self-sacrifice, are nihilists. It is true that most of these look upon Christianity, as it is presented to them in the doctrines and forms of the Russian Church, as a worse than useless system of religion, but who is to blame for that? It is true, also, that the ni-

hilit regards murder as a duty for which he is willing to sacrifice his own life, but who is to blame for that? It must be remembered that there is no lesson of desperate violence, and even of indiscriminate wrong, that he has not learned of his own government. He has been used all his life to seeing men banished, or murdered by his government, on suspicion of opposition to Czarism. He knows that no opinion or word of his, favoring the freedom of the people, or the subordination of the government to the good of the people, will receive a moment's toleration. He has but to speak a word for himself or his nation, and the hounds of the government are set at once upon his track, and then he goes to prison, or to Siberia, or to the gallows. There can be no question, we suppose, that the sweetest blood of Russia is freezing in Siberia, and that, however mistaken the nihilists may be in their methods, they hold among their members the noblest souls of Russia. They have adopted the method of terrorism as absolutely the only one at their command. Free discussion has no home in Russia. A slip of the tongue, even, is rewarded with imprisonment or something worse, so that these men and women, with a courage and a self-sacrifice that find few examples in modern history, devote themselves to the dangerous task of liberating their country from its double form of slavery.

We cannot do better here than to quote some of the authoritative declarations of the nihilist organs. They are taken from different documents, and explain themselves.

"Surely the liberty we crave and strive toward is not exorbitant; we only desire the right to free expression of our thoughts, the right to act independently and in accordance with our convictions; to have a voice in the State's affairs, and to know that our persons are protected against official whims. These, surely, are

elementary rights of mankind, rights to which we are entitled because of our being human, and for whose vindication we call our brothers' aid."

"What would we do with a constitution under present circumstances? So long as the country is denied all justice, a constitution would be of no use to it. Let us be given justice without distinction of persons, and we shall be satisfied. But if the State chariot goes on as before, an old programme must be maintained; it is—Death to the court camarilla and to all criminal officials."

"We execrate personal government especially, because it has outraged by all its acts every feeling of justice and honor; because it systematically opposes freedom of thought, speech and education; because it supports for egotistical reasons social corruption and political immorality, since it finds in these both support and accomplices; because it makes law and justice the instruments of its personal interests; because it exhausts the material forces of the land, and lives at the expense of the welfare of coming generations; because by its home and foreign policy it has brought about a breach between our land and the rest of Europe; and because, after being weakened and martyred, we are exposed to the derision and contempt of our enemies."

"The problem of the socialistic revolutionary party is the subversion of the present form of government, and the subjection of the authority of the State to the people. . . . The transfer of the State power to the hands of the people would give our history quite another direction. A representative assembly would create a complete change in all our economic and State relations. Once let the Government be deposed, and the nation would arrange itself far better, may be, than we could hope."

These declarations do not read like the words of blood-thirsty, and unreasoning, and unreasonable fanatics. They are the words of men who "mean business," it is true, but of men who simply want what the American inherits as his birthright. The American, in judging these brave men and women, should remember that the prevalent idea in Russia is that the people were made for the Government, and not the Government for the people. These nihilists differ with the prevalent idea, and so are in disgrace, and not only in disgrace, but in constant dan-

ger of imprisonment, banishment, or death. They have been driven in their desperation to adopt the governmental policy of terrorism and cruelty. They meet threat with threat, terror with terror, death with death, because the Government, with the total suppression of free discussion, leaves them no other weapons to fight with. We wish there were a better course for these noble souls to pursue, but we judge them not. Their methods seem harsh—sometimes almost fiendish—but they know what they are after, and they appreciate the awful risks they run. They have undertaken to redeem their country from misrule—a great task—in which we wish them entire success. We profoundly regret that they feel compelled to use the same machinery of terrorism and murder with which their government seeks for their overthrow, but we cannot do less than sympathize in their great object, and admire their courage and self-devotion.

CHEAP OPINIONS.

There is probably nothing that so obstinately stands in the way of all sorts of progress as pride of opinion, while there is nothing so foolish and so baseless as that same pride. If men will look up the history of their opinions, learn where they came from, why they were adopted, and why they are maintained and defended, they will find, nine times in ten, that their opinions are not theirs at all—that they have no property in them, save as gifts of parents, education, and circumstances. In short, they will learn that they did not form their own opinions—that they were formed for them, and in them, by a series of influences, unmodified by their own reason and knowledge. A young man grows up to adult age in a Republican or Democratic family, and he becomes Republican or Democrat in accordance with the ruling

influences of the household. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the rule holds good. Like father, like son. Children are reared in the Catholic Church, in the Episcopal, Unitarian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist Church, and they stand by the Church in whose faith and forms they were bred. They become partisans, wranglers, defenders on behalf of opinions, every one of which they adopted without reason or choice. Touch them at any point, and they bristle with resistance, often with offence; yet they borrowed every opinion they hold! If they had all been changed about in their cradles, we should have the same number of partisans, only our present Republican would be a Democrat, our Roman Catholic would be our Methodist, and so on through all the possibilities of transformation.

Opinions acquired in the usual way are nothing but intellectual clothes left over by expiring families. Some of them are very old-fashioned and look queerly to the modern tailor; but they have the recommendation of being only clothes. They do not touch the springs of life, like food or cordial. Certainly they are nothing to be proud of, and they are not often anything to be ashamed of. Multitudes would not be presentable without them, as they have no faculty for making clothes for themselves. The point we make is, that opinions acquired in this way have very little to do with character. The simple fact that we find God-fearing, God-loving, good, charitable, conscientious, Christian men and women living under all forms of Christian opinion and church organization, shows how little opinion has to do with the heart, the affections and the life. Yet all our strifes and all our partisanships relate to opinions which we never made, which we have uniformly borrowed, and which all Christian history has demonstrated to be of entirely subordinate import—opinions often which those

who originally framed them had no reason to be proud of, because they had no vital significance.

When we find, coming squarely down upon the facts, what cheap stuff both our orthodoxy and our heterodoxy are made of; when we see how little they are the proper objects of personal and sectarian pride; when we apprehend how little they have to do with character, and how much they have to do with dissension and all uncharitableness; how childish they make us, how sensitive to fault-finding and criticism; how they narrow and dwarf us, how they pervert us from the grander and more vital issues, we may well be ashamed of ourselves, and trample our pride of opinion in the dust. We shall find, too, in this abandonment of our pride, a basis of universal charity—cheap, and not the best, but broad enough for pinched feet and thin bodies to stand upon. If we inherit our opinions from parents and guardians and circumstances, and recognize the fact that the great world around us get their opinions in the same way, we shall naturally be more able to see the life that underlies opinion everywhere, and to find ourselves in sympathy with it. We heard from the pulpit recently the statement that when the various branches of the Christian Church shall become more careful to note the points of sympathy between each other than the points of difference, the cause of Christian unity will be incalculably advanced; and that statement was the inspiring word of which the present article was born.

We can never become careless, or comparatively careless, of our points of difference, until we learn what wretched stuff they are made of; that these points of difference reside in opinions acquired at no cost at all, and that they often rise no higher in the scale of value than borrowed prejudices. So long as "orthodoxy" of opinion is more elaborately insisted on in the pulpit than

love and purity ; so long as dogmatic theology has the lead of life ; so long as Christianity is made so much a thing of the intellect and so subordinately a thing of the affections, the points of difference between the churches will be made of more importance than the points of sympathy. Pride of opinion must go out before sympathy and charity can come in. So long as brains occupy the field, the heart cannot find standing room. When our creeds get to be longer than the moral law ; when Christian men and women are taken into, or shut out of, churches on account of their opinions upon dogmas that do not touch the vitalities of Christian life and character ; when men of brains are driven out of churches or shut away from them, because they cannot have liberty of opinion, and will not take a batch of opinions at second-hand, our pride of opinion becomes not only ridiculous, but criminal, and the consummation of Christian unity is put far off into the better future.

With the dropping of our pride of opinion—which never had a respectable basis to stand upon—our respect for those who are honestly trying to form an opinion for themselves should be greatly increased. There are men who are honestly trying to form an opinion of their own. They are engaged in a grand work. There are but few of us who are able to cut loose from our belongings. Alas ! there are but few of us who are large enough to apprehend the fact that the opinions of these men are only worthy of respect as opinions. We can look back and respect the opinions of our fathers and grandfathers, formed under the light and among the circumstances of their time, but the authors of the coming opinions we regard with distrust and a degree of uncharitableness most heartily to be deplored. We are pretty small men and women, anyway.

TOO MUCH OF IT.

As the world grows older, and the materials of knowledge are multiplied, and the employments of life are subjected to the widest and intensest competitions, the ordinary individual seems to be quite overmatched by his circumstances. The average man is not "sufficient for these things," and the intellectual aliment that is provided for him is altogether in excess of his demands—altogether ahead of the possibilities of his consumption. We go on producing profusely in all departments, mostly of non-essential material, and the process of gathering is a process of selection.

Let us take, for instance, our morning newspaper. No man can read one of our great New York dailies through, and digest its contents, and have time or strength left for other duties. He can only pass his eyes over, and very indistinctly gather and remember the leading matters of news. It is a huge jumble, in the main, of unimportant facts—facts that have no relation to his life. Now, any newspaper man knows that the essential matters in his columns can be crowded into one-tenth of the space that they occupy, and that he fills his columns with material that it is a waste of any man's time to read. He must compete with his neighbor, therefore he must give acres of space to trash. Few can read it, and nobody would miss it, or be the poorer or worse for losing it.

Who will give us the newspaper that will print only that which is worth reading—only that which people will remember—reducing it all to its compactest form? The late Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, probably came nearest to doing exactly this thing of all who have undertaken it. This, at least, was what he definitely tried to

do—to “boil down” everything. He was often known to apologize for a long article on the ground that he had no time to write a short one. The thing he accomplished was so unexampled that his paper was regarded as a model; and it achieved a national reputation, though published in a little city of only thirty thousand people. If his successors stand by this idea, they will make their newspaper as much a success as he did. One page of a small paper is enough to furnish a record of any day's news—of everything that it is desirable to see or remember.

There was a time when a minister was obliged to furnish pretty much all the intellectual pabulum of his parish. His people had little to read, and they read little. He was the only scholar, and he preached long sermons, and they either liked them or could stand them. Now a long sermon is, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a mistake. It is not desired on the part of the people, and it is in no way needed by the people. They are glad when it is finished, and know that for all practical purposes it had been better finished from fifteen to thirty minutes earlier. When they have received the idea of a sermon, they can dispense with the exposition of its various phases and the dilutions and illustrations that go with it. In short, the people nowadays have a great abundance of intellectual stimulus outside of the pulpit, and they want their sermons boiled down, as much as they do their newspapers. It is not that they want less in them—they want all they can get, and all that the best man has it in him to give; but they want it in smaller space. The pulpit sin of talking too much is pretty universal. We do not know of a minister in the whole round of a pretty wide acquaintance who is accused of talking too little.

The theatres are even more open to criticism on these matters than the newspaper and the pulpit. How many

persons does any one suppose there are in any theatre in New York, on any night, who are not glad when the play of the place and the evening is over? One of the great drawbacks on theatre-going and concert-going and opera-going is that they last so long that they bore a man. When that which was intended to be an entertainment and an amusement becomes tedious and tiresome, it ceases, of course, to answer its intention. We believe we express the universal feeling when we say that our public amusements are wearisome except to the fresh few who have no need of them. Three hours in a hot and crowded hall, at the end of a day of labor, are too many, and we have no doubt that many more would attend amusements if it were not that the last half of their continuance becomes simply a period of weary and impatient endurance. The way in which a tired audience jumps from a preacher's "Amen" for the door, is only equalled by the rush which begins before the fall of the curtain of the theatrical or operatic stage.

Look, for another instance, at the amount of stuff that enters into what we are pleased to call our social life. The hen that undertook to "spread herself" over a bushel of eggs was a fair type of the modern woman who undertakes to keep up her social relations with a great city-full of women. What is called the "social tax" upon women is something enormous. There are hundreds of thousands of women who are weary all the time with the work of keeping up relations with each other, that are never flavored with the element of friendship. No good comes of it that we know of, or ever heard of. It consists entirely of calling, and is never so pleasant in its experiences as when the caller fails to find the lady called on at home. If a lady can succeed in making twenty calls in an afternoon, in consequence of finding only ten ladies at home, she accounts it a most success-

ful performance of her social duties, and boasts of it as a good thing well got along with. We know of nothing that wants boiling down any more than our social life. It needs this concentrating process to make it significant not only, but to make it enduring. It is good for nothing as it is, and it is a weariness to flesh and spirit alike.

We are glad to see that so many great and able men have gone to making primers, so that the essential knowledge embraced in the treatises of philosophers and the records of scientific investigators may be brought in simple and easily available forms within the reach of all. We must all go to primer-making, for there is not enough of any man or of any life-time to be spread over such spaces, and diluted with such inanities and non-essentials as seem to prevail in every department of human interest. The days grow no longer as the world grows older, but the interests, the employments, the amusements of the world are increased ten-fold, so that they must be concentrated and reduced in order that they may preserve their proper relations to each other, and to the capacities of life and time.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

The number of Americans travelling in Europe during the last year has been very large. This continued interest in Europe, which seems really more fresh and strong with every passing year, is a good sign, and can only result in good to our country. Our sea-side hotels are the only sufferers from this annual flight, but they manage to prosper in spite of it, so that we cannot spend much sympathy upon them. America has now become such a nation of travellers that Europe has arranged itself in many regions for her special accommodation. Beds are made, tables are set, waiters are trained, with special reference

to American wants and tastes, and no American can arrive anywhere without understanding that he is welcome, and has been looked for and carefully provided for.

Americans have been much accused, both at home and abroad, of pride and vainglory in their country. It is true that the average American grows up with the idea that his country is, in all respects, the most remarkable and desirable country that the sun shines on—that it has the longest rivers, the highest mountains, the broadest prairies, the most notable resources in mines and soils, the best institutions, and the brightest, the best-educated, the happiest, and the most prosperous people on the face of the globe. We suppose this unreasoning pride of country is not peculiar to Americans. The average Englishman is about as bigoted in his national pride as he can be, and so is the average Frenchman, while the German regards them both with a measure of contempt, as he indulges in his habitual glorification of "*Vaterland*." There is no cure for this overweening national vanity but travel. Shut a nation off by itself, as the Chinese have been separated from the world in the years gone by, and it naturally becomes to itself "The Central Flowery Kingdom," and all other nations are "outside barbarians." Self-idolatry is the besetting sin of all peoples shut up to themselves, and nothing has done so much to modify the American national vanity as the travel of the last few years.

However grand in its natural features America may be, and however vast in its material resources, these peculiarities are hardly legitimate subjects of pride, and in the presence of what man has done in Europe, the American grows ashamed of his vanity of what God has done for him, and acquires a more modest estimate of himself and of his grade and style of civilization. The great cathedrals, the wonderful cities, the collections of

art, the great highways, even the ruins of the ancient buildings, minister to his humiliation by showing him how far other nations, new and old, surpass his possibilities of achievement. When a man is thoroughly humble in the presence of his superiors, or in the presence of work that overmatches his power and skill, he naturally becomes not only teachable, but an active and interested learner. Europe to-day is a great inspirer to America and a great teacher. It is true that she gets but little of her political inspiration from Europe, but her instruction and inspiration in art are almost entirely European. In architecture, painting, sculpture, and even in literature, European ideas are dominant.

So this great tide of life that goes out from us every year does not return without that which abundantly repays all its expenditure of time and money. For in all this impression of European superiority in many things, there is very rarely anything that tends to wean the American from his home. The conventionalities of old society, and habits and customs that had their birth in circumstances and conditions having no relations to his life, do not tend to attract the American from his home love and loyalty. He usually comes back a better American than he goes away, with the disposition only to avail himself of what he has learned to improve himself, his home and his country. The American, bred to great social and political freedom, cannot relinquish it, and can never feel entirely at home where he does not enjoy it. He perfectly understands how a European can come to America and be content with it as a home, because he can shape his life according to his choice, but he cannot understand how an American can emigrate to Europe and make a satisfactory home there, because the social and political institutions would be felt as a yoke to him, and a burden.

To leave out of all consideration the matter of utility, we know of nothing in the whole round of recreative experiences so pleasure-giving as European travel. A man of culture, visiting for the first time the old homes of art and story, experiences about as much of pleasure as this world has to give. To see new peoples and strange scenery is a great delight ; and to do this, having nothing else to do—far removed from business cares, and even the possibility of other employment—is to see them under the most enjoyable conditions. Indeed, we know of no better reward for the labor of many years than the ability it should secure to visit Europe as a sight-seer. It is often thrown as a reproach at the American that he goes abroad quite ignorant of what is worth seeing in his own country, but this is unjust. In the first place, many of the things quite worth seeing in America are very difficult to reach. To all the scenes of Europe, the way is paved with conveniences, and often strewn with luxuries. The great mountains and cañons and geysers of the far West are difficult to reach. A man almost literally takes his life in his hand when he visits them, and his experiences are full of hardship. In Switzerland, there is a better road over the highest mountain-pass than America can show in her parks, and the treasures of art which Europe has to show are of a kind which an American cannot find at home. From the time an American starts from home, including his passage of the Atlantic, until he returns and once more greets his native land, he experiences a round of pleasures procurable in no other way. He comes back full of new ideas, he is rested, he is refreshed and every way improved ; and he is ready, as we are, to give the great army of his countrymen who yearly follow in his track—to repeat his experiences—a hearty “ God speed.”



